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WANDER-YEARS ROUND THE WORLD

1901–1904

AN IMPORTANT
NEW TRAVEL BOOK.

THROUGH TOWN AND JUNGLE:
FOURTEEN THOUSAND MILES AWHEEL AMONG THE TEMPLES AND PEOPLE OF THE INDIAN PLAIN.

By WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN and FANNY BULLOCH WORKMAN. With 200 Illustrations. Super royal 8vo, 21s. net.

T. FISHER UNWIN, PUBLISHER, LONDON.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS COMPANION IN CHINESE DRESS ON A CHINESE WHEELBARROW.

WANDER-YEARS ROUND THE WORLD

BY

JAMES PINNOCK

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

MISS ANNIE BATES

A FELLOW-TRAVELLER WHO MADE LIGHT OF ALL DIFFICULTY

AND DANGER AND MADE THE MOST OF EVERY

OPPORTUNITY OF VARIED ENJOYMENT

IS DEDICATED

THIS MODEST RECORD OF A MEMORABLE JOURNEY

BY

HER AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR

JAMES PINNOCK.

NORTH
AMERICA
SOUTH
AMERICA

INTRODUCTORY

TRAVELLERS naturally divide themselves into two or more classes, apart altogether from any question of the kind of accommodation which they demand and secure. There are those who regard a journey as a necessary evil to be endured only for the sake of its destination, and never enter train or steamer without wishing that they were leaving it. There are others who enjoy the journey for itself, as well as for any prospect of novel experience and desirable object which it may hold out. It is to this latter class of traveller that I must belong, seeing that I set out for pleasure upon the long tour described in these pages, after some forty years largely occupied in distant travel connected with business, travel which had already familiarised me with Western Africa, had taken me upon missions of commercial exploration up the Niger and the Forcados River, had shown me every port in the Mediterranean, and had covered Uruguay and Paraguay and the Argentine Republic. It is a similar fancy for making acquaintance with far-off lands that led my friend and fellow-traveller, Miss Annie Bates, who had already enjoyed much European touring, to start with me upon a holiday jaunt which was to last a few months, and was to confine itself to the West Indies, but which spread itself over some years, and over all quarters of the globe.

Just as amateur theatricals are generally enjoyed most

by those who take part in them, so notes of travel, such as mine, are perhaps of interest chiefly to those for whom they recall happy memories. I am, however, encouraged to believe that my jottings in their collected form may be welcomed by those personal friends and others who have read the extracts from them appearing from time to time in the public press during my absence; and I am in hopes that they will also afford useful hints to any who may think of undertaking expeditions similar to mine.

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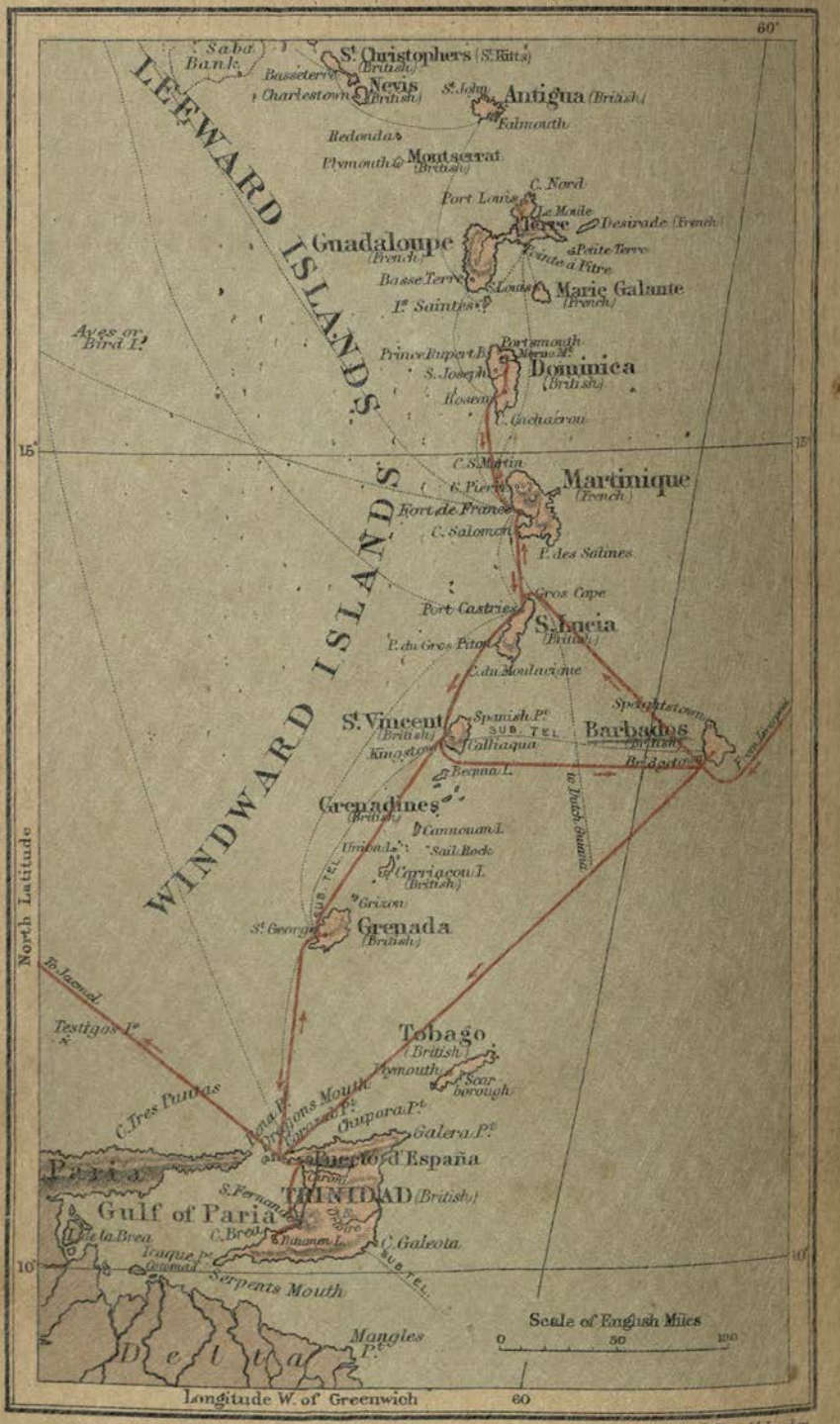
WINDWARD ISLANDS.



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WANDER-YEARS ROUND THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

The West Indies

17*th October* 1901.—We started at 3 p.m. from Southampton by R.M.S. *Para* for Barbadoes, where, after a delightful voyage, with plenty of the usual shipboard diversions, and with a ball on deck to mark our approach to the tropics, we anchored on the

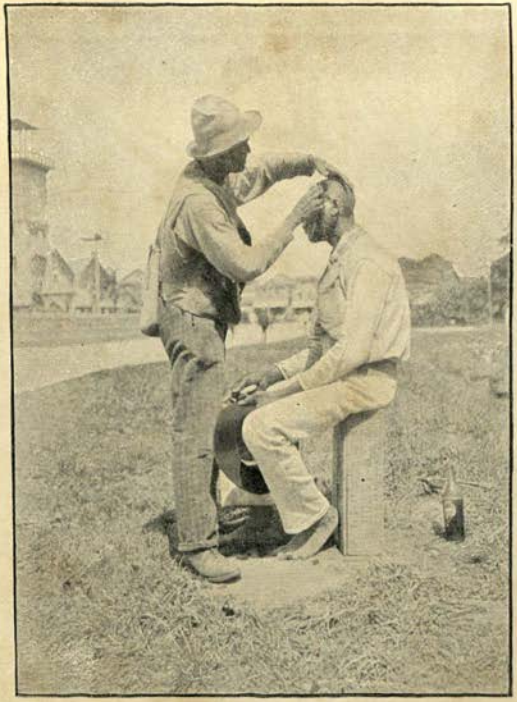
28*th October*.—The weather, though decidedly warm, was most enjoyable, and the surroundings full of animation, with the native boatmen chattering all around our ship like so many monkeys, and with cries of "Any more for Demerara?" to recall the bustle which we had left behind us eleven days ago. It was not part of our scheme to stay at Barbadoes, at any rate for the moment, though there is of course very much that one would like to see in this, one of the most densely populated lands in the world. We were moving on to St. Lucia, Martinique, and Dominica, and for this purpose transferred ourselves at once to the R.M.S. *Eden*, which was sailing in the afternoon. We managed, however, to get ashore for a few hours' drive in the country, where we were interested in inspecting a native school *en route*, and found the Barbadian an exceptionally intelligent negro. We got also our first glimpse of tropical vegetation in the magnificent cabbage, or royal, palms.

29*th October*.—At 4 a.m. we had a close view of the Pitons, the cone-shaped mountains of St. Lucia, akin to those which in the neighbouring island of Martinique were

shortly after our visit to overwhelm with their eruption the luckless people of St. Pierre. At St. Lucia the *Eden* only stopped for three hours to take in coal, which was carried on board by natives—women as well as men—on their heads. While this was going on we took a little stroll about the not very noteworthy town before sailing for Martinique, which we reached at 1 p.m. There we had just time enough for a ramble through streets which are obviously French, and to make one or two purchases, such as those of a huge bottle of eau-de-Cologne and a Panama hat, which latter cost just as much as it would in London. Martinique is an island of much natural beauty, and it is proud of having been the birthplace of the Empress Josephine, whose first husband, Alexandre Beauharnais, was the son of the Governor of the French West Indies. The humble house of Josephine's father, the son of a broken-down nobleman who emigrated in 1776, is still to be seen. Another famous inhabitant of Martinique was Madame de Maintenon, who passed her childhood there as Francoise d'Aubigné. Four hours more of a voyage as pleasant as though it had been made on a yacht instead of a passenger steamer, brought us to Dominica.

30*th October*.—At Dominica we put up very comfortably as paying guests at a kind of cottage boarding-house, whence in the morning we soon made our way after breakfast to the fine Botanical Gardens for a chat with their highly intelligent curator. In the afternoon we went to the fortnightly reception of the Administrator at Government House, which is a poor building with charming lawns, occupied on this occasion by guests playing tennis and Badminton in spite of a temperature that made it necessary to leave bedroom windows open all night.

31*st October*.—We got up early and started on ponies at 7 a.m. for an expedition to a waterfall some two hours distant from our cottage at Roseau. The scenery, as we passed through grand gorges and groves of palms, cocoa-nut trees, and oranges, was magnificent and much finer than anything of the same kind that I had seen in



Negro Barber, West Indies.

A Coolie at Trinidad.

To face page 2.

Madeira. We had an *al fresco* breakfast at 9 a.m., and afterwards met a mountain planter, a fine well-built negro, who genially insisted upon showing us his new hill cottage and making one of his boys climb for cocoa-nuts, that we might drink the milk.

1st November.—Another morning expedition, this time to a lake at the top of a mountain some 13 miles from Roseau, and reached by climbing up and down precipitous paths such as only these shabby-looking goat-like ponies could negotiate in safety. Here again the scenery was singularly beautiful, and in its varied grandeur well repaid us for a journey which I, as well as Miss Bates, found decidedly fatiguing.

2nd and 3rd November.—Tropical rain prevented our going very far, but we were not sorry to have the chance of a little rest. We rode, however, up to the Morne, long ago the site of English barracks, but now of an agricultural school very wisely subsidised by the Government.

4th to 6th November.—We occupied the remainder of our stay in Dominica with various small excursions, including one to a lime-juice mill near some boiling springs, which warn the visitor of their danger by their very disagreeable fumes of sulphur. Our appetites were so good that we were not even daunted by a dish set before us as "mountain chicken," but consisting of an immense toad. I was not only charmed with the little-known scenic beauties of this island, but was much impressed with its productive capabilities, mostly neglected. There is, I think, no reason why Dominica should not create an export trade in copra, the dried fruit of the cocoa-nut, so valuable for its oil, or why—better still—the extremely remunerative "rubber" should not be cultivated here with as much commercial success as it is in West Africa. Moreover, the famous waterfalls so near to Roseau might be utilised to drive a dynamo of sufficient power to work almost free of cost the electric lighting, the sawmills, and the trams of the whole town. Dominica wants developing, and its development should pay those who undertake it very well indeed.

7th November.—We sailed—once more on the comfortable *Eden*—for Barbadoes, which we reached *viâ* Martinique and St. Lucia on the morning of

9th November.—At Barbadoes we visited the Governor, drove to call on some pleasant friends whom we had met, got bitten by mosquitoes, and made ready to start to St. Vincent on

11th November.—A very hot voyage, so hot that a good many of us slept on deck.

12th November.—During our two hours' stay at St Vincent we saw enough of the pretty little island to make us feel sad over its evidences of the extreme poverty which it is suffering through the failure of its trade in its chief products, arrowroot and sugar. We arrived at about 4 p.m. in the landlocked and picturesque harbour of Granada, an island which, like St. Vincent, seems by no means flourishing, though at the period of our visit there were hopes of better times, thanks to the increasing export of cocoa.

13th November.—We landed in the morning at Trinidad in shore boats, which were so low in the water that they looked a little risky. We drove in a buggy to the Queen's Park Hotel, which is said to be the most beautiful in the West Indian Islands. It is certainly in a very fine position overlooking as it does the well-kept Botanical Gardens, with the mountains for a background; and there is an almost unique charm about the prospect to be enjoyed from the large open-air verandahs in which its well-cooked meals are served. I wondered as soon as I got here that more tourists do not visit this delightful Port of Spain, and my wonder increased during my week of sight-seeing in the island. There was an air of prosperity over the whole place, and this prosperity will certainly increase if Trinidad keeps well before the public the attractiveness of its climate for those in search of a winter resort, and the possibilities of the trade to be done by such great shipping firms as the Elder-Dempster Co.

14th and 15th November.—After going into the town from the hotel by mule-tram, making arrangements for riding excursions and taking several walks, we set off for

LANDING, ST. PIERRE

ST. PIERRE

MARTINIQUE

To face page 4.

Arima, some 16 miles off, to see the Réunion cocoa estates known as "Centenos," the largest in the island. Having arrived there by buggy, Miss Bates mounted a horse, and I a mule, to ride over the estate, which is elaborately trenched for drainage, and has its 118,000 cocoa-trees all screened by other trees, such as the *bois immortel* and the banana, planted specially for the purpose. It was a long but a very interesting business, and we had an appropriate reward for our exertions in the delicious, locally prepared, chocolate which refreshed us at the end of our ride.

16*th November*.—We devoted this day to a visit to one of the wonders of the world, the famous Asphalte Lake, which we reached by a small local steamer plying with the mails round the coast. When we had walked up the ascent from the pier, an English foreman was told off as our guide for a circuit of the lake, which we made in a kind of garden-seated carriage attached to the travelling pitch-trucks. If one stands long in any one place on the lake one's feet begin to sink into the asphalte; and all one's experiences here are of an indescribably weird kind. If the working of the New Trinidad Asphalte Company is as remunerative as it is curious, it must pay very well indeed.

17*th to* 20*th November*.—We spent the rest of our stay in Trinidad upon various small excursions, including one to the Blue Basin, a very pretty waterfall in the San Diego Martin Valley, 9 miles from Port of Spain. But for travellers less energetic than Miss Bates and I, it would have been ample satisfaction just to rest on the verandah of the hotel and enjoy the view of the green savannah and the glorious mountains beyond. Next door, by the way, to the Queen's Park Hotel lives Dr. Siegert of Angostura Bitters fame. The average yearly export from his factory is about 50,000 gallons. The fruit, food, and cooking in Port of Spain are all excellent, and the natural courtesy of the inhabitants adds much to the pleasure of a stay in their favoured island.

21*st November*.—We left Trinidad for Barbadoes—our third visit there—with a view to taking the mail steamer *La Plata*, thence to Jamaica. After a pleasant but

uneventful voyage, in the course of which we put off mails and cargo at Jacmel, on the island of Hayti, we landed at Kingston on

1*st December*.—We chose as our headquarters the Constant Spring Hotel, a very large and well-appointed establishment, which, although 6 miles from Kingston, is easily accessible by electric tram.

2*nd to* 16*th December*.—Our first fortnight in Jamaica was largely occupied by social engagements. At Government House, where we attended a reception and garden-party given by Sir Augustus and Lady Hemming, we came across many people whom we knew, and by whom we were helped greatly in the enjoyment of life in a country cursed only by those insect pests, the "ticks." The attachment to human beings shown by these too friendly creatures often has very painful results; and when dressing for dinner after a day out of doors it is advisable to search very carefully for the tiny nuisances that are sure to have accompanied one home. For the rest, the amenities of existence in Jamaica are undeniable. Nearly half of the island is 1000 feet above sea-level, with a temperate climate; the vegetation is luxuriant, and in consequence of the great varieties of altitude, humidity, and temperature the number of distinct species of plants and flowering shrubs indigenous to the soil is exceptionally large. The whole place must indeed be a happy hunting-ground for the botanist, who would revel in botanical gardens such as those of Hope, 5 miles from Kingston, Castleton, in the centre of the island,—both of which we visited,—and Cinchona, in the Blue Mountains, 3000–6000 feet. Kingston, the capital, is very civilised in its arrangements of water-supply, electric tramways, telephone service, and so forth. In its advance it has far surpassed Port Royal, which, before its disastrous fire in 1816, was quite the finest town in the British West Indies; while Spanish Town has steadily dwindled since the removal of the seat of government thirty years ago.

17*th December*.—Our most important and typical excursion here was that which we made to Ewarton and the Moneague Valley towards the north of the island. We

TRINIDAD COOLIES.

TRINIDAD COOLIES.

To face page 6.

CENTRAL JAMAICA.

Scale of English Miles

0 1 2 3 4 5 10

London: T. Fisher Unwin

Stanford's Geog[l] Estab[t] London

went by train along a single line, through a series of marvellous cuttings, so narrow that from the carriage windows we could gather the wonderful ferns growing out of the rocks on either side. At Ewarton we were met by our host, the Hon. George M'Grath, who drove us to Charlemont, his house, on an estate of 8000 acres, richly planted for pimento (or all-spice), oranges, bananas, coffee, and cocoa. We stayed there, most hospitably entertained, for the night.

18th and 19th December.—In the morning I enjoyed a superb sunrise over the plains and distant hills, and while at breakfast I not only heard but saw the nightingale. We then started off by carriage for the Moneague Hotel, wending our way thither over Mount Diablo, a sugar-loaf hill 2000 feet high. As we went we passed oranges and cocoa-nuts growing by the roadside as plentifully as blackberries in an English lane. After lunching at Moneague we left by mule-drawn buggy for Ewarton station, whence we reached the Constant Spring Hotel in time for dinner. I had intended going next day to the Agricultural Show at Spanish Town, but a wholesome dread of "ticks" curbed my curiosity. In the evening I learned that the Leyland Line boat, by which we purposed leaving for Vera Cruz, had arrived at Kingston and would sail next morning.

CHAPTER II

Mexico and the City of Mexico

20*th December* 1901.—Off after our many Jamaican friends had had a farewell tea with us on board the *Louisianian*, bound for Vera Cruz *viâ* Progreso, which is 622 miles distant on the Yucatan coast of Mexico. The voyage was calm and pleasant, in rather cool weather, and we cast anchor off Progreso at 2 a.m. on

24*th December*.—As we lay in our anchorage in the exposed roadstead, some of us made the usual Christmas-Eve preparations for Christmas Day, while others fished for the innumerable sharks swimming round the boat's stern, or fired at them with revolvers. It is the universal custom while staying here to keep steam up, in order to be able to put to sea at a moment's notice if the dreaded "norther" should set in.

25*th December*.—The reputation of El Casino, the best hotel in Progreso, is not inviting, and we all spent Christmas Day on board, where we had capital fun of the orthodox British kind over our pudding and its remarkable ingredients, to which I contributed a wedding-ring, gaining as my prize in the dinner-table lottery a pearl button. The prosperity supposed to attend the winner of the "lucky" threepenny bit was evidently deferred, for he swallowed it before discovering that it was included in his slice of good fortune. The health of our King and Queen was drunk with the loyal enthusiasm characteristic of their Majesties' subjects all over the world. After dinner we had a very successful theatrical performance—"A Breach of Promise Case." The piece had been well rehearsed, and the actors roused much mirth and cheering. No sooner was the play over than we received our clear-

MEXICO.

NEVADA
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
TEXAS
NEW MEXICO
ARIZONA
Llano Estacado
Mapimi
Coahuila
GULF OF MEXICO
PACIFIC OCEAN
Tropic of Cancer
Guadalupe I.
Cedros I.
Revilla Gigedo Islands
Socorro I.
Clarion I.
Campeche
Campeche Bay
Mountains
Rio Grande
Rio Colorado
Gila R.
San Louis Obispo
Monterey
Los Angeles
San Diego
Santa Barbara
Santa Fé
Albuquerque
Galveston
New Orleans
Mobile
Tampico
Vera Cruz
Acapulco
Mazatlan
Guaymas
Monclova
Saltillo
Monterey
Durango
Chihuahua
Paso del Norte
Presidio
Laredo
Brownsville
Matamoras
Metamoras
Corpus Christi
Austin
Houston
Galveston
Nacogdoches
Natchitoches
Shreveport
Vicksburg
Natchez
Baton Rouge
Mississippi
Missouri
Arkansas
Red River
Sabine
Trinity
Brazos
Colorado
Rio Grande
Gila
Colorado
Green River
Great Salt Lake
Utah Lake
Sevier Lake
Humboldt Lake
Carson Lake
Pyramid Lake
Walker Lake
Mono Lake
Owens Lake
Tulare Lake
Buena Vista Lake
Clear Lake
Honey Lake
Goose Lake
Klamath Lake
Upper Klamath Lake
Rogue River
Umpqua
Columbia
Fraser
Thompson
Kamloops
Okanagan
Shuswap
Arrow Lakes
Kootenay
Flathead
Bitter Root
Missoula
Deer Lodge
Helena
Gallatin
Yellowstone
Big Horn
Powder
Platte
Arkansas
Cimarron
Canadian
Red
Washita
Brazos
Colorado
Guadalupe
San Antonio
Nueces
Rio Grande
Pecos
Concho
Llano
Brazos
Trinity
Neches
Sabine
Calcasieu
Mermentau
Atchafalaya
Red
Ouachita
Black
Tensas
Yazoo
Big Black
Pearl
Pascagoula
Escambia
Perdido
Alabama
Tombigbee
Tennessee
Cumberland
Ohio
Wabash
Illinois
Missouri
Mississippi
Kansas
Platte
Niobrara
Yellowstone
Missouri
Big Horn
Powder
Tongue
Little Missouri
Cheyenne
Grand
White
Bad
Moreau
Cannonball
Heart
Knife
Little Missouri
Yellowstone
Missouri
Milk
Marias
Sun
Dearborn
Missouri
Gallatin
Madison
Jefferson
Beaverhead
Bitter Root
Clark's Fork
Flathead
Kootenay
Columbia
Snake
Salmon
Boise
Payette
Weiser
Malheur
Owyhee
Humboldt
Carson
Walker
Mono
Owens
Tulare
Buena Vista
Kern
San Joaquin
Sacramento
Feather
Yuba
American
Bear
Cosumnes
Mokelumne
Calaveras
Stanislaus
Tuolumne
Merced
Fresno
San Joaquin
Kings
Kaweah
Tule
Kern
Mojave
Colorado
Gila
Salt
Verde
Bill Williams
Little Colorado
San Juan
Grand
Green
Duchesne
Price
White
Yampa
Little Snake
Platte
South Platte
North Platte
Laramie
Cache la Poudre
Big Thompson
St Vrain
Boulder
Clear Creek
Bear
Blue
Arkansas
Huerfano
Cucharas
Purgatoire
Apishapa
Fountain
Chico
Pueblo
Hardscrabble
Grape
Timpas
Las Animas
Big Sandy
Rush
Fountain
Monument
Kiowa
Bijou
Beaver
Cherry
Plum
Sand
Republican
Frenchman
Arikaree
White
Niobrara
Loup Fork
Elkhorn
Platte
Missouri
Big Sioux
Vermillion
James
Jim
Sheyenne
Red
Pembina
Assiniboine
Souris
Qu'Appelle
Saskatchewan
Red Deer
Bow
Belly
Oldman

ance papers; the anchor was weighed, and the ship proceeded for Vera Cruz. The moon was almost vertical and nearly full. It was the most glorious Christmas night that any of our passengers had ever witnessed.

27th December.—We arrived at Vera Cruz early on a fine warm morning, the captain inviting me on to the bridge to watch the various interesting views as we entered the harbour. I was much struck here by the vast engineering works in connection with the dock and quays already constructed and in process of construction. We did not stay at any hotel in Vera Cruz, and my friends who did, tell me that these establishments leave much to be desired. I had made up my mind to push on five hours or so by rail to Orizaba, which lies 4000 feet above the level of the sea. At the railway station I was met by the able and courteous manager of the Mexican railway, Mr. L. J. Nunn, who did everything in his power to make my journey a pleasant and comfortable one, and whom I should like to take this opportunity of thanking. On arriving at Orizaba, where I determined to stay a few days with a view of seeing that interesting city, I made my way to the Hotel de France, having heard that it was one of the best and cleanest in Mexico, an opinion which I can fully confirm.

28th December.—We found the town of Orizaba to be most picturesquely situated in the midst of many mountains, and dominated by the towering snow-clad Pico de Orizaba, which is 17,895 feet high. There is a system of "trams" extending several miles, terminating in one direction at Escamela, where there is a coffee establishment worked by steam power for pulping and preparing the bean ready for consumption; while at the terminus in the other direction is the Rio Blanco or White River. Here is situated one of the largest cotton spinning mills in the country, employing, I was informed, 1500 to 1800 persons. There is also a large jute factory for the manufacture of sacks, etc., which gives work to many.

29th December.—It has turned very cold, with a real Scotch mist; but we managed to get out, and saw the

cathedral and the capital market, where we found large quantities of violets very like English ones for sale.

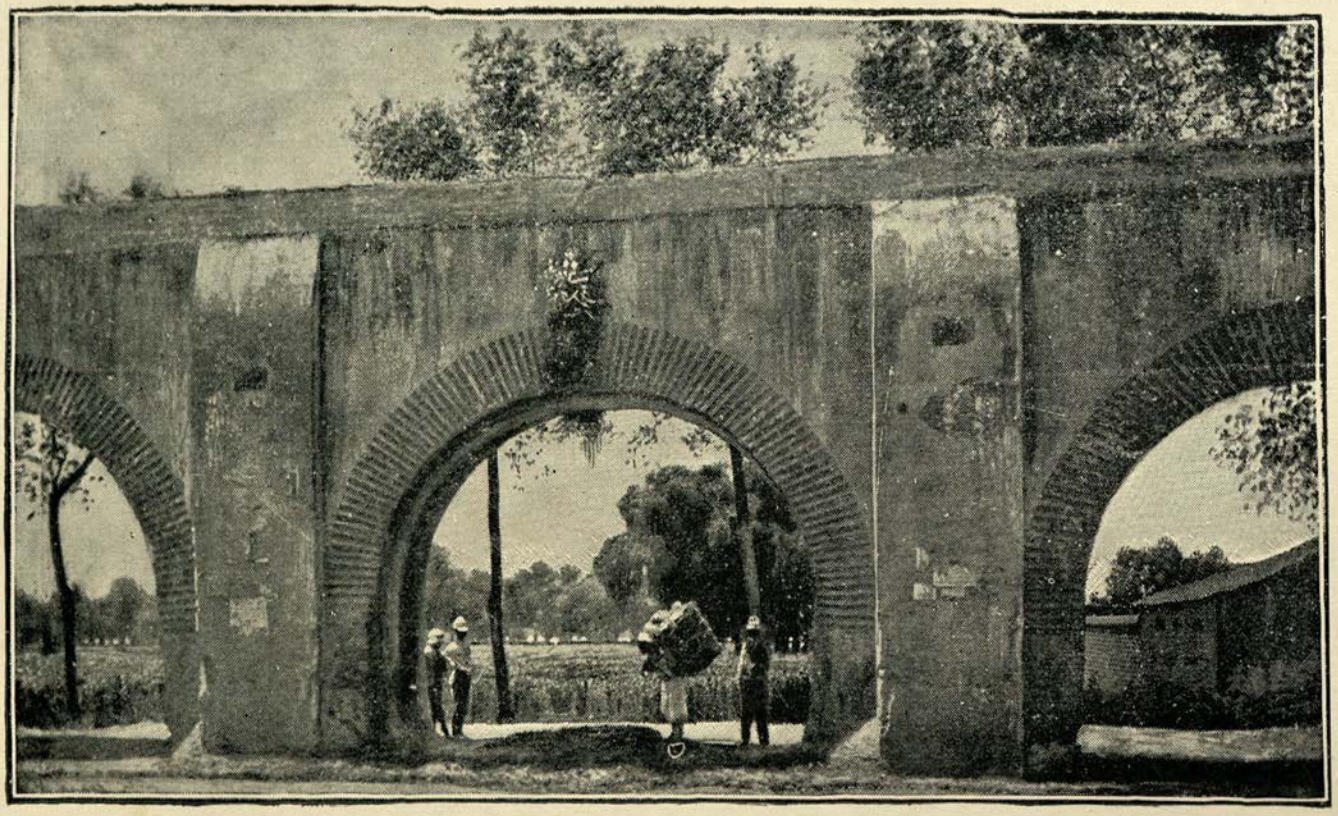
I am sorry to record that the roads in the town of Orizaba are the most execrable to be seen anywhere in the world, and having been venturesome enough to try a coach drawn by two horses, I deemed it a miracle that I arrived safely back at my hotel, for the drive reminded me of nothing but the old refrain, "Rattle his bones over the stones." Electric trams and very much improved roads are indeed sadly needed in this city.

The surrounding country is most fertile, providing large crops of coffee, etc.

30th December.—We started in the morning by train for the city of Mexico, 181 miles distant by way of Esperanza, where we stopped for luncheon—a very good one—8044 feet above sea level. We passed through most lovely scenery enriched by coffee plantations and tropical fruits, and made the ascent of some 2000 to 3000 feet within a limit of 13 miles, before reaching Esperanza.

After traversing innumerable grain fields, of one, two and three miles in extent, we passed through several miles of plantations known as the Plains of Apam, which appear from the view obtained from the train, to consist entirely of the "Maguey" plant, all growing most systematically in straight lines at equal distances. From the "Maguey," hitherto only known to me as a species of wild aloe, is made the national drink called "pulque," which is as popular in Mexico with the labouring classes as beer is in England or Germany; in fact much more so, since the craving for it is so great and the price of it so ridiculously low, as to bring it within the reach of the poorest of the poor. The wholesale price of it, I am informed, is only $1.50 (Mexican) for 130 quarts or 35 gallons.

"Pulque" comes daily into the city by trainloads, by three different routes, packed in barrels, but when transported over the outlying country it is conveyed in sheepskins, just as one sees water carried by the Arabs in Egypt. Its limitless consumption and attendant abuses form a subject which I must leave to the advocates of total



AQUEDUCT IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

abstinence, and those who devote their time to the "drink" question or problem.

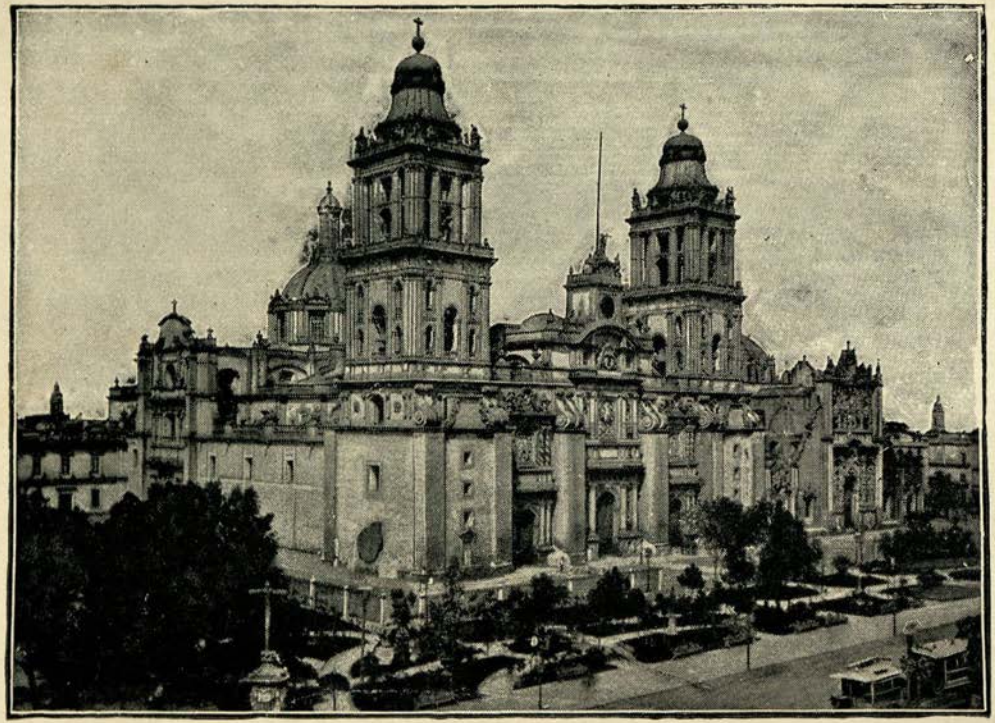
I paid 1 cent. for a tumbler of pulque, sipped it carefully, and found it not altogether unpleasant. It reminded me somewhat of a drink consumed as extensively by millions of natives in Africa, which is sometimes drawn from the bamboo, but more frequently from the oil palm, and known in various parts of Africa by different names such as Tumbo, Nimbo, and so forth. I tried this tumbler of pulque in the suburbs of the city and found it rather opaque in colour and somewhat of a starchy appearance. Subsequently I went to the actual producing country and found some Indian peasants drawing the juice from the plant, and on drinking some immediately upon its being drawn I found it far more palatable, as clear as water, sweet, and equal in every way to the above-mentioned palm wine. I account for the great difference in appearance, quality, and taste of the liquor by its first being put in skins and conveyed some miles slung on the sides of donkeys, the heat of the poor animal's panting sides being communicated directly and to a very great extent through the skins containing the liquor. This together with the constant shaking and churning, depreciates the sweet clear fluid from the maguey, to which drawback must be added all the subsequent influences of rail carriage and of adulteration. Could anyone find a remedy for this and enable the city poor to partake of their beverage pure, simple, and in a natural state, such a man would indeed be a public benefactor.

31st December.—We moved from the San Carlos Hotel, where we had put up overnight on our arrival in the city of Mexico, to the Hotel de la Reforma, newly opened in a fashionable outskirt of the town. Here we were able to arrange "pension" terms of 10s. a day each for two bright rooms looking on to a very fine avenue, together with full board: and we found the accommodation and management all that could possibly be desired.

1st January 1902.—After engaging a young English lad as guide and interpreter we set off sight-seeing, visiting the town house of President Diaz in the Plaza Mayor de la

Constitucion, the cathedral built on the site of the great Aztec temple destroyed by the Spaniards in 1521, and the French cemetery, which is one of the finest in the world. I wound up with a peep at the national pastime of bull-fighting. After four bulls had been killed in the orthodox way, one, a young steer, was given over to the will of the people to be fought by any who chose to volunteer. At this the lower class of the public seemed to grow wild with delight. Some hundreds of the rabble leapt into the ring, and by their numbers caused the bull to become almost as terrified as they were themselves. As the astonished beast ran round he tumbled several of the volunteers over with both heels and horns, and so brought their amateur efforts to an ignominious conclusion.

2nd to 13th January.—During our stay, all too brief, in this wonderful city of Mexico I have been not only impressed but amazed, as I had hitherto wholly underestimated its size and importance. The palatial buildings of the wealthy classes, particularly in the magnificent avenue "De la Reforma," leading all the way to the Mexican "White House" (the palace or castle of President General Don Porfirio Diaz), are not excelled in any public road or avenue in the West End of London. The tram service is unequalled and far in advance of the greatest shipping port in the world, Liverpool. With regard to the policing and safe-guarding of the city, the whole system appears admirable, and is probably one of the finest, most practical, and complete in the world. The mounted patrol seeing that every man is at his post, during the night as well as day, must commend itself to all as invaluable. The military force in this vast Republic is only about 60,000 men, which must be a great saving to the country as against maintaining a large army, though the Government may in addition thereto call out a reserve of 140,000 very capable men at short notice. The "Tommy Atkins" of Mexico is a reliable well-knit little man, capable of much endurance in long marches, who can travel considerable distances without being overwhelmed with that great drawback to the British force—a huge attendant commissariat. The smart, active Mexican can walk on and on



CATHEDRAL—CITY OF MEXICO.

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from sunrise to sunset if only his wallet be filled with the native thin oatmeal cakes. The courteous and pleasant manners of the people, no matter where one meets them, in what station of life, greatly add to the pleasure of a visit here.

I have visited many lovely places during my short stay, particularly the interesting ruins of the old monastery called "El Desierto," lying amidst the most bewitching scenery, and with a history dating back several hundred years. The canons or mountains of Santa Magdalena, beyond Contererts, are quite out of the track of the ordinary or every-day traveller and tourist. Much could be written of Mexico's hundreds of churches, magnificent cathedral, the wealth of the inhabitants, and its history of a buried civilisation dating possibly as far back as that of Egypt, if not further.

Steam communication is extending and developing every day, and it is more than probable that for every tourist who visits this Republic to-day one hundred will be coming within a few years to enjoy all that I have described and very much more that I have been compelled by considerations of space to pass over.

14th and 15th January.—We left the Buenavista station by the Mexico, Cuernavaca, and Pacific Railway for a trip by drawing-room Pullman to Cuernavaca by what is the finest scenic route in Mexico. The great thing to be seen in Cuernavaca is the residence built for himself by Cortez, which is palatial in extent and massive in structure, many of the walls being 8 feet thick. An inscription on one of them records that it was finished on the 6th of July 1531—three hundred and seventy-one years ago. Here in the large hall Maximilian gave audience to his courtiers, and dreamed of an Imperial sceptre and a Mexican crown. Here is the celebrated Borda garden, the creation of Don Jose de la Borda, who, originally a poor and unknown boy in the beginning of the eighteenth century, started as a miner, and after some years became the owner of some sixty millions of the best old hard Mexican dollars, won from the mines of Mexico. In 1762 he commenced to build and make this beautiful garden, and spent about one million and a quarter dollars on it; to-day it is but a relic of its former beauty and

magnificence, though the Government is taking steps to preserve it and is making a small charge for admission. The cathedral of Cuernavaca was commenced on the 2nd of January 1529, by the Franciscan Friars, in the old church. Cortez heard mass and confessed to these stern old friars; and here Carlota, the wife of Maximilian, knelt devoutly; and here, too, Maximilian knelt and made his devotions. Strange contrasts there were in the lives and fates of these three personages who have figured so prominently in the land of the Montezumas and Aztecs.

Here I most happily made the acquaintance of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, the widow of the brilliant writer and traveller, whose last home in the South Sea Islands I was to see later on.

16th to 24th January.—Our experiences in the city of Mexico, mostly very agreeable, included one not so pleasant in the robbery of my diamond pin in the Thieves' Market, where by the irony of fate I had just been presented to the Chief Commissioner. The thief was chased, caught, stripped naked, and searched; but nothing was found on him except a very awkward-looking Mexican dagger. Later on I heard that after being tortured he confessed that he hid the pin in his mouth and while running away stuck it in the mantle or cape of someone as he passed by. Although I was allowed to offer a reward of 100 dollars and to promise not to prosecute, I never got my pin back, and had to pay a little Mexican lawyer £2, 10s. for his assistance in the case.

One of the prettiest drives that we took near the city was to Chapultepec, where we saw in the park as many fine equipages as would be met in Hyde Park at the height of the season, and heard a couple of splendid bands playing at different points. Mexico altogether has one of the finest climates I have ever enjoyed in any part of the world; the people seem all well to do, and such a thing as bankruptcy or failure appears almost unknown. The country generally is developing rapidly, for its resources are almost limitless, and with such a ruler as the present President the development of a great and highly prosperous republic is assured. Perhaps, however, before leaving

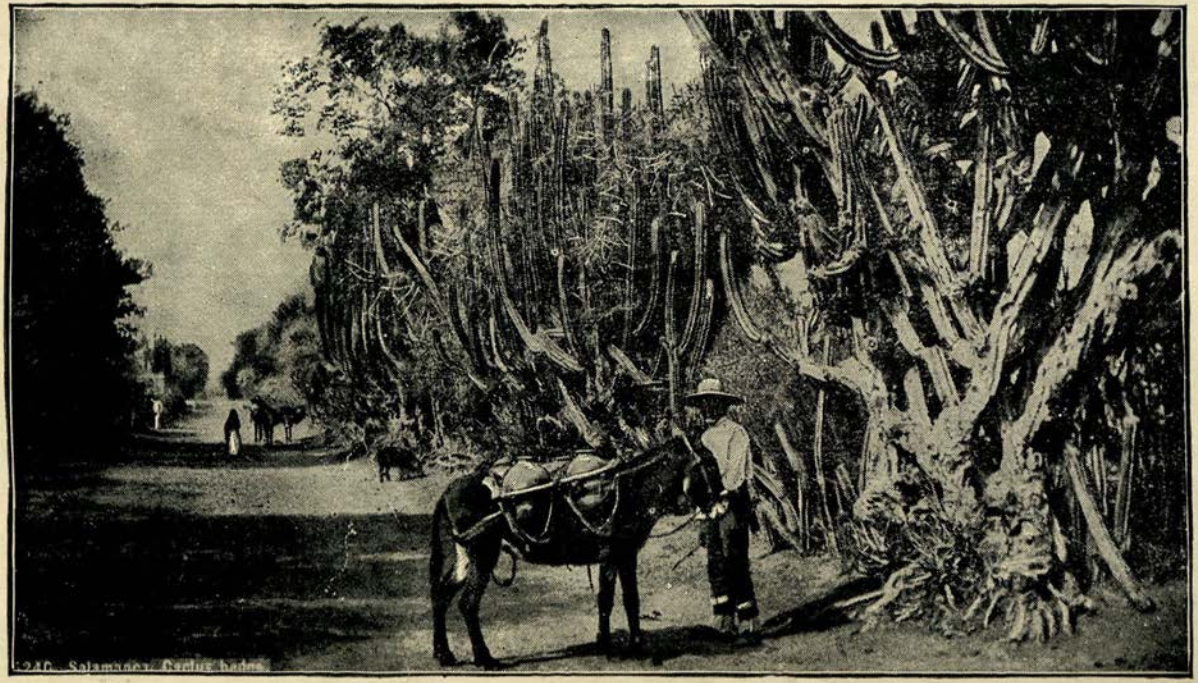
Mexico I ought to mention that we had at least one earthquake during our stay. It happened one afternoon when we were on a mule-tram in a crowded thoroughfare, and it caused every man, woman, and child in the streets to drop down on their knees in prayer wherever they happened to be at the moment, and however great might be their danger of being run over.

CHAPTER III

Los Angeles

25th January 1902.—We left the city of Mexico at a quarter past eight in the morning by the Mexican Central Railway, travelling the first day 364 miles to the city of Aguascalientes. Stopping by the way a short time at San Juan del Rio, celebrated for its opal mines, I purchased a few opals for presents. We also stopped at Queretaro, a city famous for being the scene of Maximilian's last stand, where he surrendered on the 15th of May 1867, and was shot, together with his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, who stood beside him. An officer and seven men standing only a few yards distant, carried out the order for their execution. It may be remembered by some that Maximilian, just before the fatal moment, placed Miramon in the centre of the three, saying to him, "A brave soldier must be honoured by his monarch even in his last hour, therefore permit me to give you the place of honour." We shall make a stay of two days at Aguascalientes, which name implies "hot water" or "hot springs"; the great Mexican Central Railway has just completed there one of its numerous large hospitals.

26th January.—The Hotel Washington at Aguascalientes, where we arrived at 1 a.m. by mule-tram from the station, is very inexpensive as well as very comfortable. We are only asked 6s. a day each for full board and rooms. In the afternoon we took a two-horse coach to the natural hot-water springs about half a mile from the station, and there had baths in water rising hot and clear as crystal from the earth. These baths, by the way, are specially built and are almost big enough to swim in. On our return by our coach we went to the Jardin de San



CACTUS HEDGE.

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Marcos, where there was the usual band and where violets were growing most profusely. We noticed here, as at Cuernavaca, that all the women and girls were marching one way and all the men and boys the other, and we were told that this very orderly custom is almost universal in the provincial cities and villages of Mexico.

27*th January.*—We resumed our journey towards Texas and California in the morning, our next halt being at Zacatecas, an important mining town at the summit of a hill 8000 feet above the sea-level. Silver was discovered here in 1546 by Juan de Tolosa, and so rich were the mines that by a decree of Phillip II. of Spain, in 1585, the town became a city, and from 1548 to 1310 the products of the mines have been adjudged and estimated at ten billions of dollars. The annual output is still enormous. Here, after the train on its tortuous track had climbed and passed the summit of a hill 8000 feet above sea-level, we came across what is probably the oldest Presbyterian Church building in the world. This was once the Church of San Agustin; and the portion of the convent which is not now devoted to Protestant uses is turned into a hotel.

28*th January.*—We arrived at Ciudad Juarez on the 28th January, the last Mexico town before passing on to the United States territory by El Paso (meaning The Pass), from the Republic of Mexico, to the United States territory. This El Paso is a mining town, and the Southern Pacific Railway has a station there, with trains running through from New Orleans and the eastern cities and towns, on what is known as the "Sunset Route"; thence through Southern California to San Francisco.

29*th January.*—At El Paso, Texas, U.S.A., we had to claim our heavy baggage sent on in advance from Mexico City, to change our Mexican money into American—at considerable loss—and to pass the export Customs of Mexico and the import Customs of the United States. All these were rather tiresome matters, but were made as easy for us as possible by the kindly courtesy here, as everywhere else on our journey so far, extended to us by all with whom we have come in contact. We stayed the

night at the Hotel Sheldon, where we were amazed at breakfast by the length of our first United States menu, which had for its first three items apple-sauce, oranges, and oatmeal porridge. The appetite catered for is apparently a very cosmopolitan one.

30th January.—Off by the Southern Pacific Railway to Los Angeles, which is 812 English miles from El Paso and 2036 English miles from the city of Mexico. The journey was extremely comfortable, as the sleeping-cars with their double windows, wide berths, good dressing-rooms, and well-regulated temperature are far more luxurious than any I have seen in England. The greater part of the route was through the most desolate, inhospitable desert imaginable, and it occurred to me that if those enthusiastic Frenchmen who, year after year, are advocating a railway across the Sahara to open up the boundless wealth of their territories in Central Africa—which extend in one unbroken line from Algiers to the French Congo—could make the journey I have just completed over such an awful wilderness, extending nearly 2000 miles, they would be much more sanguine of the possibility of a railway across the Sahara. The shifting sands should be combated in a manner somewhat similar to that employed on the railways in Canada and America against the snow.

On arriving within a distance of about forty miles from Los Angeles a complete change opens before one's eyes. The train passes now through groves of orange trees (in full bearing), peaches, prunes, olives, and walnuts, mile after mile the whole way to Los Angeles, every tree planted scientifically and mathematically at equal distance one from the other, in a state of perfect cultivation and with the latest mode of irrigation.

31st January.—On arrival at Los Angeles we took up our quarters at the Westminster, one of the very best hotels in the country, at an inclusive charge of 2½ dollars each a day. We found everything very much "up-to-date," with express baggage carriers to take all luggage to the various destinations with speed, giving the usual checks for it. The hotels, for size, numbers, luxury, and

cuisine, far exceed anything I have yet met with. The number of visitors to Los Angeles and the neighbouring town of Pasadena, from the Eastern States and other parts of the Continent, is estimated at 300,000 annually, all apparently with plenty of money at command. The number of these huge palatial hotels is ever increasing, and many of the present ones are being greatly enlarged. Pasadena is rapidly becoming almost a suburb of Los Angeles, though thirteen miles distant; it is in very close and constant communication several times every hour by various railways and fast electric cars. The development of this comparatively new city of Los Angeles can only be compared to the rise of San Francisco in the forties of the last century: its public buildings, banks, and institutions, electric cars (very fast) running out into the country, 15 to 20 miles in every direction by broad streets and avenues: the roads everywhere planted with the most graceful palms, drooping pepper, and other tropical trees. Its wealth of flowers far outrivals anything seen or heard of in either Italy or the Riviera. At an exhibition in the important edifice of the Chamber of Commerce, in Los Angeles, were presented the products of the immediately surrounding country. The various fruits and vegetables would only appear to untravelled residents in Europe as monstrosities, being so abnormally developed, particularly oranges, pears, and peaches, though, in fact, all and everything. The many daily trainloads conveying these for distribution over the various States are at least treble the length of any trains seen in England, and all have huge covered cars belonging to the various fruit companies. Before one can grasp where all the wealthy visitors come from, comprising the 300,000 annual visitors who fill these large hotels, and where the demand can come or consumers be found for such a boundless wealth and shipment of fruit, one must remember that at the present moment the estimated population of the United States is 75,000,000 to 80,000,000, or more than twice that of the British Isles.

2nd February.—After our tram-trip yesterday to the above-mentioned Pasadena we decided upon a coach-drive

to-day; so we started at half-past nine on the Tally-Ho Coach, drawn by six horses, for Baldwin's Ranch. The view of the mountains was singularly beautiful as we drove past Sycamore Grove and Highland Park through the clear crisp air. The ostrich-farm which we visited had nearly 200 birds, and nests of eggs were lying about the pens. The ostriches, it seems, are very fond of oranges, of which they eat hundreds daily, swallowing them whole, and being quite eager to take some from my hand.

4th February.—The Observation Tram-Car is a great institution here. It traverses all the principal thoroughfares in and around the city, and is accompanied by a guide, whose sole duty is to point out and explain all features of interest. In this way we skirted the small but very picturesque West Lake Park, passed Sonoratown, where the "reserve" of the Mexican Indians was situated 150 years ago, had a glimpse of China Town, and penetrated the oil districts of Los Angeles. The production of petroleum is one of the leading industries of California, and its most profitable development is in Los Angeles county. The Californian oil is very different from that of the Eastern States, being much heavier, and useful chiefly for fuel. It is, moreover, exceedingly cheap, about 1 dollar a barrel; and 3½ barrels of it are equal as fuel to a ton of coal, which is decidedly dear in this district. Oil, by the way, is frequently used here instead of water for laying the dust, and this it does most efficiently.

7th February.—By electric tram and train we went to-day to San Pedro, about 15 miles distant. This port bids fair to become one of the important harbours of the world. The harbour works and breakwater, already now well advanced, have had a grant from the United States Government of 1,500,000 dollars for immediate use, and they will probably cost in all 5,000,000 dollars before completion. This port is the point of departure for the lovely island of Santa Catalina, a constant resort of thousands of tourists.

8th February.—Redondo, which we visited this afternoon, is a charming and I should think very healthy seaside place 18 miles south of Los Angeles, whose wealthiest

inhabitants use it largely for residence during the summer. It is celebrated for its fine sandy beach, for its excellent fishing, and—what is perhaps still more remarkable—for its cultivation of carnations, which are grown in fields instead of beds, and are as striking in colour as in profusion. There is a well-built hotel there with 150 rooms, and the future development of Redondo is so promising that an investment in suitable building land there should very soon prove highly remunerative.

9th February.—A second excursion to Pasadena, some 10 miles off, but rendered very accessible by electric cars and three railways, fully explains its popularity. It is considered the gem of the country, studded as it is with beautiful gardens and costly houses. Its growth of population has been extraordinarily rapid; and its Orange Grove Avenue—one of the most beautiful avenues to be seen anywhere—is said to be the residence of a dozen millionaires, attracted there by the fascination of the scenery and the equability of the climate.

12th February.—Perhaps the finest views of all are those to be obtained from Mount Lowe, between the foot of which and Pasadena the country is absolutely at its best. Mount Lowe, which is over 6000 feet high, was ascended by us on the cable railway, which at one point gains 1400 feet in altitude within $\frac{3}{5}$ mile. This extraordinary cable-road, which is reached by electric trolley by way of Pasadena and Altadena, constitutes one of the engineering wonders of the world. It winds through magnificent canyons, along narrow ledges and steep gorges, across the mysterious Five Rivers of the Rocks, and the Horseshoe or Circular Bridge. The whole incline is 3000 feet in length, and the third division of the road takes one from Echo Mountain to Ye Alpine Tavern, a unique hostelry with first-class accommodation 5000 feet above sea-level. To ascend the highest peak we had to take horses, and as there were no ladies' saddles Miss Bates and the lady who accompanied us on the trip had to ride astride. But in the glorious and ever-changing views they could have found consolation for an inconvenience very much greater than this.

13th to 16th February.—Many good theatrical entertainments are given in Los Angeles, and at the Orpheum we more than once enjoyed a really excellent variety show, and were much struck both by the comfort of the auditorium and by the absence of any rough element in the audience, which is allowed no facilities for smoking or drinking. At the Chutes, too, we saw a kind of second-rate Earl's Court Entertainment, and at the Los Angeles theatre, where there was very smart evening-dress in the stalls, we witnessed a fair performance of a drama adapted from Agnes and Egerton Castle's novel, *The Pride of Jennico*.

There seems to be plenty of money here for playgoing and other amusements; and indeed this is not to be wondered at, since the wages of all classes in Los Angeles are everywhere about double those of England. The waitresses, thirty in number, where I was staying at the Westminster Hotel, all had 25 dollars per month, equal to £5, 4s. 2d. English, or £62, 10s. per annum, and were all particularly well fed, housed, and cared for. The chambermaids, of whom, of course, there were many, receive 20 dollars only per month, or equal to exactly £50 per annum.

In reference to this labour question I would quote the following, which I cull from a leading newspaper:—"March 10: One of the most peculiar orders ever received by a railroad company came to the Texas and Pacific headquarters in Dallas to-day. It was for two hundred young women to be shipped to Los Angeles, California, to act as waitresses and servant girls at salaries of from 25 dollars to 40 dollars per month. The Texas and Pacific traffic officials say they do not hope to fill the order, as the servant girl problem is a serious one here in Dallas."

Rough gardeners were getting 35 dollars per month with everything found, including meat three times per day; highly skilled gardeners much more. Those engaged in the building trade from 3.50 dollars to 5 dollars per day, and all others in a like ratio.

All honour and glory to these fortunate toilers in such a favoured land. May they long enjoy such a period of prosperity and reap the fruits of their labour. How many

tens of thousands working in the old country for a comparative pittance would like to throw in their lot and earn the same good living wages!

16*th February.*—I had to-day what was to me a wholly novel as well as curious experience. We crossed to the island of Santa Catalina, 25 miles distant, where I went out with Miss Bates in a glass-bottomed boat to inspect the flora and fish of what may be called the submarine gardens. These are plainly discernible at a depth, according to the authorities, of 30 fathoms. To me I confess the distance looked more like 30 feet; but the ocean depths are much clearer here than in other parts of the world. The sight, at any rate, of the flowering weeds and the large red fish is a very pretty one.

20*th February.*—We made an expedition this morning to Redlands, which we reached after three hours or so by train, and where we stayed for a couple of hours to see a wonderful show-place called Smiley's Heights. This is the property and costly hobby of a couple of Quakers, very courteous and hospitable in manner, who made a large fortune as proprietors of a hotel in the Catskill Mountains on the Hudson. The achievement of the worthy Quakers in this matter was the more remarkable because they conducted their hotel on the most severely prohibitive principles, forbidding not only drinking but smoking on their premises, an arrangement which would certainly not have met the requirements of that famous Catskill resident, Rip van Winkle.

In the afternoon we started homewards by train, from which, however, we alighted after an hour and a half at a place called Riverside, whence we drove the next stage of our journey to Arlington. The drive proved well worth taking, for it took us through miles and miles of magnificent magnolia and victoria avenues, which are said —and I can well believe it—to surpass anything of the kind to be seen elsewhere. At Arlington we picked up the train which had come on from Riverside, and we got comfortably home to our hotel in Los Angeles after a most delightful day.

21*st February.*—There seems some fresh and interest-

ing excursion to be made here every day, and ours this afternoon was to San Monica, a seaside resort some 10 or 12 miles off, and quickly reached by electric tram. Sauntering along the beach I came across the house of a fisherman who sold sea curiosities, and made a speciality of the large bunches of barnacles which here attach themselves to a species of huge mussel. These barnacles, like so many other things in this favoured country, grow to an abnormal size, and with their variegated colours they make very showy specimens for the inside decoration of fish globes and tanks, when my friend the fisherman has submitted them to his process of dressing and cleaning. I was also interested to see here, for the first time, some fresh shark's eggs just captured in large fishing-nets, and looking very odd indeed, with the projecting glutinous screws which propel them through the ocean. The sharks producing these singular eggs are, I was told, of the "double-horn" variety, and two of their horns duly prepared for sale tempted Miss Bates to their purchase. When San Monica is overrun by tourists, as it probably will be in a few years' time, the demand for these singular curiosities will doubtless exceed the supply, and will open up the possibility of a trade in spurious horns manufactured in Birmingham, like those leopard's claws which I have seen imported in thousands at Sierra Leone for purchase by confiding travellers in West Africa. Thus is art ever employed in supplying the deficiencies of nature, and in enlarging the pleasures of imagination.

22*nd February*.—This is noteworthy as our first wet day, the first rain enjoyed here for seven weeks. I say "enjoyed" advisedly, since the wet is hailed with delight by the fruit-growers for hundreds of miles around. It saves the crops everywhere, and as these crops include orange-trees, peaches, and apricots to be counted by the million, their salvation is very important, not only to Southern California in particular, but to the world in general. Moreover, delightful although the climate is here —perhaps on the whole the most delightful in the world— and although one can easily understand people coming here and to San Diego in search of a temperature pretty nearly

always within the sixties, it is quite possible, at any rate for an Englishman, to get tired of perpetual sunshine and to welcome a few drops of his familiar rain.

27*th February*.—During the last few days I made some inquiry as to the prices of residential property about here, and found it higher than I thought reasonable. I saw, for example, a house with an estate of 29 acres in the Monterey Road, South Pasadena, a very pretty little place, but not in my opinion worth more than half of the 15,000 dollars asked for it. The tendency, however, seemed to be for prices to rise, in consequence, no doubt, of the rapidly extending facilities of railway transit, with four connections, for example, between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and with duplicate lines from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City.

Before leaving the Hotel Westminster here, it seems only fair to note that we thought its table the best and most varied, and its service the smartest yet found by us either at home or abroad.

CHAPTER IV

Monterey and San Francisco to Honolulu

28*th February* 1902.—We started early in the morning for Monterey, 388 miles northwards, by way of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, the latter of which looked so extremely inviting in its prettiness that we should like to visit it again. The scenery, especially from this point, is most beautiful.

Arriving at Monterey in the evening we put up at the Del Monte Hotel.

1*st March*.—Monterey, which is situated in a most picturesque bay, has grown comparatively little for many years, although it was the original capital of California. Its theatre, in which Jenny Lind sang in 1847, was the first built in California; and the old "adobe" buildings and early historical associations are very interesting indeed.

2*nd March*.—After a walk on the sands of the fine Monterey beach we drove 3 miles or so to Pacific Grove, where, by the aid of a glass-bottomed boat, we inspected the wonders of another marine-garden, including coral-reefs, skeletons of whales innumerable, devil-fish, sea-cypress, and the wonderful giant star-fish with 25 legs and a circumference of 4 feet. Monterey Bay was once celebrated for the number of whales taken in it, but the low price of oil has killed the industry, which is, however, supplanted by salmon-fishing. This latter occupation should be tolerably remunerative, as nine weeks of it have before now yielded no less than 385,000 lbs. We saw lying here the *Natalie*, the vessel in which Napoleon escaped from Elba, now, of course, a melancholy wreck.

3*rd March*.—We left Monterey quite reluctantly this morning for San Francisco, *viâ* Castroville, where we

stayed for a couple of hours and enjoyed a stroll in the adjacent country. While doing this we made the acquaintance of a pleasant and most hospitable old gentleman, who, after we had chatted with him for awhile over his interesting adventures as a miner in the earliest days of the gold-fever in California, insisted upon showing us his neatly-kept little house. Not content with this, the genial stranger went so far as to beg us to pay him a visit at some future time and stay with him as his guests. Such prompt cordiality was no doubt rather overwhelming, but the courtesy inspiring it, in a greater or less degree, seems universal in this happy land.

At San Francisco, which we reached at four in the afternoon, we took up our quarters at the Palace Hotel, which, together with the Grand, under the same management, accommodates no less than 1900 visitors, with their 1400 rooms and 900 bathrooms. Of these guests the Palace puts up 1300, and it is not only the largest and best hotel in San Francisco, but is probably the most magnificent structure ever built anywhere to meet the needs of the travelling public.

4th March.—We went this morning to the Cliff House overlooking the Pacific Ocean, and the railway by which we travelled ran alongside the Golden Gate, the noble sea-entrance to the harbour of San Francisco. From the verandahs of Cliff House are to be seen, almost immediately beneath the windows, the famous Seal Rocks, where every hour throughout the day one may watch large numbers of sea-lions swimming round or basking in the sun. From here we ascended the Sutro Heights, commanding a fine view westward over the sea, and extending, on a clear day, to the Farollenes Islands, 26 miles off. The Heights are laid out in luxurious groves of trees and ferns, with a great variety of statuary more or less advantageously interspersed between the lawns and flowers. Through the middle of them runs a beautiful drive known as Palm Avenue.

Sutro is celebrated for its baths, which are on a very complete and very extensive scale. These are varied in size, depth, and temperature, and they provide swimming

accommodation for 2000 bathers of both sexes. But California likes going in for big things of all kinds, one of its most praiseworthy boasts being its possession in the Leland Stanford University, with its endowment of 30,000,000 dollars, of the richest educational establishment in the world.

5th March.—We devoted this morning to a round-trip of 20 miles about the city. For this we took the observation-car, visiting, in our first course, the Main-Power House, supplying the car-service—all on the underground cable system—throughout San Francisco. We next passed the Affiliated Colleges and the Mission Dolores, an interesting relic consisting of an old church built of "adobe" in 1778. Thence we went by Golden Gate Park, about half a mile long and 1000 acres in extent, partly planted with eucalyptus and pine, and partly consisting of the bare sand-dunes characteristic of the peninsula upon which San Francisco is built. In the fourth course of the trip we had to negotiate Fillimore Street Hill, the gradients of which —from 26 to 29 feet in 100—are the steepest accomplished by electric cars anywhere.

After dinner we inspected the City Fire-Engine Station, and found its equipment excellent.

6th March.—We took the tram this morning to the Ferry, which runs from the north end of San Francisco across the six miles' inlet of the bay lying to the east of the peninsula. We landed at Sansalito, and then ascended Mount Tamalpais—which means the "Land of the Tamalpais"—by what is known as "the crookedest railway in the world." The mountain is 2600 feet high, and about half-way up it, on its broad southern shoulder, is the "double-bow knot," where the track parallels itself five times within a distance of 300 feet. The view from the summit, where we found a good hostelry for luncheon, is said to cover 150 miles, and includes the Pacific Ocean, the Cascade Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Mount Diablo, and San Francisco.

San Francisco possesses a most heterogeneous population, which includes all European and most other nationalities. Prominent amongst these latter are the Chinese,

who number 40,000, and a visit to their quarter, especially at nighttime, is curiously interesting. To make it in safety a guide is necessary, or at any rate advisable; so we took one this evening, and explored China Town from beginning to end. We found the Chinese theatre in full swing with a primitive-looking play, which was doubtless going to last for the rest of the week; we shuddered at the opium dens, and we were implored to buy scented incense-tapers at the joss-house, and other strange things at the curiosity shops and the Chinese restaurants. It was all well worth seeing, but a little of China Town goes a long way.

7th and 8th March.—We have had another look at Golden Gate Park, and found it to have what the Californians call the finest bandstand in the world, and—what we thought much more interesting—a remarkably fine aviary 30 feet high, and a herd of bison.

9th March.—I took the ferry—much larger and handsomer than the Liverpool and Birkenhead one—from the eastern side of the city across the bay, and then went by tram to Oaklands, a well laid-out and rapidly growing town, which, with its pretty Piedmont Park and heights, will evidently be a very populous suburb in a few years time. Although it is 400 feet above sea-level it is 15 degrees warmer than San Francisco.

10th March.—We called on Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, whom we were sorry to find ill in bed. We saw, however, her widowed daughter, Mrs. Strong, who quite infected us with her enthusiasm over the beauties of Samoa.

13th March.—Our pleasant stay at San Francisco came to an end to-day, when we sailed in the *Coptic* for Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of 2080 miles. The weather was squally and cold.

14th and 15th March.—The ship has been rolling heavily, but the wind and sea have now gone down, and in the calm sunshine we are all beginning to enjoy ourselves in our several ways. While the way of the saloon passengers lies, as usual, in the direction of cards, the favourite games being "hearts" and "poker," that of the Chinese in the

3rd class takes the form of gambling at "fan-tan," and it is interesting to watch them from the upper deck playing it by the aid of a kind of cross between dominoes and dice.

16*th to* 18*th March.*—We are bowling along merrily before a steady N.E. breeze as we steer S.W. The *Coptic*, though over twenty years old, is a well-preserved and well-appointed vessel, and the service on board is capital, all the stewards being Chinese, who are very attentive and very clean, changing their clothes three times a day. Their most picturesque appearance is that which they make at breakfast in long flowing Chinese dress of light blue.

19*th March.*—We arrived at Honolulu this morning after a record run of 5 days 22 hours—pretty good for the *Coptic's* forty-third voyage. I decided to put up at the Moana Hotel, Waikiki Beach, which is three miles out of the town, but is of course easily accessible by reason of the electric and mule trams which run everywhere here.

20*th to* 29*th March.*—First impressions of a country and its people must necessarily be somewhat crude; but in the case of a romantic Paradise so unique as this island of Hawaii, where spring and summer are perpetual, and where nature seems in her happiest mood, they must inevitably count for a good deal. Here, then, are a few of my earliest impressions of the place as I gave them to a local inquirer some ten days after my arrival. I found, then, the first token of the surprising development of the islands where Captain Cook was killed in 1779, in the fact that a steamer of the dimensions of the *Coptic* could with the greatest safety enter a deep and well-buoyed passage and moor alongside a large quay or wharf more quietly than the Atlantic liners lie alongside the landing stage in Liverpool. This is the more extraordinary because Honolulu lies in the mid-Pacific Ocean. It is only those that have been accustomed to steamers dropping their anchors a distance from the shore in disturbed or rough waters, who can realise the immense advantages of these facilities for landing and receiving passengers, cargo, coal, and provisions.

Calling with Miss Bates at a dressmaker's or ladies' tailor, I was not a little astonished to see strewn over the tables all the latest books containing coloured plates of the fashions of the day, and I must add, only those published for the current month. I mention this fact as so many people in the inland country towns and districts in England have a hazy idea that these distant islands remain much the same as when discovered by Captain Cook, and they expected that I should find the inhabitants clothed much the same now as then; they also imagined that I might find shelter in some superior sort of native hut, and fare probably on roast pig and native dishes. I am referring, of course, to the less-enlightened subjects of His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

But, what do I find? In the first place, ladies handsomely attired in silks and satins of the latest designs, and vying with their New York sisters and those of the Eastern States or cities of Europe. Further, I find myself ensconced in a first-class hotel, in the beautiful suburb of Waikiki, in some respects more "up to date" than the latest in London.

The possession of the islands by the United States, even as a coaling station, is beyond price, not only in time of peace, but as an ocean basis for supply for their navy in the dire, and I trust distant, event of war—as the finest ironclad afloat is worthless without coal.

I was not less astonished than pleased to see all the ladies here, fair Americans, English, and others, riding on horseback astride with divided skirts, in which there is nothing to shock the modesty of the most critical, shrinking, elderly spinster. From what I can gather, the ladies from the Eastern States, together with tourists and travellers from the Old World, seem delighted with the custom, hail with delight their release from the conventional orthodox English side-saddle, and at once, upon their arrival here, set about ordering a new divided riding-skirt. Grace, health, comfort, and safety all favour riding "man fashion" on the part of women, and it is pure affectation to object to the style, though this custom is never seen, unfortunately, in England, notwithstanding some agitation in favour of such a change.

The day after my arrival I attended the departure of the mail to San Francisco, and I was most interested and entertained to see almost all the passengers and their friends adorned with beautiful flower wreaths, many almost covered with them. A very charming custom it is to retain, and I hope it will die hard.

When one remembers that it is only some three years since the country was taken over by the United States, the great strides that have been made in so short a time are simply miraculous. The number of banks, merchants' offices, public schools and colleges, give me, as an Englishman, a most exalted idea of what Americans can do when they "mean it," and put their minds, money, and hands to it with a will. I hear of one large mercantile firm here who only opened their new offices and warehouse a few days since, the buildings costing well on to 1,000,000 dollars, and being as elegantly and extravagantly finished as the best banking-house in London.

We have already found and made many friends here, and on the proposal of the Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, an ex-governor, and in many ways the leading inhabitant, I have been courteously elected an honorary member of the Pacific, the chief club of Honolulu.

1*st April*.—I rode out this morning on horseback with Miss Bates, she sitting astride *à la* Hawaii in her new divided skirt. We went round Diamond Head, a beautiful new road cut by the Americans since they took over the islands three years ago.

The admirable equipment, by the way, of our hotel here, the Moano, is worthy of mention. It has all the latest provisions for luxurious comfort, devised either in Europe or in the United States. It is in fact just the last kind of hostelry that most of us would expect to find in the Sandwich Islands.

CHAPTER V

The Hawaiian Islands and Volcano of Kilauea

2nd April 1902.—I went to-day over the *Oregonian*, a new cargo-ship belonging to the Hawaiian Steamship Co. of New York. She is the best-appointed freight-boat imaginable. I may, by the way, usefully call attention to a fact little known in England—that no passenger of any class or position can travel from one American possession to another part or place under the American flag excepting in an American vessel.

Later on I inspected the Honolulu Ironworks, and was surprised to find them thoroughly up-to-date in all their tools and machinery, although at present only about 300 men are at work.

3rd April.—We drove into the city this morning, and thence by electric tram from the Nuuanu Avenue up the Pacific heights to an altitude of 900 feet. The view hence is very fine, comprising as it does on either side of the slope the peaceful Pauoa or Nuuanu Valleys, with either the Pacific Ocean or the whole of Honolulu from Diamond Head to the Waianae range of mountains in the background. Near the top of the hill there is a typical Japanese tea-garden; and when at night the whole length of the ascending tramway is illuminated by incandescent lights it looks like an immense chain of gold hanging down from the fairyland above. The Pacific heights, as may be imagined, constitute one of the city's greatest attractions for tourists, and they are as enjoyable by night as they are by day.

4th April.—I find that the population of these islands (according to this year's census 153,000) is much more largely Japanese and Chinese than I had imagined. Be-

tween them these two nationalities contribute more than half, while the native Hawaiians are less than a fifth, and the Americans, now of course the ruling race, comprise about only seven per cent. of the whole. Moreover, seeing how small a proportion of the Americans are females, it is evident that in the future the non-American races will increase their numerical predominance.

The climate is far more delightful than we had at all anticipated. It seems never hot and never cold, and indeed the temperature all the year round ranges between 70° and 90° Fahrenheit.

5th April.—Stretching something like half-way round the coast of this island of Oahu, and starting from a terminus in Honolulu, is the railway of the Oahu Railway and Land Co. By this we started at a quarter past nine this morning, arriving at Waialua, 56 miles distant, on the opposite or northern side of the island, at ten minutes to twelve. The route itself was indescribably fresh in its beauty. On the one hand we passed a panorama of grand towering hills with wonderfully varied colouring, while on the other there flashed almost continuously the sunlit tropical sea, with its contented waves swishing musically almost to our feet.

At Waialua we found the loveliest little hotel imaginable, a miniature country mansion, just as complete with its electric light and telephone in every room as our own near Honolulu. Luncheon was served, and served admirably, in the artistically constructed "lanais," or very wide verandah, which runs round the house. Before returning we drove to a large sugar-mill, the actual working of which we wanted to see, as its output is 150 tons a day. In the evening Mr. Laing, from Zanzibar, who brought home the remains of Dr. Livingstone many years ago, dined with us at the Moano.

6th April.—During dinner to-night a party of Hawaiian minstrels played and sang very nicely on the raised dais of our orchestra. The native Hawaiian, or Kanaka, as he is more properly called, engages in all sorts of occupations. He is found in the law courts and the newspaper offices; he is included amongst the engineers and sailors, the clerks

and the farmers, the bricklayers and the blacksmiths. His national dish is "Poi," made from the taro plant.

The women in this tropical paradise are noteworthy for their physical self-possession, whether on land or on sea, in the saddle or in the surf, in costly silks or in a Mother Hubbard gown or "holoku" of common print. It will be a thousand pities if this and other characteristic traits die out through those influences which are causing the Hawaiians and their old customs to disappear from the fair face of their land. But this disappearance will happily be much more gradual than one might be led to believe by such exaggerated reports as those concerning "The Passing of the Hawaiian" which are given from time to time in the interests of journalistic sensation.

9th April.—To-day we went over the Royal Palace, a fine building in a pretty park. It is now used for Government offices, just as the old "House of the Chiefs," immediately opposite, is turned into the law courts and bureau of the United States Government. Hard by stands the fine bronze statue of the celebrated Hawaiian monarch King Kamehameha I.

10th April.—We started off this morning on horseback up the Nuuanu Avenue for Pali, 6 miles from Honolulu by a good macadamised road. After passing old Chinatown the ascent became steeper, and we got to the cemetery, rich in marble memorials, and the royal mausoleum with the tomb of the Kamehameha kings. When the city is at last left behind, the scenery, with grasses waving in the foreground and tiny streams glistening on the mountain sides, becomes beautiful, and prepares one for the magnificence which unfolds itself when the precipice of Pali is reached. It was down this precipice, a sheer fall of 500 feet, that the great Kamehameha drove his enemies nearly a century ago.

15th April.—We set off to-day on a four days' expedition to the island of Hawaii, mainly with the object of visiting the famous volcano of Kilauea. Taking only hand baggage with us, we went on board the *Kinau*, a well-appointed little steamer built in Philadelphia thirty years ago, and now employed upon this inter-island voyaging.

We passed the island of Molokai, on the north side of which is the leper settlement so intimately associated with Father Damien, whose name is not now so much venerated as it was, when, after his death in 1889, a memorial to him was erected by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales. We did not call there, but we did at Lahaina in the island of Maui, where we landed the Territorial Brass Band, which had been playing on deck. We touched at some half a dozen other stations before reaching our destination of Hilo on the island of Hawaii, and our detours added 70 miles to the run of 180 miles from Honolulu.

16*th April.*—The weather and the temperature in our deck-cabins were delightful throughout, and we reached Hilo at nine o'clock to-night after a charming voyage, putting up at the Hilo Hotel.

17*th April.*—Being called at 5.30, we got off by the train at 7 a.m. for Mountain View, 16 miles distant from Hilo and 15 from Mount Kilauea, which is reached thence by a four-horse diligence or coach. It is said that this stage drive to the volcano is unequalled in any part of the world, being through miles of matted jungle, thousands upon thousands of the prettiest fern trees, and many rose trees, including innumerable hedgerows of mountain roses. On reaching the Volcano Hotel, finely situated opposite to and overlooking the volcano, we had luncheon; and at two o'clock we proceeded on horseback, accompanied by a mounted guide, to descend into the crater of Kilauea. This vast outer crater is 13¼ miles in circumference, the inner, a very active one, being considerably less in dimensions. The early descent is very precipitous, but our sure-footed mountain horses never made a mistake. The sides of the crater are covered with various tropical plants and shrubs. We at last reached the plateau of broken rough lava, with huge fissures here and there, the lava jammed together like fields of ice, resembling in places huge entangled coils of rope the size of hawsers, and of every possible shape and form. After riding about 3 miles the heat and the sulphurous steam arising from the ground became too much for the horses, and we had to dismount

and secure them in a kind of small corral made in the crater out of blocks of lava.

We then proceeded on foot, the guide pointing out some very hot caves, two or three of which we tried and found almost unbearable. The pungency of the sulphur fumes arising from numerous blow-holes was around us on all sides. We had with us a few sticks which we put down some fissures only about 2 feet deep, with the result that they instantly took fire and blazed with the roar of a blast furnace. It appeared to us that the whole of this vast crater is at a white heat a very few feet beneath the surface. The fact of our being able to walk on it must, I know, appear almost incredible to those who have never visited the place. The terminal wall of the greater crater is only a few yards from the hotel.

Most of us, I think, have been inclined to imagine that a volcano must be a cone. Such has been my own idea after recent visits to Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli. But Kilauea is altogether different. The abyss, which is 4000 feet above the sea-level, has the appearance of a great pit, but a pit 13¼ miles in circumference. At the farther extremity is enclosed a smaller crater, which varies in depth from being level with the larger crater when the molten lava is in great activity, to 1500 feet when in a quiescent state. This lake—the "Hale-mau-mau"—of everlasting fire was in the latter state at the time of my visit, but looking over from the brink we found it entirely and effectually covered with huge clouds of steam arising so as to entirely obstruct all view of the mighty lower chasm.

All the surface we now traversed was some time since a sea of fire. We were supported by a congealed mass of lava reasonably cool on the surface, but all at a white heat below: and the imprisoned forces beneath at intervals shot forth immense mountains of liquid lava.

One is forgetful of all danger in the intoxicating excitement of exploring this weird scene, with the crevasses through which one looks into fiery furnaces heated a hundredfold. A canopy of vapour hangs day and night over what appears the "Inferno." Nowhere

else in the world is there a living crater to compete with it.

Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli sink almost into insignificance beside Kilauea, which is the largest active volcano in the world.

The lava from it threatened once upon a time to reach Hilo, as it had flowed within 8 miles of that town, and the superstition of the inhabitants led to their belief that the Goddess Pélé, the tutelary deity of the volcano, had resolved upon their destruction. But the panic was stayed by Queen Kapiolani, who personally visited the crater and defied the Goddess Pélé, a bold move fortunately followed by the stoppage of the lava's flow.

18*th April.*—This Volcano Hotel belongs to the enterprising Wilder Steamship Co. whose boat brought us here. For a spot so remote it seemed singularly civilised, with its large billiard-room lounge in which a fire burnt cheerfully in the evenings. The Chinese cook too did his work very well, his bread, which we found to have been made with milk instead of water, being quite exceptionally good. After another comfortable night, in rooms both of which faced the volcano, we rose early in order to catch the coach at 6 a.m. for our drive back to Mountain View station. It was an exceptionally bright morning with a slight hoar frost, for we were fortunate enough to escape any of the rain, which is so heavy here that according to official statistics the fall last month reached and registered the almost incredible amount of 7 feet. The drive struck us by its rare beauty quite as much as it did yesterday, and we particularly admired one species of tree, many specimens of which were growing 10 to 15 feet high by the roadside and having huge clusters several inches long of trumpet-shaped white flowers. This is the *Datura brugmansia*, which has for its local name Bell-flower, and is said to smell most deliciously at night.

We caught our train all right at Mountain View, reached Hilo, got on board the *Kinau* once more, and sailed for Honolulu at 11 a.m. Amongst our fellow-passengers were five thoroughbreds for the coming Honolulu Races. They were bred in California.

19*th April.*—It was a lovely morning for what was practically a cruise round the islands within half a mile of the shore. The sunshine lit up in all sorts of iridescent colouring the numberless large waterfalls pouring over the cliffs into the sea; and the view hour after hour was one of the most picturesque imaginable. We made several stoppages at intermediate ports, taking on board 150 sheep at one, and 150 pigs at another, as well as a couple of horses which swam out to us from the shore. Amidship between decks and separated from the pigs and sheep by bulkheads was a motley crew of Chinese and Japanese, men, women, and children, returning with us to Honolulu *en route* for the east from the sugar plantations where they have earned enough money to take them home. They look a very queer lot when coiled up for sleep at night; but the Japanese women always appear clean, and seem always to keep their hair done up tidily no matter what their surroundings may be. We reached Honolulu at 1.30 p.m., and took the horse-car to our old Moana Hotel.

20*th April.*—Everyone is astir early to enjoy the delicious spring mornings in this veritable isle of Eden, while at night, which moon and stars render almost as bright as day, the temperature allows ladies in evening-dress to drive to and from their dinner-parties without any wraps for head or shoulders. But even this paradise, like others, has its drawback. For the serpent it substitutes that most irritating of all minor plagues, the mosquito, who comes out in force directly the sun has gone down. The Hawaiian mosquito is of a larger breed than his West African cousin, and fortunately he is also slower in his movements and more easily caught. But he is equally undesirable, and it is to be hoped he will be duly classified and dealt with by the scientific experts who are interesting themselves in London and Liverpool over the mosquito question. An agitation is going on here for the appointment of inspectors whose duty it would be to look after all the pools and vessels of stagnant water which afford breeding places, and so to get rid of the pupæ at their earliest stages. To the efforts of those

officials I can only wish all possible success. It is all very well for the poet to sing to the Hawaiian Archipelago—

> "Thy life is music! Fate, the notes prolong!
> Each isle a stanza and the whole a song."

There is at present sounded in the stilly night one false note which sadly mars the harmony.

22nd April.—We went to-day to inspect the School for Girls built and endowed at a cost of half a million dollars by Mrs. Bishop, a native Hawaiian lady of royal blood, descended from the Kamehameha kings. We saw here the whole working and arrangement of an educational establishment as advanced and as liberal as anything of the kind to be seen in Europe, and we learned to our surprise that the whole charge for boarders is only 50 dollars or £10 a-year. Education generally is much valued here, and it is a question whether Germany or Honolulu was first in the field in making it compulsory.

22nd to 29th April.—The last few days of our delightful and ever-to-be-remembered six weeks here have been occupied largely with farewell visits to people and places already pleasantly familiar to us. At one or two dinner-parties which I gave at this excellent Moana Hotel —where, by the way, the inclusive board is only 3 dollars a day—to our various kind hosts I found no difficulty in providing really good wine, both hock and champagne. The landlord, who resides here with his family, has been on the island for twenty years, and is reputed to be a very wealthy man indeed. Amongst our minor recreations during our stay I may note our strolls in the beautiful Kapiolani Park, an extensive reservation of forest land behind the beach, which is set apart for the public, and is provided with a racecourse. Another kind of entertainment, and a very characteristic one, was to be derived from watching the national pastime of surf-riding. This is most skilfully performed by Hawaiians in their outrigged canoes; and although visitors in attempting the game often get a ducking from the high breakers, they suffer little discomfort in sea-water the temperature of which ranges from 74° to 78°.

The progress of the Sandwich Islands since Captain Cook met his death there a hundred and twenty-three years ago has been rapid indeed; and their further development, especially as a resort for tourists anxious to combine picturesque travel with civilised comfort, seems assured. At present, moreover, they are doing very well commercially with their sugar, of which they are exporting 365,000 tons annually at a gross return of something like £6,000,000. But as to this I could not avoid—with my West Indian experiences fresh in my memory—sounding a note of alarm with regard to the risk run by the Hawaiian trader if he puts all his eggs in one basket, and does not foster other crops, so that a possible fall in the price of sugar may not ruin him as it has so many planters and merchants elsewhere. To one who owes to these kindly islands memories so charming as mine, it would be a real regret to hear or think of any break in their prosperity.

CHAPTER VI

YOKOHAMA AND YEZO

30th April 1902.—We sailed this afternoon on our voyage of 3440 miles across the Pacific from Honolulu to Yokohama. Our vessel is the *China* of the Pacific Mail Co., with a crew of 33 Europeans and 131 Chinese and Japanese. Miss Bates and I each have a large lofty cabin, hers on the port side and mine on the starboard. Our fellow-passengers include Mrs. Leland Stanford, whose name is so well known in connection with the university endowed with such unparalleled munificence by herself and her late husband in memory of their son, who died of fever in Florence at the age of sixteen in 1884.

The sea is very calm, and the scene from the deck as we bade farewell to these lovely islands was characteristically charming.

1st to 6th May.—The sea is still smooth and the weather most enjoyable, what little breeze there is being favourable to us on our course north by west. Our day yesterday, so far as the almanac is concerned, was non-existent, and for us there was no 5th May 1902. We have just crossed the 180th degree of longitude, and whereas hitherto we have been counting our distance west of Greenwich, we are now basing our calculations east of Greenwich for the first time.

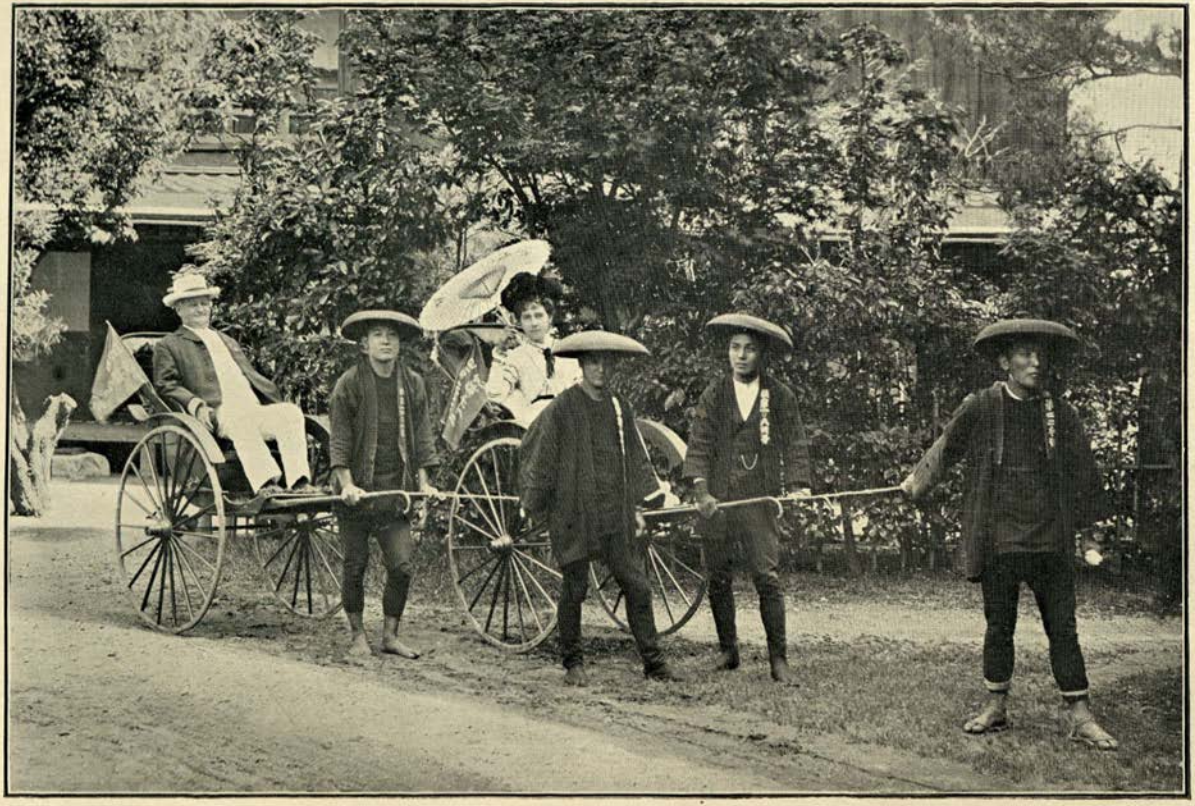
7th to 10th May.—Our voyage has been placid and uneventful throughout, and we sighted Japan at 6 a.m. on the

11th May.—At 9 a.m. we entered the bay and anchored at noon 2 miles outside Yokohama for the visit of the Officers of Health, who occupied at least an hour over the inspection of our Oriental deck passengers. A large steam-launch came alongside from the Grand Hotel.

142 A

JAPAN.

SEA OF JAPAN
KOREA
KOREAN STRAIT
Tsushima
Iki
Hakata Bay
Fusan
Nagasaki
Kagoshima
Kumamoto
Shimonoseki
Hiroshima
Osaka
Kobe
Nagoya
Tokyo
Yokohama
Kyoto
Sendai
Hakodate
Aomori
Matsuyama
Takamatsu
Kochi
Wakayama
Tsuruga
Niigata
Sado
Toyama
Kanazawa
Fukui
Maizuru
Hamada
Tottori
Matsue
Okayama
Kure
Fukuoka
Saga
Oita
Miyazaki
Kagoshima
Kumamoto
Nagasaki
Sasebo
Beppu
Yawata
Wakamatsu
Moji
Tsuyama
Himeji
Wakayama
Nara
Uji
Otsu
Gifu
Nagoya
Shizuoka
Hamamatsu
Yokkaichi
Tsu
Matsusaka
Ise
Toba
Kofu
Nirasaki
Fuji
Mishima
Numazu
Odawara
Hakone
Atami
Ito
Shimoda
Yokosuka
Kamakura
Tokyo
Yokohama
Chiba
Kisarazu
Tateyama
Katsuura
Choshi
Mito
Hitachi
Tsuchiura
Utsunomiya
Nikko
Maebashi
Takasaki
Kiryu
Ashikaga
Saitama
Kawagoe
Urawa
Omiya
Kumagaya
Honjo
Fukushima
Koriyama
Shirakawa
Sukagawa
Aizu-Wakamatsu
Wakamatsu
Yonezawa
Yamagata
Sakata
Tsuruoka
Akita
Noshiro
Hirosaki
Aomori
Hachinohe
Morioka
Ichinoseki
Kitakami
Miyako
Kamaishi
Ofunato
Rikuzentakata
Ishinomaki
Sendai
Shiogama
Matsushima
Tagajo
Shiroishi
Kakunodate
Omagari
Honjo
Yuzawa
Ogachi
Kazuno
Towada
Hachinohe
Misawa
Aomori
Hirosaki
Goshogawara
Tsugaru Strait
Tsugaru Channel
Tsushima Current
Kuro Shio
Oyashio
Japan Trench
Bonin Islands
Volcano Islands
Ryukyu Islands
Okinawa
Naha
Ishigaki
Miyako
Yaeyama
Amami-Oshima
Tokunoshima
Okinoerabu
Yoron
Kikaigashima
Iwo Jima
Chichi Jima
Haha Jima
Minami Iwo Jima
Minami Tori Shima
Marcus Island
Pagan
Saipan
Guam
Rota
Tinian
Palau Islands
Yap
Truk
Ponape
Kusaie
Jaluit
Majuro
Wotje
Kwajalein
Eniwetok
Ujelang
Wake Island
Midway Islands
Hawaiian Islands
Honolulu
Hilo
Kahului
Lihue
Kaanapali
Waimea
Kailua
Kona
Hawaii
Maui
Oahu
Kauai
Molokai
Lanai
Niihau
Kahoolawe
Pearl Harbor
Diamond Head
Waikiki
Punchbowl
Aiea
Pearl City
Ewa
Wahiawa
Schofield Barracks
Fort Shafter
Fort DeRussy
Fort Armstrong
Fort Kamehameha
Fort Weaver
Fort Ruger
Fort Barrette
Fort Hase



DRIVE IN RICKSHAWS.

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whose representative, however, said that they had not a room to spare, and that there was none available at the Club Hotel either. This I afterwards found to be actually the case, the cause being the exceptionally large number of tourists arriving this season from the United States. We went therefore to the small Private Hotel, No. 109—the names of streets are not given here,—where I arranged for a couple of very nice rooms, on the ground floor and well furnished, at 5 yens (10s.) each a-day for board and residence. The hotel is run by Madame Dentici, an Italian from Palermo, who has been living in Yokohama for many years. After a capital dinner, we went to the Grand Hotel on the Bund—or sea-front—to see our many friends from the *China* who were dining there.

12*th May*.—It was very wet and very cold to-day, and we spent most of our time shopping.

13*th May*.—This morning I went over the tea-drying establishment of Messrs. George Macy & Co., where 800 Japanese women were employed in drying the tea in or over some hundreds of metal bowls or basins, each inverted over a separate charcoal fire. In another part of the building sifting and sorting and packing the tea in boxes afforded work to many other women, almost every one of whom seemed to have with her an infant.

In the afternoon we took a couple of jinrickishas to go to some gardens 4 or 5 miles in the country where there are grown large quantities of irises of various colours, roses, azaleas, and peonies. On our way we called at a typical Japanese tea-house to have some tea and native cakes and to give our men a little rest. We wound up an interesting day at a ball in the Grand Hotel.

14*th May*.—No saddle-horses are to be had, as all are monopolised by the officers from the dozen or so men-of-war now in port. So we took a carriage instead for a drive to the racecourse, which looks very well cared for. In the evening I joined a couple of officers on leave from India for an expedition to a well-known establishment, where Geisha girls play and dance.

15*th May*.—It rained heavily to-day, and this was unfortunate, as we had arranged for an excursion to

Kamakura for the temple of Buddha, and thence to Enoshima and Fujisawa on our way home. We had an hour to wait for our train, which takes fifty minutes over the 18 miles to Kamakura; and we had a similar wait at Fujisawa station coming back, an unpleasant experience, especially in a downpour of rain. The Japanese, who are rather new as yet to their railway work, have a way of changing their time-tables every fortnight or so, and thus unintentionally misleading the unwary tourist. We visited the shrine of Hachiman, and then went on in jinrickishas to the great statue of Daibutsu, temple of Buddha. At the entrance to the Monastery Kamakura is posted this impressive notice—

"Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever thy creed, when in this Sanctuary, remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the Gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.

"By Order. THE PRIOR."

This statue of the great Buddha is cast in bronze with eyes of gold and a horn of silver. It is about 50 feet high, and it is on such a scale that there is room within the body for an altar at which priests hold their services, while the thumb is large enough to afford one a seat. Such a figure is striking in itself, but one finds oneself struck still more with the reflection that for some seven centuries it has been standing here alone—for its temple has long since crumbled away—presiding in bland immobility over the worship of successive generations.

By ricksha again, and still in a downpour, we proceeded to Enoshima, a pretty little conical island or peninsula, dotted with evergreens and temples, and reached by a very long rudely constructed wooden bridge where a toll is charged. Taking with us one of our ricksha men to act as guide, we walked across the bridge and sands and then up numberless steps to the Kinko-Ro Hotel situated on the summit of the island. The whole house was kept so scrupulously clean that we both had to take off our boots and put on Japanese slippers before entering the

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A Calculation on the Soroban, Japan.

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doorway. They gave us a very fair luncheon of small lobsters just out of the sea and served hot, followed by broiled steak and coffee. Before we got back to the station we were quite sorry for our poor ricksha men, wet and weary with their running deep in mud and water. But it is quite possible that they were equally sorry for us in our sacrifice of comfort to curiosity.

16*th to* 18*th May.*—After two days' incessant rain the weather suddenly cleared into delightful sunshine, so we went yesterday afternoon to the athletic sports. This morning—the 18th—we went to Tokio for the day, the train journey for the 18 miles occupying three-quarters of an hour. Taking jinrickishas we first visited the Shiba Park for the interesting temples and mortuary shrines of the 7th and 9th Shoguns or Dukes. These temples, built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are marvels of architectural decoration, and one of them, the Hakkaku-do or octagonal hall, containing the tomb of the 2nd Shogun or Regent, is, I am told, the largest specimen of gold lacquer in the world. The park itself is noted both for its cherry-blossoms and for its magnificent old pine-trees; and in its grounds is Kwankoba, the best bazaar in Tokio.

After this we skirted the broad moats which surround the Imperial Palace, and then, passing several fine public buildings, including the Imperial Diet, reached a restaurant where we had an excellent lunch. Before we took our train back to Yokohama in the afternoon, our ricksha men took us for another full hour's run, winding up at the Hotel Metropole for tea.

19*th May.*—As I have decided to cross to Vladivostock in Siberia later on, we went this morning to the Russian Embassy to get our passports specially *visés*, a step absolutely necessary. In the afternoon we went to the Bluff to watch the people returning from the Yokohama Races.

20*th and* 21*st May.*—We went to the races ourselves on both of these days, with an extra ricksha man each to push uphill. There were plenty of handsomely dressed ladies in the very commodious grand-stand, and the "pari-mutuel" system of betting, as in Paris, was in full swing.

22*nd May.*—We spent to-day shopping, paying bills and preparing generally for our start to-morrow to Hakodate in Northern Japan *en route* for Siberia.

23*rd May.*—We sailed to-day in the *Tenshin Maru*, a large cargo steamer, with only two state-rooms for passengers. Crossing the Bay of Tokio, we set our course in very fine weather for Oginohama, our first stopping-place.

24*th May.*—At 10 a.m. we passed on our port side the Matsushima Archipelago, comprising some 800 islands, mostly uninhabited. After we had left their fine scenery and lofty snow-clad mountains, we entered the extraordinary little Bay of Oginohama, and dropped anchor for a couple of hours off the small town of the same name. Miss Bates and I, together with the Japanese admiral, who was one of our fellow-passengers, landed and enjoyed a country walk over land covered with a profusion of the loveliest wild flowers imaginable — azaleas of all hues, white cherry-blossom, wistaria, and violets. We came back from our ramble laden with huge bunches of these, while fishermen—they are nearly all fishermen on these islands—brought alongside the boat large numbers of freshly-caught salmon.

We left the dear little bay at 2 p.m., and afterwards passed the island of Kinkwazan, known as the Sacred Isle, and one of the most renowned spots in Northern Japan. The meaning of its name is Golden Flower Mountain, and the small shrine at the top of the hill, dedicated to the Shinto God of the Sea, has been a resort of pilgrims from all parts of Japan for centuries.

25*th May*—It was calm and sunny when, between four and eight this morning, we found ourselves skirting the land with snow glittering on the mountains on the northern coast of Japan. We are in the Tsugaru Strait which separates North Japan from the island of Yezo at the extreme south of which lies Hakodate, our present destination. From Hakodate on the north of the strait to Aomori on the south, a distance of 65 miles, there is a steamer service connecting with the railway which runs right through from Aomori to Tokio. At Hakodate, where we

arrived in the afternoon, I had intended to leave the *Tenshin Maru*, change into another boat for Mormoran, and go on thence by train to Sapporo and Otaru, which latter is the port from which we are to sail across the Sea of Japan for Vladivostock. But I found on landing at Hakodate that this plan would be attended with many inconveniences, so I decided to re-embark on the *Tenshin Maru*, and continue the trip in her direct to Otaru, visiting Sapporo from that place before crossing to Siberia. While waiting at Hakodate, we had a drive round the park, which was a mass of the famous cherry-blossoms. But it can be very cold here in the winter, for it is only a few months ago that 13 officers and 205 men were all lost in a snow-drift within 7 miles of Aomori.

26*th May.*—We sailed at 2 p.m. for Otaru, having as companions in the brief voyage a nice little Japanese couple, the husband sharing my room and the wife Miss Bates's. The dainty Japanese dame smoked a great deal in both cabins, using a tiny pipe, and showed the innocent unconventionality characteristic of her race by coming into my cabin to wash and dress her hair. We passed much fine rugged scenery as we steamed along two or three miles from the shore, and while the air was singularly crisp and exhilarating, the sea was as smooth as a mirror.

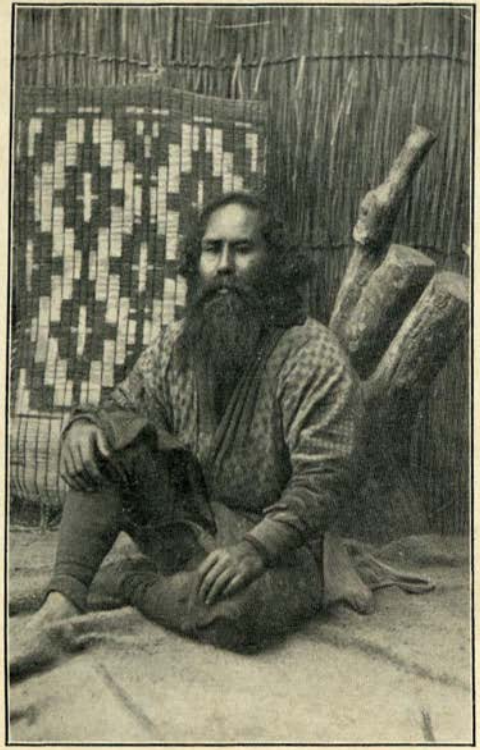
27*th May.*—We made fast to a buoy outside Otaru at nine o'clock this morning, went ashore and took tickets for the railway trip to Sapporo, which lies inland about 20 miles distant. The trade of Otaru seems entirely confined to fish-drying; and of this industry there were many indications during the first few miles of our journey, which lay along the seashore with lofty cliffs on the eastern or landward side of the line. Reaching Sapporo soon after midday, we made straight for the Hoheikwan, which we found a most imposing edifice standing in its own pretty grounds in the middle of the city. It was built by the Government for an imperial residence, but is now used as an hotel. It resembles almost exactly a grand old English country mansion. The cooking was very good, with the finest salmon and salmon trout ever put on any dish. Everything but the servants was English; the house has been

denuded of all superfluous ornaments and embellishments.

Each of us has both bedroom and sitting-room most conveniently appointed; and indeed one could wish for no creature comforts greater than those provided in this far-off Isle of Yezo, which, by the way, is always known to the Japanese as Hokkaido. After a capital luncheon we started in jinrickishas for the Sapporo Agricultural College, which we found very interesting. The college has 300 acres of grand land under cultivation, orchards of apples and plums, fields of wheat and barley, an excellent assortment of vegetables, and a beautiful lot of milch cows, the sheds for which are well built and scrupulously clean, and some half-dozen choice imported bulls from England, Scotland, and America. There are also stallions for breeding purposes. The whole establishment and the working of it would be a great credit to any country in Europe. The net profit arising from the working of the farm equals about one-third the cost of clothing, feeding, boarding, and educating the 300 students, who all seem able-bodied young men. The officials say they are particularly well-behaved. They, of course, work the farm when not studying. They pay nothing to enter or for their maintenance, but are bound to remain six years—two years as preparatory students, and four years as academical. Green English clover appears to grow well where carefully tended, but we only saw it in an early and very green state. Walking over some fields we literally trod upon carpets of violets in places. The country people consume as daily food quantities of barley, boiled as we should boil rice.

In the afternoon we visited some very pretty horticultural gardens near the racecourse, and on our way back we passed a picturesque lake with some charming tea-houses dotted round its banks.

28th May.—This morning we went over the large establishment of the Sapporo Brewery Co., apparently a very pushing and prosperous concern, provided with all the latest German and American appliances in the way of engines, refrigerators, plant, etc., and doing an extensive trade in bottled beer both locally and in



HAIRY "AINU."

YOUNG "AINU" WOMAN WITH UPPER AND LOWER LIPS TATTOOED ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

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Siberia. The company manufactures its own malt, grows its own barley, and imports its hops from Germany and the United States. The water-supply is excellent, and the Japanese men and women looked particularly expert in their bottle-cleaning, which is done according to the most up-to-date methods, with revolving brushes driven by steam. There is also in Sapporo a large hemp and flax manufactory.

At the Sapporo Museum, which we subsequently visited, we were painfully struck with a very horrible, not to say disgusting, sight. It appears that a very large bear captured and ate a young child between five and six years of age. Native hunters followed it up, and, on killing it, it was disembowelled, and the crushed-up remains of the child were gathered up and put into spirit in a large glass jar. Why so hideous and uninstructive a curiosity needed to be preserved in a jar for public exhibition it is difficult to say.

But at the Sapporo Museum we saw some much more interesting exhibits, recalling to our memories the fact that we were in the land of the Hairy Ainus, the aboriginal race inhabiting not only this Isle of Yezo but most of the Kurile Islands and the southern part of Kamschatka. Of these hairy barbarians—the term Ainu or Aino, is one of Japanese contempt—some 16,000 are still included in the population of Yezo. Their colour is copper-brown, and their history, language, and folk-lore very curious and little known to European students. The great authority on the subject is, of course, the Rev. John Batchelor, F.R.G.S., the Church missionary who has lived here for the past twenty-five years and is the author of *The Ainu of Japan*. We had a very interesting talk with this gentleman, who, when he came to call, brought for Miss Bates a bunch of real English primroses and forget-me-nots grown in his wife's garden, a very pleasant incongruity in the Far Eastern country so recently reclaimed for advanced civilisation from the Hairy Ainu.

The Ainu, in one of whose reed-thatched hovels Mr. Batchelor once lived for six weeks, has not even yet acquired any notion of cleanliness or comfort. He never

attempts to wash either himself or any of his cooking utensils, he uses no chairs or tables, and he sleeps on a plank with a skin for a coverlet. His faith is as primitive as his habits, for he still believes that the world rests on the back of a fish, and that this movable foundation is responsible for the earthquakes so frequently experienced in this part of the globe—a theory long since abandoned by the Japanese, save for the purposes of fairy legend. It is noticeable that in many points of physical development the "hairy barbarian" is superior to the infinitely more civilised conqueror by whom he is now governed. He is taller and more stoutly built; and it has been suggested that in his many marked variations from the Mongolian type he proves his original connection with the Caucasian races. Be this as it may, it is generally held by scientists that the Ainus represent the last survival of those Neolithic peoples who, in prehistoric days, covered the whole of the northern hemisphere from Great Britain to Manchuria. In many respects they and their customs and beliefs—they have never had any literature—afford a most interesting study; and they are now such mild and gentle folk that it is quite safe and easy to obtain from them all the light that they can throw upon various problems of ethnology. To the traveller studying them to-day, with all their evidences of an infinitely distant past, it is strange to reflect that the Ainus, in their turn, are believed to have exterminated a previous race—that of the dwarf pit-dwellers, credited with yet earlier occupation of this wonderful Yezo.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL IN MANCHURIA.

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CHAPTER VII

VLADIVOSTOCK AND KOREA

29th May 1902.—We rose early this morning, paid our absurdly moderate bill at the Hoheika Hotel, and returned by train to Otaru, whence we started at six o'clock in the evening by steamer for Vladivostock. I took tickets for the passage, inclusive of four days' stay on board at Vladivostock, and thence on to Gensan and Fusan on the east coast of Korea, with Moji—at the entrance to the Inland Sea of Japan—for our ultimate destination. The steamer, the *Kotsu-Maru*, of about 1000 tons register, is not only Japanese in ownership but in build, for she was constructed last year at Uraga, just below Yokohama. She is very prettily fitted and decorated, and her saloon is ornamented with globes of gold-fish, with vases of cut flowers, which include many of our English sweetwilliams, and with pots of Japanese dwarf roses in full bloom. There are four state-rooms for passengers, and as we have one each all to ourselves we should be very comfortable, especially as everything is scrupulously clean, and as the food provided by a Chinese cook is infinitely better than any which would be given on an English steamer of this size.

30th May.—The coal, coming from mines near Otaru, is dusty and bad, although very much dearer than the coal of far superior quality obtained at Moji. We are accordingly only making about nine knots an hour, and this, together with the fog, which kept the siren going during the night, causes the voyage of 430 miles to take comparatively long. But we are by no means dull, as both the chief engineer—a highly intelligent man—and the purser speak English, and gave us most useful informa-

tion. We sighted Siberian land somewhere about Gibraltar Point and Olga Bay at half-past seven in the evening, while we were watching a lovely sunset somewhat resembling in its misty effects a sunset on the Nile.

31*st May*.—The weather continued foggy, and we did not anchor in the quarantine ground off Vladivostock until three o'clock in the afternoon. We then had to wait a couple of hours before the Officers of Health and Customs came on board, when we were allowed to take up our position much nearer in. We saw at once that the whole place on all sides was bristling with heavy guns, barracks, and soldiers, with immense Government works completed and in course of erection. Here in Vladivostock, guns, forts, earthworks, barracks, military and naval depôts are everywhere, and it would be very imprudent to gaze at one of these for any length of time, and sheer madness to sketch anything. Photography is prohibited. Every second person one meets is either a private soldier or an officer. The latter appear to be always in uniform, and splendid men they look with their long well-fitting great-coats. The rank and file also are grand specimens of mankind, being an exceptionally fine, tall, and well-built lot of men. They look as hard as nails and capable of enduring any amount of hardship and exposure. Their pay may be said to be almost absolutely *nil*, being only 40 kopecks per three months, equal to only 1s. per quarter, or one penny per week per man! Whenever their parents can spare them a little they continually send them small sums. The men are fairly well fed, their daily ration of beef being three-quarters of a pound of cooked meat; and their bread, though a very dark brown to black in colour, is more than they can eat, and is said to be very nutritious and healthy. The soldiers may always be seen on Saturdays about the market selling their overplus to the foreign labourers, who comprise hordes of Chinese, Koreans, and Manchurians. With these and the representatives of various other nationalities the quays and wharves were crowded; but although the heterogeneous collection was evidently from the lowest classes of the respective countries there was nothing either objectionable or annoying in its

MASQUED RELIGIOUS FÊTE, MONGOLIA.

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conduct. We are told that there are only three Englishmen resident here.

1*st June.*—We slept on board the *Kotsu-Maru*, as we shall throughout our stay at Vladivostock: and this arrangement is probably a very economical one, seeing that at the Grand Hotel to-day I was charged a rouble, or 2s., for a bottle of ale, and half a rouble for Miss Bates's cup of tea. We had come on shore with our friend the chief engineer in a "sam-pan" or small boat propelled with one oar, which was slung on a hook with a piece of line attached to the after-part of the odd-looking craft.

We hired a small Russian "drosky," drawn by two rather miserable-looking ponies, and driven by a cheery "moujik" attired in the usual costume of black velveteen skirt and padded bodice with scarlet sleeves. In this conveyance, which jumped about appallingly over the ruts and holes of the vile roads, we took an afternoon drive of about three miles, to what is facetiously called a park, but is simply a small piece of private ground attached to a brewery which a few Russian soldiers and others patronise by drinking beer in large quantities.

Although in the course of our drive we met many horse-drawn carriages, we saw only one horse encumbered with the blinkers so universal in countries which ought to know better than to insist on such useless appliances.

2*nd June.*—I drove to-day—a rather long drive—to the banking and trading firm of Lindholm & Co., representing the Chartered Bank of India here. Commercially, there seems to be a great deal doing; there is, for instance, a large floating dock, and there are vast imports of cement made by Germans in Hong-Kong for the building of new barracks and fortifications. The English are not represented either by consul or vice-consul, as this is not allowed by Russians at one of their first-class naval and military stations. The Japanese and other shippers complain bitterly of the Customs examination, or rather of its methods as adopted in Vladivostock. This examination, it seems, is not only rigorous, but disorderly. Even articles subject to putrefaction are kept waiting for

inspection for many days. It is no rare occurrence for the Customs' officials to pay sudden visits to the steamships and ransack them for smuggled goods, the process entailing much destruction of the ship's fittings. One of the shippers says that these Russian authorities are easily accessible to bribes, and that while smuggling is abhorred to such an extent at Vladivostock, it is overlooked with astonishing magnanimity on the Chinese frontier.

3rd June.—I had one or two people to lunch to-day at the Grand Hotel, where I found additional reason to rejoice that we have not had to take up our quarters there. Though the hotel has a fine exterior it proves to be imposing in more senses than one, for it seems that the bedrooms there, as at many similar establishments in Eastern Siberia, are furnished with nothing beyond bare bedsteads, visitors being expected to bring with them all the bedding they may require. The coffee-room was large and handsome, but the cooking was a good deal too greasy for English tastes. We paid a visit to the Greek Church, which has much bizarre beauty.

We found it expected, and the expectation certainly seems likely to be fulfilled, that the Russian Government will in the immediate future spend more upon the development of Port Arthur than upon that of Vladivostock, from which port accordingly a good deal of trade may, at any rate temporarily, be diverted. But the intrinsic possibilities of the place are obviously immense, now that the Trans-Siberian Railway has opened up the vast country, extending over nearly 7000 miles between here and Moscow and St. Petersburg. Matters are moving so rapidly that for purposes of future comparison I subjoin the following "Notes for Travellers" recently issued by Consular authority for the guidance of Japanese merchants, as showing the nature and extent of the facilities at present provided by a huge railway system as yet only in its infancy.

"POINTS OF DEPARTURE.—Train can be taken at Vladivostock, Dalny, Port Arthur, or Newchwang daily for St. Petersburg. The journey can be performed by rail, except the 27 miles across Lake Baikal.

KOREAN HOUSE.

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"COST OF FARE.—First-class fare from either place to St. Petersburg will not exceed 121.50 roubles; second-class, 90.90 roubles; sleeping car from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg, first-class, 22.52 roubles; second-class, 14.32 roubles. From the Pacific to London, first-class, 250 roubles; second-class, 200 roubles.

"TRAINS.—From Irkutsk three fast trains per week to St. Petersburg. These trains are elegantly fitted up with dining cars, baths, barber's shop, and library. Slower trains are also run frequently. From Irkutsk to St. Petersburg the journey by fast train occupies eight days.

"ACCOMMODATION.—At present only second-class accommodation can be had from the Pacific to Irkutsk. Station eating-houses are plentiful along the route; but it is advisable to take a good lunch-basket. First-class trains are expected to run the entire route in a short time.

"TIME.—From Japan or China to New York, *vid* Siberia, the time occupied in the journey and the cost of the trip is about the same as across the Pacific and the American Continent.

"Travellers have been arriving at Newchwang in 20 days from London.

"LANGUAGE.—Persons not able to speak the Russian language should have a small dictionary in their native tongue and Russian, or at least a book containing the ordinary words used for food, drink, and common requirements. Only Russian is spoken by the employés on the trains."

This is how one travels on the Trans-Siberian Railway in the summer of 1902. It seems worth noting that travellers who are familiar with this route and with the vast tract of rich pasture-land which it opens up, find very little evidence of English enterprise in the matter. The trade in the supply of agricultural implements is done almost entirely by Americans and Germans, while the export of butter—much of it to England—is in the hands of the Danes.

By rail and steamer there can be reached from Vladivostock the Amour River, which is 3000 miles long; and not far off is Sakhalin Island, formerly belonging to the

Japanese, but exchanged by them with the Russians for another island, and now used by the latter Power as a criminal settlement. At this Siberian Botany Bay there are to be found some representatives of that Ainu race, chiefly associated with Yezo on the other side of the Inland Sea of Japan.

4th June.—At 10 a.m we sailed for Gensan in our snug little craft the *Kotsu-Maru*, on which we make ourselves very comfortable indeed. Gensan is about mid-way down the east coast of Korea, and 340 miles from Vladivostock; we expect, therefore, to reach it to-morrow afternoon.

5th June.—I find that the owner of the *Kotsu-Maru*, and of its sister vessel, the *Gaisen-Maru*, has a subsidy of £14,000 a-year from the Japanese Government for his regular fortnightly mail-service.

We approached Gensan from the north of Broughton Bay, which is backed by a fine range of mountains, with others towering behind them. In other respects, too, the scenery here is most picturesque, while inland the sportsman may find a variety of game ranging from pheasants to bears, leopards, and tigers of the large striped breed, not to be distinguished—at all events by me—from that of India. We came to an anchor in the bay, half a mile from Gensan, at 6 p.m.

6th June.—Going ashore this morning and looking around Gensan, which is often called Wonsan, I could not help being struck by the strategic importance of its position, and indeed of the peninsula of Korea generally. Writing on the subject to a correspondent, I noted that Korea is in immediate proximity to all the most important naval and military stations of the European Powers in the East, as also China and Japan. Dealing, in the first place, with Gensan, the Government of Japan have now decided on building brick barracks for the accommodation of their troops stationed there. The accountant's business for the Gensan garrison will be carried out by the military office in Tokio (the capital of Japan). These buildings are to be completed by the end of December 1903. The Japanese will then at once proceed with the erection of

A well-known Native, Wonsan, Korea.

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further barracks for the accommodation of their troops now stationed at Seoul, the capital of Korea, and also for the same at Fusan, their busy port at the extreme south-east of the Korean peninsula. For some years past a number of Japanese soldiers have been stationed at Seoul, presumably as a guard for their Legation; less than one or two companies would not have been sufficient for the purpose, and also for the protection of the Japanese settlement in Seoul.

To our Western ideas it appears strange and incongruous, when viewed from the standpoint of international comity in Europe, to find a friendly nation building barracks to garrison their troops in a country under another rule and flag; but we have, of course, parallel cases in the many foreign troops garrisoning various places in China, which is a necessary safeguard for the protection of each country's interest and commerce, and the lives of their respective nationalities. These new Japanese barracks in various parts of Korea, we must bear in mind, are not fortifications, and constitute, therefore, no immediate menace to the freedom or independence of Korea. England possesses no separate concession in this most desirable country, apart from the sites of the British Legation and Consulates.

Masampo, a fine, natural harbour, capable of anchoring a fleet of the largest steamers, 30 miles west of Fusan, was coveted by Russia as a naval base. The Russians obtained, some two or three years since, from the Korean Government a concession of a strip of land ostensibly to build hospitals, which work they are engaged upon now, together with wharves, etc., which Japan doubtless has its eye on with a view of seeing that their concession is not broken by the erection of a fort or fortresses, since the Russian nation is generally credited with a very elastic interpretation of etceteras. It is idle for Russia to claim that Vladivostock is closed a great part of the year by ice, as I have seen recently their powerful ice-breakers now stationed there, which can readily make a clear channel for the largest steamers any day in the year. England must undoubtedly take up a strong position with Japan in veto-

ing any attempt by Russia to obtain a permanent hold on this large, beautiful, and safe Bay of Masampo. If anyone has it, it should be only Japan, as it is within 150 miles of her shores, so that in the dire event of trouble it could be made a magnificent base for the allied fleet of Japan and Great Britain.

No more fatal policy could possibly overtake the position of affairs in the Orient than allowing Russia to make further encroachments or extended concession in the quarter indicated. However, with a neighbouring kingdom like Korea, utterly rotten and falling to pieces by the grossest possible misgovernment and oppression, and becoming, or likely to become the prey of others, it is time now for Japan to exercise a protectorate or suzerainty over the country of Korea.

Russia is snapping and snarling savagely in her newspapers at the ascendency Japan is getting in Korea. With the Powers that be, a great deal is going on behind the scenes in respect to that country. For some reason England—or, as I suppose I ought to say, Great Britain—is keeping absolutely aloof, and free from any pretensions in regard to this country. But I should say one or other of the Korean ports, particularly Masampo, would be worth a dozen at least such places as Wei-hai-wei; though I must visit this last place before making a very positive assertion thereon. The distance between Masampo and Wei-hai-wei is only 500 miles, and Masampo is a very healthy place. I fancy Great Britain will by every means wink at Japan getting a protectorate over Korea, and then in the event of war (England and Japan allied) England would be free to use Masampo as a base for cruisers and so forth, if necessity arose.

Broughton Bay is named after Captain Broughton, the companion of Vancouver, who discovered it in 1797, and afterwards lost his ship near Formosa. It is one of the finest harbours in the world, its area of nearly 40 square miles affording shelter and safe anchorage in 6 to 12 fathoms of water all the year round.

The inhabitants of Wonsan are tall, robust, and good-looking; they make much use of small-sized oxen as beasts

A Korean and his Wife in National Dress.

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of burden. The country is said to be very healthy, although it is covered with snow for three months in the year. We find the climate most agreeably bracing, and much we enjoyed a visit which we paid to-day to the pretty little house of an official of the Imperial Korean Customs, to whom we had an introduction, and by whom we were courteously invited to lunch. We went in the Customs' gig, which was pulled by six fine-looking native boatmen. Our host and his wife dined in the evening with us on board the *Koisu-Maru*, and they gave us a great deal of very interesting local information. There are, it seems, no less than three gold-mining companies here, American, British, and German; while, apart altogether from their enterprises, there is much surface-washing by natives, whose export of gold-dust will amount this year to 2,000,000 yens, or nearly £200,000.

7th June.—Before sailing to-day for Fusan, which is another 315 miles farther down the coast, we went on shore and visited—what we were surprised to find—a Free School for Children. The little pupils are almost all the offspring of immigrants from Japan. Many roses and other beautiful flowers accompanied the good wishes of our newly-made friends as they bade us farewell; and here, as elsewhere on our travels, we were struck by the warmth of the hospitality shown to us as strangers from a very distant land. Moreover, we felt sure that our own pleasant experience in the matter was by no means exceptional.

8th June.—This was a lovely day, warm, calm, and yet fresh. We kept the interesting coast well in sight as we steamed along towards Fusan; but we saw shoals of seals, which we distinctly heard barking, and we passed near two small steam-whalers, fitted with a good-sized gun for firing harpoons attached to small explosive balls.

I was astonished not to find on the whole of this rock-bound coast, extending on either side to many hundreds of miles, a single lighthouse, or even a pilot to assist incoming steamers in making the Korean ports.

At half-past six in the evening we reached Fusan, which lies in an extremely picturesque bay, almost land-locked and surrounded by mountains. Pretty as the port

is, however, there is one grave drawback to its amenities, as we soon discovered for ourselves. This is the liberty allowed to the poor lepers, of whom there are many here, to roam at their pleasure wherever they will, to walk and feed anywhere and everywhere, and generally to mix, not only with their own unfortunate families, but with the public. This is a state of things very different from that which we have recently seen current in the Hawaiian Islands, where all who are found tainted with this terrible disease, from the poorest to the richest, are banished by law, and are segregated in the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai. Similar legislation for ensuring the greatest good of the greatest number certainly seems urgently called for in Fusan.

9th June.—We had a cool night, and are still rejoicing in the absence of mosquitoes and other insect life. Going ashore in the morning to present a letter of introduction which I had to the agent of the Chinese Eastern Railway Co., I found him unfortunately absent at Seoul, the capital of the country. Apart from the railway from Fusan to Seoul, a purely Japanese enterprise, another line is, I hear, going to be laid from Seoul to Wijoo, or Enijoo, on the Yalu River. This line, though patronised and financed by the Korean Government, is to be constructed by French engineers. It is understood that the Russians would have built this latter railway if they had not been prevented by the very natural jealousy of Japan. No doubt the hope of the Russians now is to realise their policy in the end through their friends the French, who have no primary interest in Korea. But however this may turn out, it is evident that these railway lines should in a sense afford a guarantee of peace, as they must greatly increase the loss to be suffered by either side in case of war.

In our intended host's absence his wife very kindly asked us to stay to tiffin, after which, in her pretty drawing-room, she produced the latest Japanese papers. From these, which, as may be imagined, were very welcome, we received our first definite news of the completion of peace with the Boers in South Africa. We

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GROUP OF KOREANS.

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TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE, KOREA.

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read also the account of the eruption which has caused such heartrending disaster at Martinique, where we were only a few months ago.

In the afternoon our hostess took us for a walk of 3 or 4 miles to the Australian Presbyterian Home, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Engel and his wife, together with the three Australian ladies mentioned by Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) in her well-known book, *Korea and her Neighbours*. The one lady who chanced to be at home seemed to be perfectly well and bright and cheerful, notwithstanding her long years of residence in the purely native part of the town. We visited with her the Asylum for Korean Girls, which must be doing admirable work.

Our walk lay through a very narrow roadway between closely-packed native houses. The restaurants, where a meal could be obtained for a native brass coin equivalent to 1½d., looked very curious places, and there was something decidedly strange about the manner in which the houses were heated by fires running under the floors with flues of clay, so that the inmates must be pretty well baked, as they would be in an oven. It was so dark when we set out for the quay on our return that we must have lost our way if we had not been lighted on our road by a native servant with a Chinese lantern attached to the end of a long stick.

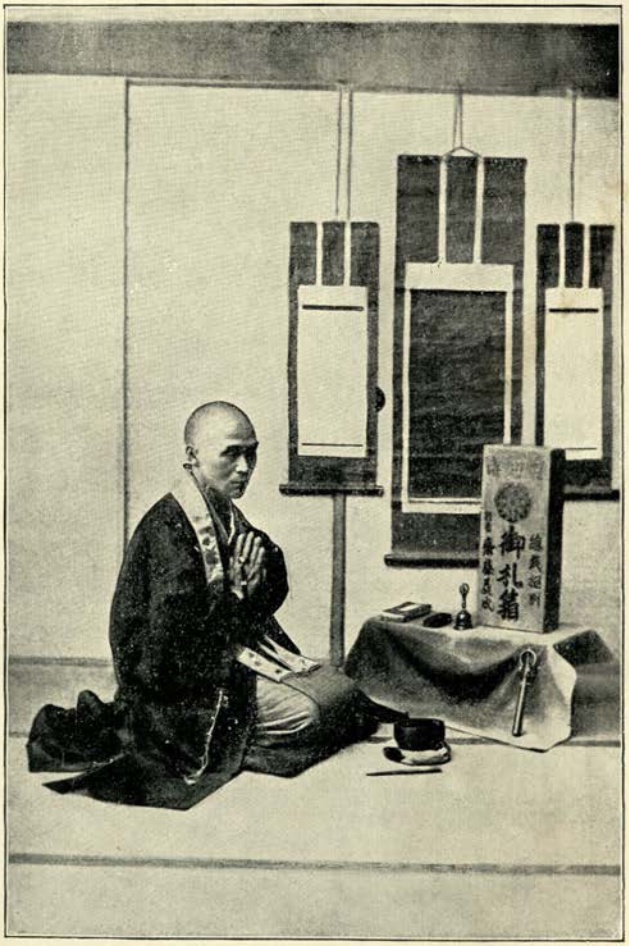
10*th June*.—Before sailing in the afternoon for Moji, on our return to Japan, I called at the First Bank Japanese, where, to my astonishment, the manager declared it was impossible to cash either the finest English bankers' circular notes, or even Russian bank notes. I also offered him both English and American gold; but I offered it in vain. I went on board the *Polens*, a large new Liverpool steamer of Holt's Line, which carries 12,500 tons. She had discharged part of her cargo at Shanghai, and came on to Korea with 4000 tons of iron rails, half to be discharged at Chemulpo for Seoul, and half at Fusan, so that the construction of the line may commence simultaneously at both ends. We sailed at 5 p.m. for Moji, across the entrance to the Inland Sea of Japan, a distance of 124 miles.

CHAPTER VIII

JAPAN

11th June 1902.—We arrived at Moji, in South Japan, at six o'clock this morning, and left the *Kotsu-Maru* with considerable regret, as we had received the kindest attention from every one on board. On landing in our large sam-pan we had to undergo a vigorous Custom examination, each one of our packages being opened. We made for the Ishida Hotel, a completely Japanese establishment, where we had to leave our boots at the entrance. In the afternoon we crossed by steam-launch to Bakan, or, as the Japanese call it, Shimonoseki, whence to-morrow morning we take the train for Kobe; and we had a walk before returning to our hotel for the night.

12th June.—We started at 7.20 a.m. by the railway company's steamer for the Sanyo station at Bakan, which we left at 8.5 a.m. for the run of 300 or 400 miles to Kobe. We found the train admirably fitted in the best American fashion with drawing-room, sleeping, and dining cars, in the latter of which we had a capital tiffin and dinner in the course of our journey. The scenery which we passed through for 13 hours was that of a skilfully-cultivated fairyland, singularly beautiful in its tasteful prosperity. After the relief to the eye afforded by the absence of ugly advertisements from the carriages and stations, it was quite a shock to find blazoned on the ash-tray handed me by the attendant after dinner the announcement of "So-and-So's English Gin." In the mood engendered by our lovely surroundings this abrupt reminder of advertising civilisation seemed little short of sacrilege. Our enjoyable journey came to an end at 9 p.m.



Buddhist Devotions in Japan.

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13*th June*.—At Kobe we are putting up at the Oriental Hotel, which seems very European and comfortable, and charges us 7 yen (or 14s.) each a-day. Of this hotel Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote most enthusiastically, praising alike its beefsteaks and potato salads, and its "servants in blue tights, who looked like so many small Hamlets without the velvet cloak, and who obeyed the unspoken wish." It deserved, he thought, to have a ballad of good living written about it; this I shall not attempt, but may merely note in prose that the Oriental is a very good house to stay in, especially when it is too wet to get out.

14*th and* 15*th June*.—It certainly can be very wet here when the rainy season sets in, as I am told it has just now. This, however, matters comparatively little to us, as Kobe, although a thriving and pretty seaport, has few features of special interest, at any rate for the tourist. It owes its rank as the premier port of Japan partly to the fact that the neighbouring town of Osaka, the chief manufacturing centre of Japan, keeps its shipping so well employed, and partly to its being the healthiest and brightest of the places assigned to foreign settlement in this country. It has a granite subsoil and very pure dry air, and it has of late years increased very much in prosperity. But the intention of Osaka to provide its own dock accommodation suggests that the best days of Kobe may soon be over. The native town adjoining Kobe on the western side of the Bay of Osaka is Hyogo, and the population of this place added to that of Kobe makes this inferior in size only to Tokio, Osaka, Kyoto, and Nagoya amongst the cities of Japan.

16*th June*.—There is a capital photographer here, and we bought largely of him this morning on our way to see a large "daibutsu," or bronze statue of Buddha, at Hyogo. We met a long procession of priests and children, bearing many insignia of the Buddhist religion.

We left Kobe by train in the afternoon for Kyoto, where we arrived in an hour and a half, and took jinrickishas for the Kyoto Hotel, which is over a mile from the station. The convenient American system of luggage-

checking is in force here, so we simply handed our metal checks to the hotel porter, and had no further trouble in the matter. At the Kyoto Hotel, a fine building, they asked only 10s. a-day each, and gave us two extremely large front rooms on the second floor. There is a French *chef*, and the food is very fair indeed.

In the evening we went to the best of the Japanese theatres in Kyoto. Our "box" cost us only 2s. each, and it had in it a small charcoal fire, at which, with the aid of our guide, we made our own tea. This performance was more amusing than that on the stage, which was decidedly slow in its eccentricity. On our walk home we looked in at the Ladies' Public Baths, which would be an odd thing to do in most countries, but seems here quite a matter of course.

17*th June*.—There are many interesting buildings in and round Kyoto, which, although only third of the cities of Japan in point of population, is, from an æsthetic point of view, second only to Tokio. To visit some of these buildings we engaged a couple of jinrickishas at 2s. a-day each, and made first for Chion-In, the principal monastery of the Jodo sect, founded 1211 A.D. The present building, a very impressive one, dates from 1630 A.D., and stands in very remarkable grounds. We were very much struck with Chion-In, as, indeed, with the many kindred evidences, the grand temples and shrines, the monuments and the remarkable gardens, bearing witness to the bygone glories of Kyoto during the eleven centuries for which it was the capital of the country. There was a huge bronze bell there, weighing 74 tons, and cast in 1618 A.D. In the same year was built the Yasaka Pagoda, 5 stories high.

In the afternoon we went to the Buddhist temple Nishi, or Western Hongwanji, where, as usual, we had to take off our boots, but where not even slippers or sandals were permitted. The state apartments were all exceedingly handsome, and from there we proceeded to one of the priests' houses, which had a secluded and most beautiful garden, with an extremely picturesque pond. In this latter were the largest gold-fish we ever saw; and in

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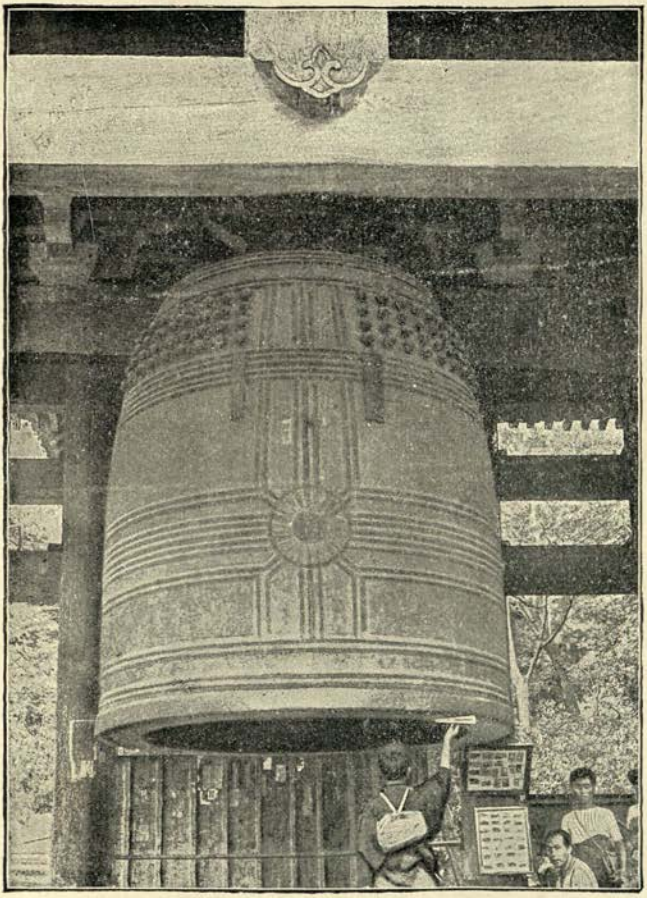

GREAT BELL AT KYOTO, JAPAN.

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order that we might feed them, an acolyte brought us a tray of bread and corn. Later on we went to the Higashi, or Eastern Hongwanji, a temple destroyed by fire in 1864, but rebuilt in 1895, the gigantic timbers of which are said to have been hoisted into position by twenty-nine huge hawsers, made of human hair, and now exhibited as curiosities.

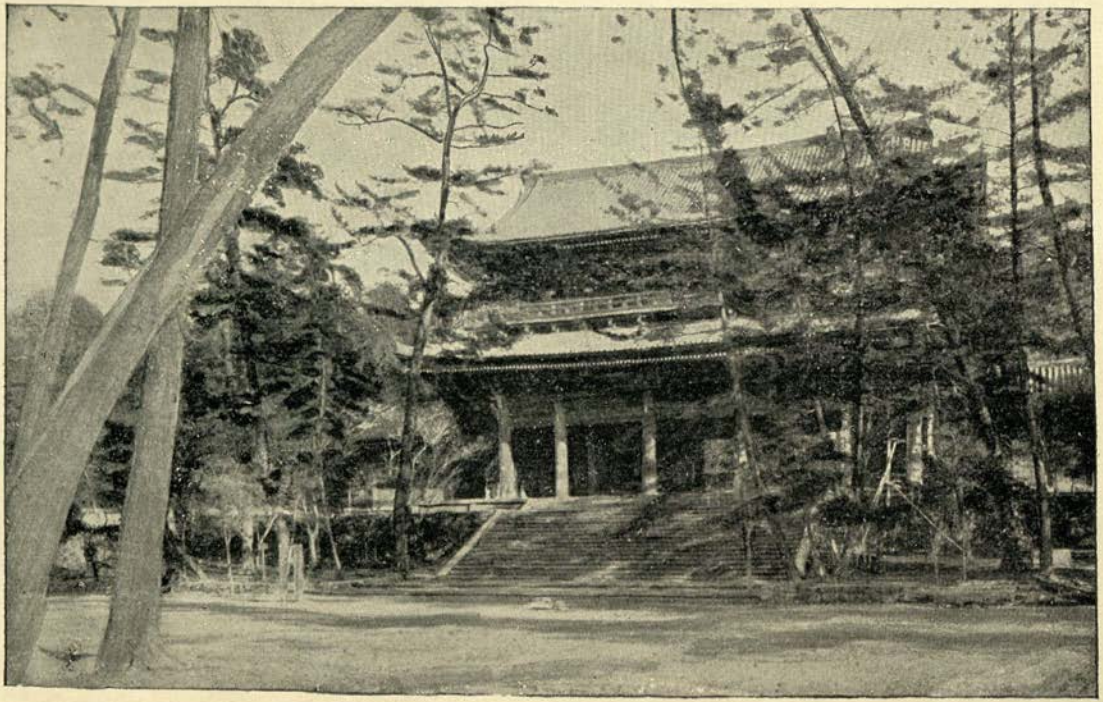
18*th June*.—We started off this morning on an expedition by train (from the suburban station Nijo) and jinrickisha for Hozu, whence we purposed descending the river to Arashi-Yama. The railway journey of about forty-five minutes was most picturesque, as the mountain line, passing through many tunnels and wonderful gorges, ran high above the tumbling stream, on which we were subsequently to be borne to our destination. We had for our companions a French naval surgeon and his wife; and on arrival at the Hozu rapids the four of us chartered a large flat-bottomed boat, managed by four boatmen, together with one of our jinrickisha men, whom, as he speaks English, and is a very superior fellow, we took with us as guide.

Our voyage down the fast-flowing stream was very interesting, but also very exciting, as our boat, manufactured of long springy planks, was continually bumping over boulders and sunken rocks, which caused its bottom to rise and fall in a most alarming manner. The scenery, with the hills rising precipitately on either hand from banks richly clothed by azalea, afforded a dream of delight, which, however, might to some travellers have been a nightmare of danger. But the boatmen knew well what they were about, and in about a couple of hours we reached Arashi-Yama safe and sound, disembarking at a tea-house for our luncheon, which had been brought with us by our guide from the hotel. The tea-house was scrupulously clean, and a strong touch of local colour was given to it by the siesta of some Geisha girls and a man who, covered over with pretty Japanese mats, were lying asleep on the verandah outside our open room.

Luncheon over, we walked to the Saga Railway station, and on our way I was presented with a small gauze cage of fire-flies by a Geisha girl, who laughingly refused to

accept any payment. Alighting at the next station, where our jinrickishas met us again, we visited Kin Ka Kuji, a temple of the Zen sect, founded in 1397, and famous for its golden pavilion, and for its tree, trained and grown to the semblance of a large Chinese junk. On the right is Kinu Kasa-Yama, or "Silk-hat" mountain, so called because an ex-Mikado of the thirteenth century commanded it to be covered with white silk, in order that it might look frosty and cool, and thus refresh his eyes in the heat of a sultry summer. Finally, on our way home, after a most interesting day, we went over a silk-weaving establishment.

19th June.—Taking our guide, the excellent Tokichi, with us again, we started off this morning for Nara, the journey to which, though only 26 miles long, occupies two hours by train. There, on our way to the museum, we stopped at a lake swarming with large and small gold-fish. In accordance with the playful ways of the place, we purchased at a stall hard by some magenta-coloured balls of food, which we threw in to be scrambled for and thrown about by the fishes and tortoises in their efforts to catch the gaudy meal. At the museum is a noteworthy collection of bronze and wooden statues of gods, of masks and vestments, and so forth, as well as of guns captured from China in the late war. After lunch at the best Japanese inn, we went to the temple Kasuga-no Miya by way of a picturesque park, inhabited by very tame deer, which crowd round one to be fed by hand with the thin rice cakes that one buys for the purpose. We passed through a long avenue of stone lanterns—lights on small stone erections—given from time to time by wealthy Buddhists, and in front of a building, occupied at the back by priests, we watched a few girls go through the curious religious dance known as the Kagura. Among other curiosities we saw a single tree-trunk, from which—through grafting many years ago—there now spring seven varieties of trees, including cherry, wistaria, and camellia. We also came across the Sacred Horse, an albino with pink eyes, supposed to be ridden by gods at nighttime, and used by mortals only for occasional religious ceremonies.



A Temple Gateway, Japan.

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20*th June*.—We went by jinrickisha this morning to Lake Biwa, on the borders of which, at Otsu, we visited a temple, going on to Karasaki, with its quaintly arranged growth of pine-trees, which cover an immense stretch of ground. After luncheon there at a pretty tea-house overlooking the whole of the lovely lake, we embarked—with our jinrickishas—on board a little local steamer, and enjoyed a charming trip by water back to Otsu. Our next experience was a very striking one, for it was on a subterranean canal built some twelve years ago, at enormous cost, and with great engineering skill, under a mountain. The tunnels are respectively 2 miles, and half a mile long, and to go through them we hired a flat-bottomed boat, with naked oil lights outside, and with a large Japanese paper lamp in what may be called the cabin. In this uncanny-looking craft we made our weird journey homeward almost to Kyoto; and as the current ran 4 miles an hour, the boatmen had nothing to do but to keep the boat's head straight in its dim surroundings.

21*st June*.—We spent to-day shopping and wandering about the interesting streets. At a temple approached by a very steep street of small shops, we were much struck by the courtesy of the crowds of the lower classes which had turned out for what is, it seems, an important gala-day. We saw also the temple of the 33,333 Images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, dating from 1132 A.D.

22*nd June*.—We had a look at the large bicycle track and at the other good hotel here, the Yaami, which is situated on a hill. We visited once more the Chion-In Temple for a farewell peep at its many impressive pictures.

23*rd June*.—We left this morning by train for Nagoya, a pleasant run from Kyoto of four and a half hours. We put up at the Nagoya Hotel, a comfortable house on the European system; and directly after lunch we paid visits to some of the manufacturers of the cloisonné ware for which this large town is famous. The weather was unfortunately very wet, so we could not go in the evening, as we had intended, to Gifu to see the night-fishing

by cormorants, which is the great suburban show of the place.

24th June.—There is a good deal that we should like to have seen in Nagoya, especially its castle, the most famous of the feudal fortresses of Japan. But our order of admission to this castle had not reached us from the embassy at Tokio, so we determined to push at once on our journey to Miyanoshita for Lake Hakone and the famous mountain of Fuji-Yama. The first stage of this journey was by train to Kozu, and for this we started by express very early this morning, in fact just after midnight. The sleeping-cars were all full, but we made ourselves quite comfortable in the large saloon carriage and rested well till it was time for coffee and a banana. While skirting the bay of Saruga, after we had passed Numadzu, we put on two engines for a short ascent of 1500 feet.

We got to Kozu at 8.37 a.m., and had breakfast there very prettily served by daintily dressed girls, who bowed their salutations to us as gracefully as though we had been royalties and they had been trained maids-of-honour.

At 9.10 a.m. we left Kozu by electric tram for Yumoto, from which it is a stiff hour's climb by jinrickisha to the mountain-hotel at Miyanoshita. The tram-drive took us first through very narrow streets, and then along a raised track through rice fields; and at Yumoto we found we should want three powerful men to each of our jinrickishas and four for our luggage—making ten in all—for completing our ascent by roads rendered heavy by the recent rain. But as our carriers only asked for their laborious job 5 yen or 10s. between them we could hardly complain.

Our hostelry at Miyanoshita is the Fujiya, a large hotel which has till now been very full, but has at present only about forty European visitors, as the season is on the wane and everyone is getting back to the cities for festivities in connection with the coronation of our King Edward VII. We are 1500 feet above sea-level; we have hot mineral springs, and in our glorious mountain surroundings we have all the luxurious comforts of a European caravanserai.

We were so little tired by our travel that after tiffin we climbed 650 feet up the adjacent hill of Sengen-Yama, from the summit of which we got a magnificent view of the universally-famous snow-clad Fuji-Yama with other mountains in the distance, and with the islet of Enoshima, visited by us last month, visible across the shimmering sea.

25th June.—We chose to-day for our expedition to Lake Hakone, which lies beneath the Hakone Mountains, with the magnificent Fuji-Yama towering above all. "Fuji" means "peerless"; and peerless indeed in its symmetrical beauty is Fuji-Yama, which rises to a height of 12,395 feet, and is known in its grand outline all over the world by reason of the frequency with which it figures in all the decorative art of Japan. Great streams of lava now no longer flow from it as they did in bygone days; but the course of some of them is still visible for many miles, as is also the series of picturesque lakes due to the damming of the rivers by the ashes from the volcano. For some 4000 feet up, Fuji is clad with cultivated plantation or moorland, and then for the next 4000 feet by a forest which in turn gives way to scoriæ and perpetual snow.

For the purposes of our excursion we were provided at the Fujiya Hotel with two wicker-chairs, each mounted or slung on a couple of long stout bamboo poles, and each borne by four trained and powerful mountain-carriers. We found Hakone itself to be an extremely pretty village on the lake of the same name, dignified by a summer palace of the Emperor, beautifully situated by the waters which mirror such wonderful reflections. There we overtook a lady and gentleman who joined us at tiffin in the very charming Matsuzaka Hotel, a branch of a larger establishment 2 or 3 miles off in the mountains at Ashinoyu, whither the hot springs attract many European visitors. Tiffin over, we hired a very large flat-bottomed boat to take us and our chairs and our eight carriers, the latter of whom promptly lay down and slept for the one and a half hours occupied in crossing the lake to Umijiri at its far end. Having landed there we took to our chairs

again, and were carried shoulder high over some very stiff country till we reached the gorge known as "Big Hell." This positively reeked with sulphurous fumes, while water rose in places at boiling-point. Many a life has been lost here by a false step on the treacherous crust, but as we were following a competent guide we felt safe enough, and I was able to gratify that taste for volcanoes in which I have lately been indulging at Martinique and Hawaii, and previously in Italy and Sicily. It was of course absolutely necessary to dismount for the mile or so which forms what is known as the dangerous part of the Ojigoku Pass, where all is sulphur, and every manifestation of vegetable life is blackened by the fumes rising from the blow-holes.

Yet it was noticeable that around this devastated spot the scenery was quite exquisite, and all sorts of shrubs were in the fullest and most attractive bloom. The contrasts of our experiences of to-day and their pleasurable excitements are not to be easily matched in a day's excursion; and one learns without surprise of the rapidly increasing number of English, and still more of American, tourists who are finding out the fascination of this distant holiday resort.

We got safely and comfortably back to our hotel at half-past six in the evening.

26th June to 2nd July.—There has been a monotony of unceasing rain for several days, diversified only by a severe shock of earthquake, which at 2 a.m. on the 1st July awakened everybody and sent Miss Bates rushing in alarm to my room.

For the rest we have employed our enforced leisure pleasantly enough in dealing with the mass of correspondence which has reached us from Europe *viâ* Shanghai.

3rd July.—We left Miyanoshita this morning by jinrickisha—with cart for luggage—for Yumoto, where we took electric tram for the 10-mile trip to Kozu, and thence the railway for the remaining 40 miles to Yokohama, where we put up in our old rooms at the Private Hotel 109 of Dentici & Co.

4th to 8th July.—It is still moist, but a good deal

warmer. I had to-day an accident which might have been serious. As I did not see, but only felt it, the best description that I can give of it must be borrowed from the report of the *Japan Daily Herald*, which, as will be seen, points a useful moral from my tale of disaster:—

"Yesterday afternoon about four o'clock Mr. James Pinnock, the well-known traveller, was, with some friends, riding out to the Iris Gardens, when, passing beside the Canal, nearly abreast of the jail, the ricksha in which he was riding, on going over an awkward drop from a bridge, suddenly collapsed entirely, both shafts being broken clean off near the body of the carriage, and its occupant thrown violently backwards on his head. Miss Bates and Mr. G. F. Heinlein of Main Street, who were riding behind and accompanying Mr. Pinnock, immediately alighted from their rickshas and went to his assistance. On lifting him from the ground they found the traveller temporarily stunned from the force of the blow on the back of his head and suffering from some slight bruises and abrasions. The ricksha was completely shattered. Such accidents are unfortunately not altogether exceptional, and we think the rickshas in Yokohama might be placed under some kind of surveillance or examination as to their sound condition and efficiency, by a subordinate officer appointed by the local government for such purpose, and a certificate granted, say every six months, at some small nominal charge."

I am, however, by this time pretty well used to accidents, and, fortunately for me, to escapes; and I suffered no lasting harm from my severe shaking and the bruise on my head.

9th to 16th July.—Though we have passed the week pleasantly enough, we have done or seen little that calls for record. One morning I had an hour's shampoo, administered, as is usual here, by a blind man, in my own room. On another day we inspected a large Convent School on the Hill, administered by Sisters, 7 of whom are French, 5 English, and 1 German. In one section of this some hundreds of very young Japanese waifs and strays are educated, while another is devoted to other

children, both European and Japanese, of the better class. Languages, music, and needlework are all taught; but as an educational institution, apart from its religious associations, the school is, of course, not to be compared with that Oahu College for Ladies with which we were so much struck in Honolulu.

17*th July.*—It was raining heavily this morning when we started at 5.30 a.m. for our railway journey of 112 miles to Nikko by way of Shinagawa and Akabane. We were told that by this early start we should catch the only through train of the day; but, alas! in consequence of those imperfect time-table arrangements to which I have already alluded, we found that we had to change so often and wait so long that our journey took no less than nine hours. At Nikko we put up at the Kanaya Hotel, which we found moderately good, but by no means up to the standard of the Fujiya at Miyanoshita.

18*th and* 19*th July.*—The weather is still unfavourable, though we are again told that this is the end of the rainy season. A heavy Scotch mist obscures the views for which Nikko with its elevation of 2000 feet is famous; and one can hardly yet realise the justification of Japan's special regard for this place as the best of all its beauty spots. The Japanese have a proverb, "One must not say Kekko (which means precious) when not in Nikko"; and Nikko bears evidence of being a very favoured retreat for people of wealth and leisure.

19*th July.*—The weather is still disagreeable, but it has not prevented our admiring the wonderful development of landscape gardening here, the curious miniature lakes dotted about, the artificially stunted trees of many years but few inches growth, and the various plants made to spring out of a single stem. There are ideas of gardening in Japan, and especially in Nikko, which are undreamt of in the philosophy of any horticulturist in Europe.

20*th July.*—This was a fine day for a change, with a nice hot sun, so we ordered our jinrickishas for Lake Chuzenji, the best show-place of this great show-district, where many members of the various foreign legations

judiciously have their country residences. Lake Chuzenji is only 8 miles from Nikko, but as it lies 4375 feet above sea-level, the road to it is a stiff one, especially after wet weather. So we had to walk a good deal, and also to rest our bearers at more than one tea-house, where without any ordering we were promptly served with the tiny inevitable cups of bitter tea, of course without any milk or sugar.

After a nice midday luncheon at the pretty Lakeside Hotel we took a sam-pan for a boat-trip to the summer abode of Sir Claude MacDonald, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the British Minister. We were received most cordially both by him and Lady MacDonald, and I had a long interview, which was all the more interesting to me as an old resident in West Africa, because our host and hostess had formerly lived in Old Calabar, where Sir Claude was Consul-General and Chief Commissioner.

This pleasant call over we were paddled back across the lake, which by the way abounds with excellent salmon and salmon-trout, and then descended our precipitous path homeward to Nikko.

21*st July*.—It has grown damp and rather cold again, so we feel that we are not enjoying the "precious" Nikko as it deserves to be enjoyed. We managed, however, this morning, to see its famous temples, which, surrounded by innumerable cryptomeria,—a species of large palm-tree,—stand in grounds as extensive and important as any devoted to similar purposes in Japan.

In the afternoon we went by jinrickisha to the Uramiga-taki or Back-view Cascade, which falls some 50 feet, and is approached by a most romantic ravine half a mile long.

22*nd July*.—Still in very poor weather we bade good-bye this morning to Nikko at 8.40, and took the train for Tokio, changing once *en route* and arriving at 3 p.m. The journey was made very comfortable by the fact that we had a large carriage all to ourselves, with tea supplied gratis by the company on a neatly appointed little table in the middle of the saloon. Moreover, the landlord of the Kanaya Hotel had completed our last day's board—

without being asked to do so—by providing us with prettily packed boxes of excellent lunch.

For our quarters at Tokio we chose the Imperial Hotel, which is admirably managed by Mr. Flaig, and is as comfortable and well-appointed an establishment as the most exacting traveller could desire.

23*rd July.*—We spent the morning at the Commercial and Industrial Museum, a fine, imposing building, largely devoted to a most interesting display of the finest articles manufactured in Japan. One section of the museum is employed for the exhibition of the best silks and brocades of France, these having been purchased as object-lessons for Japanese manufacturers anxious to supply the foreign market. This shows the rare adaptability of the clever race, and clearly makes for commercial success, however much it may be regretted as a step towards the effacement of national individuality.

In the afternoon I called by appointment at the British Legation, where I renewed my pleasant chat with Sir Claude MacDonald over friends and experiences familiar to both of us in West Africa.

24*th to* 30*th July.*—We have been occupied for the last few days less in deliberate sight-seeing than in visiting, and in being visited by, our many friends and acquaintances in Tokio. This hotel, the Imperial, is an excellent one for a long stay, as it is most capably and courteously conducted by a manager whom, as I have already said, I recognised as having come from a similarly well-organised establishment elsewhere.

I made one expedition which would hardly be taken anywhere else than in Tokio, but is, it seems, customary here for many European travellers of both sexes. This was to the "Yoshiwara," some 5 miles out of the city, whither eminently respectable ladies and gentlemen from London and Paris and New York openly betake themselves in the evening to see 3000 Japanese girls sitting out on view for the purposes of their melancholy trade. It is the thing to do, but one is not very proud of having done it after all.

31*st July.*—We viewed this morning the very fine private collection of bronzes and art curios of all kinds,

Japanese, Chinese, and Indian, belonging to Mr. Okura Kichachiro, said to be the wealthiest merchant of Tokio. The collector has housed his unique treasures with appropriate magnificence in a specially built dwelling decorated after the style of the finest temples of his country.

In the afternoon we went to Ueno Park, where we saw a large panorama illustrating the war between Japan and China.

1st August.—As in the course of our immediate journeying we shall be in several cholera-infected cities, Miss Bates and I have determined to be inoculated with cholera-serum, on the advice of Dr. Kimura, Surgeon Inspector of the Japanese Navy, to whom I was introduced the other day by Professor W. J. Simpson, a medical scientist sent out by our Colonial office to make researches concerning the plague in Hong-Kong. The operation was performed by Dr. Kitazato, Superintending Professor of the Bacteriological Institute, who injected the serum in the back, a little to the left of the vertebræ. The professor, who studied in Berlin, under Koch, and is one of the most learned men in the East, could not possibly have been kinder or more courteous in his treatment, for which, as a Government official, he refused to take any fee. His opinion is that the inoculation will become effective as a preventive in ten days' time, but cannot be relied upon for a period of more than twelve months.

2nd August.—My night was rather feverish and restless, and in the morning the professor's other patient complained of considerable pain in the arm and back. But we are both going on all right.

3rd to 5th August.—After a day or two's rest we are quite ourselves again, and we paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens, where the large bears from Yezo, one a very light pink or flesh-colour, struck us as most uncanny beasts. In the afternoon we drove to Ueno Park, where grounds surrounding the temple of Kwannon with their mixture of idols and theatres evidently afford a kind of Bank-Holiday resort for the lower classes in their combination of piety with pleasure.

6th August.—We left Tokio this afternoon for Yokohama, where we took up our old quarters at the Private Hotel, to await the departure of the vessel by which we are to sail to Shanghai.

7th to 9th August.—The weather for the last six or eight weeks has been as wet as I have ever known it even in the rainy season of West Africa. This is particularly unfortunate for the festivities in connection with Coronation Day; and although Yokohama looks like fairyland with its decorations and thousands of Chinese lamps, its proposed fireworks had to be abandoned. We marked the day by a dinner at the Grand and by a visit to the Coronation Festival at the Naval Barracks, where we had the best seats in the place for hearing Sir Claude MacDonald propose His Majesty King Edward VII.

10th to 12th August.—I have been reading with interest some statistics of Japan's foreign trade which would have surprised me greatly before I visited this rapidly progressive country. It seems that this trade for 1901 has shown the largest figures on record, having exceeded 500,000,000 yen, or £50,000,000. The following are the statistics for the last five years.

Year.	Total Imports and Exports.
1901	508,165,000 yen
1900	491,690,000 „
1899	435,330,000 „
1898	443,255,000 „
1897	382,435,000 „

These figures tell their own tale, and a very satisfactory one it must be considered by all the friends of Japan.

EASTERN CHINA.

Scale of English Miles
50 25 0 100 200

London: T. Fisher Unwin

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t London

CHAPTER IX

Shanghai, Wei-hai-wei, and Chefoo

13th August 1902.—We sailed this morning for Shanghai, a distance of 450 miles, by way of Kobe and Nagasaki, at which places our vessel, the Japanese mail-steamer *Nippon Maru*, is to call *en route*. The *Nippon Maru* is a twin-screw of 6000 tons, with several Englishmen, including the captain, among its officers. We each of us had a large cabin all to ourselves, and began our voyage pleasantly in warm and delightful weather.

14th August.—We arrived off Kobe at 10.45 a.m., when we went ashore by steam-launch, and spent our morning driving to the temple of Ikuta, devoted to the worship of the Japanese Minerva, who is credited with the invention of the loom and clothing, proceeding thence to the Nunobiki Waterfall, from which an excellent view of Kobe is to be enjoyed. In the evening the pilot, a Dane, was taken on board, and we left for Nagasaki.

15th and 16th August.—After another lovely day and night and a series of magnificent views, we anchored very early this morning at Nagasaki, where we landed for a few hours and lunched at the Nagasaki Hotel, a large house on the sea-front, while 1400 tons of coal were put on board almost entirely by girls. These damsels appeared to enjoy their not very suitable toil very much, and I was told that they could, if necessary, put on 300 tons of coal an hour.

17th and 18th August.—On our arrival off the Woo-sung River we anchored 14 miles distant from Shanghai, as is customary with large vessels, and the company's steam tender came out and took us up the river to the town.

The approach to Shanghai is studded with huge mer-

cantile steamers of every nationality, hailing from all the leading ports of the world; also with cruisers of almost all countries—I was about to write "European" countries, but there are many American, Chinese, and Japanese fighting ships; not to mention numerous torpedo boats and smaller American turret ships of the *Monitor* class.

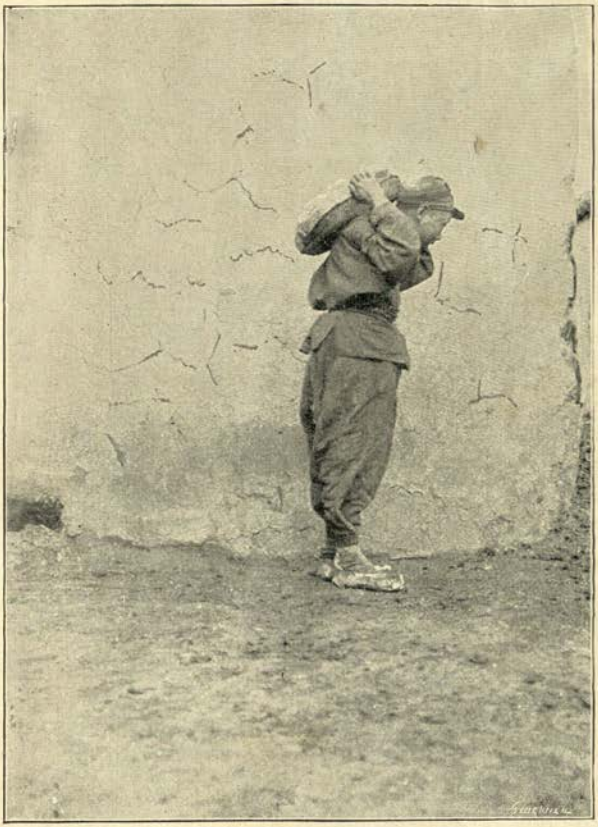
On either side along the banks of the river as we approached Shanghai we saw large docks, foundries, iron shipbuilding and repairing yards, and various factories, including some very large cotton spinning mills.

We arrived alongside one of the numerous wharves or jetties (each steam company appears to have one of its own), and put up at the Astor House Hotel, the leading one of the place, though there are several others which are large and handsome. To give a faint idea of the size of the hotels, I may say they are at the present moment adding in our hotel no less than 115 bedrooms, and each one with its own separate bath, lavatory, etc. The dining-room is larger than any usually seen at home. There is a large fountain in the centre, and there are punkahs over every table, with a large gallery at one end for the orchestra. Servants and attendants are innumerable, and all well trained.

19th and 20th August.—We have spent the last two days exploring Shanghai, the intrinsic importance of which place is, I fancy, much underrated by those who have never stayed there. It is, in fact, the principal seaport and commercial town of China, situated on a bend of the Wu-sung River, 12 miles from its confluence with the mighty Yang-tze-Kiang River. It is, undoubtedly, both the Paris and the Chicago of the East, and a place with a great future. Its development is continuous, sure, and steady.

The bund, or river front, is composed of very handsome buildings, consisting of banks, clubs, commercial houses, etc. I may mention that the Russo-Chinese Bank lately secured a site on the bund, for which they paid equivalent to £40,000 sterling, and for the building itself a like sum, although labour is somewhere about one-tenth the cost it is in England.

The Shanghai Club is very large and imposing, and, as



A Chinese Coolie.

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the banks and merchants' offices are closed from noon to 2 p.m. the scene at the club is an extremely busy one, many important bargains with bill and share brokers, etc., being meantime concluded here. I was at once made an honorary member, as I have been of the chief clubs at most centres I have visited.

A railway is about being made from Canton to Hankow, a distance of 995 miles. It is being constructed by the "American-China Development Company." The manager and chief engineer, Mr. Willis E. Gray, has already engaged ten promising Japanese engineers, selected from the Imperial Engineering College, Tokio, by the superintendent of the Imperial Japanese Bureau, Dr. Matsumoro. This railway, needless to say, like many others, points to a glorious future and a mighty development when completed, which Mr. Gray believes will be within two or three years; and on the completion of the railway from Hankow to Pekin (300 to 400 miles only remain unfinished) residents in Hong-Kong will only have to run across to Canton (a few hours distant) and take the train through to Pekin, joining the connections on with the Trans-Siberian Railway, and booking right through to Paris or any capital in Europe, *viâ* Irkutsk and Moscow; and though the journey now occupies from eighteen to twenty days, it is confidently expected in two or three years it will be reduced to ten or twelve days.

The American Minister, the Hon. Mr. Conger, personally told me that all the concessions for the Canton-Hankow Railway were absolutely completed, signed, sealed, and sent by him to his Government.

Shanghai and its environs have a mixed representation of nations, consisting of the British, the Russian, the German, the French, and the Japanese settlements, with their military and civil officers and garrisons. The streets belonging to each foreign concession are policed by soldiers appertaining to the country to which that particular district may belong, the British mostly by a regiment of Sikhs, who stand in the middle of the main thoroughfares at a turning or cross roads and direct and conduct the traffic with as much sangfroid and precision as an English

constable on duty at the Mansion House in London, and quite as much respected and feared by the "ricksha" men and Chinese drivers of vehicles. We often took a drive in our hired victoria in the evenings, along the most fashionable drive, called the "Bubbling Well Road," so named from there being a well which is said to be always bubbling. The sight is one to be ever remembered, and the scene would suggest wonderful sketches for a clever caricaturist. If John Leech could have seen it he would, I am sure, have revelled in his opportunity. The small broughams are attended by servants, who in England would be styled coachman and groom. The latter wear most grotesque, long, flowing cotton gowns, with capes falling one over the other, mostly white, with trimmings of scarlet, blue, mauve, etc., inverted saucer-shaped hats, covered with long thick threads of silk or dyed cotton flowing all over them, in colours to match the trimmings of their gowns, and with their plaited pigtails worn outside, reaching within an inch or two of the ground. The victorias are the same, only with the picturesque, grotesque China boy standing at the back, holding on to the two straps.

Nearly all the young and middle-aged ladies think it incumbent on them to drive a horse and dogcart with one of these highly-decorative figures of the East either beside or behind them. Intermixed with endless numbers of these carriages will be seen many hooded buggies, with a step or footboard behind, such as were known in England during the first half of the last century, and with one of the same yellow Asiatic men or boys standing up as stately and with as much importance as the scarlet-kneed, silk-stockinged footman at the back of the Lord Mayor's state-carriage. Then, again, much interspersed and mixed up in this motley line of equipages will be the inevitable Chinese wheelbarrows, with their very plebeian passengers, one, two, three, and even four, at times, sitting on either side. The road is good, and in the evenings is lighted with electricity. Large numbers of trees, shrubs, evergreens, and imposing houses make the scene very charming in its absolute and unexpected novelty to travellers from the West. Colour and variety are still further added to the

kaleidoscopic picture by mounted Sikhs of the British service in their showy Indian uniform with high scarlet headdresses or turbans and crimson sashes, French Sergeants de Villes, German, Russian, and Japanese officers and men.

21*st August.*—Though the rain has come on again to-night we have had a very fine day, and either by jinrickisha or carriage have been able to get to the Parade Ground, to the interesting Chinese quarter of the city, and to the racecourse.

The ordinary everyday means of locomotion is by rickshas, drawn by Chinese coolies, of whom there are many thousands. The men always run, though the journey may extend for miles, and the fare ranges from 1d. for a short distance to 6d. per hour.

Small horses are very plentiful and inexpensive. They are mostly brought from Mongolia. The first year after their arrival they are known as "griffins." Many horses are brought up from Australia, and are called "Walers." These are always classed and entered separately when racing. Chinese ponies are in great force, not exceeding fourteen hands—hardy, enduring little animals, capable of a great amount of work, but of no appreciable good points, having large, heavy heads, and no shoulders.

The health of many of the men in the better station of life is vastly improved, and kept up by their passion for riding. At the dawn of day they meet at their beautiful race-ground, where there is the largest and most complete grand-stand, with reading and other rooms, which are always used by the members of the race club as a social ordinary club. They have no less than 150 Chinese ponies in training, mostly located in large stables adjoining; many visitors and friends, including ladies, are there between 6 and 7 a.m., and they are all supplied with the choicest cup of coffee, fresh dairy butter (a luxury in China), and brown bread. I was there myself, with Miss Bates, frequently at 6 a.m., meeting many friends of both sexes. The mornings towards the end of September were delightful, bright, clear, and bracing—a great change after the intense heat experienced here in August and the early

part of September. The young men (all Europeans) ride, as a rule, well, constant practice making perfect. Cricket at certain seasons is much in evidence, as also are tennis and golf, all with their respective clubs. I must not omit to mention a large exclusive club known as the "Country Club," for ladies as well as men. Moreover, in the way of amusement, there is plenty of polo and cross-country riding, in the shape of drag-hunts and paper-chases, though no fox or hare hunting. There is good snipe shooting, and almost everywhere in the adjacent country wild pheasants, teal, and quail in abundance. Food of nearly every description is plentiful and cheap, including beef, mutton, vegetables, salads, and fruit, comprising the pomelo, something between an orange and a lime, and very large; the persimmon, looking exactly like a red tomato—a delicious fruit; grapes, apples, pears, and green figs. Large quantities of raw cotton are exported to Japan to be manufactured there, and reimported into Shanghai, in cloths to suit the Chinese market.

22*nd August*.—We had expected to sail to-day for Wei-hai-wei, but found that the boat does not start till to-morrow, so we had plenty of time for business calls on a native tailor, a photographer, and so forth, and also for a drive in the afternoon. In the course of this latter we passed several very large cotton spinning factories, and were amused to watch hundreds of clean, tidy factory girls returning home from work on wheelbarrows, sometimes as many as nine on a single one of these humble local conveyances. Then again I was greatly impressed with the commercial prospects unfolded here.

Ancient as China is, the trade with it is in its infancy, and will continue to develop by leaps and bounds; and it remains to be seen what country will reap the greatest advantage. Shall it be Japan, Germany, Russia, or Great Britain? Its future possibilities and capabilities are immense, with the additional impetus of the railways I have already described.

23*rd August*.—After tipping a whole army of servants —four times as many as there would be in England—we left the Astor House Hotel, Shanghai, and embarked this

afternoon on the China Navigation Co.'s steamer the *Yochow*, for Wei-hai-wei, *en route* for Chefoo, Tongku, Tien-tsin, and Pekin. Dropping down the Whang-Poo River, and subsequently the lower Yang-tze-Kiang, we passed many extraordinary-looking vessels, more quaint and ancient in appearance than anything to be seen in Europe since the days of Columbus or of the early Portuguese navigators.

24*th August*.—We are traversing the whole length of the Yellow Sea, on our journey from Shanghai to Chefoo, and certainly its name, Yellow, does not belie its colour, character, or appearance. Millions of tons of yellow mud and earth must be annually emptied into this sea from the mighty Yang-tze-Kiang and other neighbouring rivers. It is out of the question, of course, to think of taking a salt-water bath whilst crossing this sea.

25*th August*.—We reached Wei-hai-wei, which is 456 miles from Shanghai, and very soon saw all that there was to be seen. I must explain that the island of Liu-Kung-Tao makes the harbour which drew hither the naval force of Great Britain, and that from a naval point of view the island is all in all. It is 2 miles in length, and rather under 1 mile wide. It is 2 to 3 miles from the mainland at the narrowest point. The whole territory embraces an area of 288 square miles. It comprises the Bay of Wei-hai-wei, all the islands in the bay, together with a strip of territory extending 10 miles wide along the entire coast-line of the bay. On the island there is a quantity of coal, of course always varying, but comprising a stock usually of about 300,000 tons, which, I am told, is in excess of actual requirements.

A new hotel has recently been built—the Queen's Hotel. At present it has accommodation for thirty guests, but more rooms are being added for a further sixty visitors.

Very strong forts are already erected, but no guns at present, pending some decision of the home authorities. I was informed on pretty good authority that mines had been laid in various directions. A splendid road has been made by the military, extending 7 miles round the island, and also a continuous one on the mainland. There is a Chinese

road from Wei-hai-wei (mainland) to Chefoo, a distance of 60 miles. Fresh provisions are plentiful—beef, mutton, poultry, vegetables, and a quantity of fruit, comprising peaches, apricots, plums, grapes, pears, apples, large water-melons, etc., mostly from the flourishing treaty-port of Chefoo, only 48 miles distant by water. There are four European trading firms or store-keepers, each employing three to four assistants, together with steam shipping representatives. Several petty Japanese traders and settlers are also established on the island.

There is absolutely no export of any kind. If railways could be built from the mainland to the interior a very large trade would result with the more northern part of China. In the winter very few of His Majesty's ships visit the port, but in summer it is a favourite resort of nearly all our ships of war cruising in the Chinese waters. Wei-hai-wei, with its immediate neighbourhood, is being recognised by many Europeans living at various places in China as a health resort, and the Wei-hai-wei Investment Company have recently erected, as a commencement, sixteen suitable bungalows for ladies and children, who prefer them to hotel life.

All authorities agree as to the excellence of the climate, it being always dry and bracing. Cholera and plague have never been known here, and the place is entirely free from malaria and epidemic disease, wherein it contrasts favourably with all the neighbouring treaty-ports, some of which are in almost immediate proximity.

The cold in winter is sometimes severe. Last year, in February, the thermometer fell to as low as 10° F., and in 1900, in January and February, to 15°, and in 1899, in February, to 14° F. Of course I am quoting the minimum for each year. But there is always a clear sky and warmth of sunshine at noon, which more or less neutralises the extreme cold.

A Chinese regiment about 800 strong is stationed here, with 12 European officers; but I learn that it is shortly to be disbanded, when it is certain that the officers will at once find other similar appointments in the neighbourhood. There are several saddle ponies (Chinese) on the island and

MUSICIANS FROM THE LAMA-CHURCH, MONGOLIA.

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mainland, owned by military and private individuals, but no carriages of any kind. European ladies are very few. There are visitors for health from Shanghai and other ports, with a very limited number of officers' wives.

At 6 p.m. we anchored at Chefoo, which is at once seen to be a distributing port of far more importance than is Wei-hai-wei.

26*th August*.—We went ashore this morning in a "sam-pan," and found Chefoo, which is situated on the shore of a pretty bay encircled with fine hills, to have very good hotels, as well as an excellent stretch of sand for bathing.

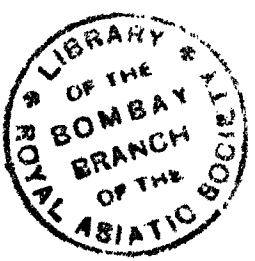
Chefoo possesses also extremely good schools, where very many resident foreigners—it must be remembered that the English and all Europeans are foreigners, and always spoken of as such—in China send their children to be educated, both boys and girls. Chefoo has been considered one of the most bracing and healthiest places in Northern China, until a few months since, when its reputation had a rude awakening in the terrible visitation which occurred at the principal school, no fewer than twelve boys belonging to leading families having all died within a day or two of each other. The general opinion was that the deaths were occasioned by ptomaine poisoning from a tainted chicken-pie; but upon an inquiry being made, it was held that a virulent attack of cholera had broken out.

Chefoo is a very busy port; steamers are arriving and departing every day. Regular daily steam communication is kept up with the Russian possession, Port Arthur, only 70 miles distant, and also with the neighbouring new port of Dalny, late Talienwan (also Russian). These places, it will be remembered, were leased to Russia after the Japan-Chinese war, when Wei-hai-wei was granted to England, and Kiaochau, which lies a little to the south of the latter, to Germany.

Large quantities of oxen are exported for the use of the Russian troops at Port Arthur and Dalny. There is a large quantity of silk manufactured in the surrounding district. Our steamer landed several hundred bales of

paper for burning in the joss-houses, in observance of the Chinese religious rites. There are a great many Chinese ponies and much riding by Europeans, who have, as at all the treaty-ports in China, a good racecourse and stand: and all foreigners take a great interest in their periodical local races.

The Customs are well organised, and as carefully carried out as in any port of Europe, under, of course, the surveillance and direction of the great power known in every treaty-port in China as the I.G.—*i.e.*, Sir Robert Hart, Bart., G.C.M.G., Inspector-General of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs.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THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKIN.

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CHAPTER X

Tien-tsin, Pekin, and Hankow

27*th August* 1902.—Leaving Chefoo we sailed across the Gulf of Pechili for the Peiho River. We were compelled to anchor in the roadstead, 10 miles outside the bar of that river, the water not being of sufficient depth to carry our steamer in until lightened of the greater portion of her cargo. We proceeded by a light-draft tender to enter the river at Taku. We viewed the site of the old Taku forts, which were destroyed by the allied naval forces in 1900. The sites are now a scene of total desolation, not one stone standing on another.

The passage up the Peiho River from Taku to Tongku is through one of the most ugly, miserably poor, desolate, not to say repulsive-looking, regions possible, with the most tortuously winding, filthy, discoloured waters conceivable.

The innumerable junks we passed on the river were certainly very interesting and curious to our Western eyes, and nothing stranger has ever been seen in any old or new prints of riverside craft.

Arriving at Tongku, we found a train about leaving for Tien-tsin, by which we proceeded.

Tongku is but a little less desolate and attractive than Taku, though it certainly boasts of a few rather primitive wooden wharves and jetties for vessels to receive and land a portion of their cargoes when materially lightened of the latter in the distant roads outside the river. Here also steamers take on board a quantity of coal dug from the Chinese mines some 200 miles distant. We wandered through the town, which is only a wretched village, with a few grog-shops and tea-houses for yellow sailors and men

from innumerable small steamers, some miserable hovels and low-class shops, kept, as far as I could see, entirely by Chinese.

Our train delivered us at the important town of Tien-tsin after a journey of 45 miles, occupying about two hours by the way.

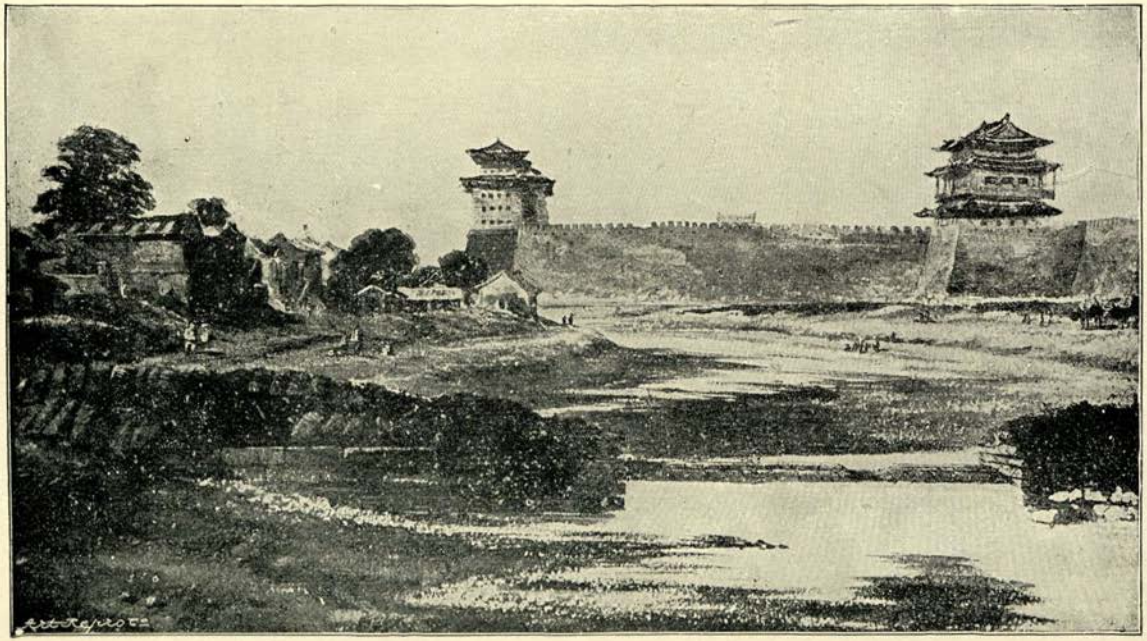
Having about eight hours here before travelling on to Pekin, we left all our luggage at the railway station, and took jinrickishas, with, of course, Chinese coolies, to the large hotel known as the "Astor House," where we propose staying on our return journey.

From Tien-tsin we took the train to Pekin, a distance of some 85 miles, which occupied four hours. We met at the station the United States Minister of Pekin with his wife, the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Conger, to whom we were introduced, and we travelled up by the same train.

At every railway station from and including Tongku to Tien-tsin and Pekin there was stationed a small body of British soldiers (mostly Indian troops), for protection. There were conductors in every train made up of men belonging to the Welsh Fusiliers, in their khaki uniforms, and station-masters represented by the most courteous and polite British officers it has been my lot to meet. This was in the month of August, and I learn that shortly the whole of the railway system and management is to be handed back to the Chinese to come once more under their control.

There appeared to be a vast number of third-class natives travelling to and fro. They are never provided with other than open coaches, without any kind of seats or protection from sun or rain — all standing huddled together like a flock of sheep, and reminding one of our first English railways in the early half of the last century. This remark is in no way intended as a reproach to the railway company, as one and all, of every nation, agree that it is good enough for the class of natives travelling.

The mounds representing the dead are the most noticeable feature by the way. They are simply countless. They exist literally by thousands and tens of thousands,



Outside the Walls, Pekin.

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and I must here remind my readers the dead are all buried above the ground. This looks very like a Hibernianism. What I mean is that the dead are usually deposited in a huge heavy coffin, which is never placed beneath the earth, but is covered over in the case of the well-to-do with a primitive sort of vault, and with the poorer classes with turf or a little earth, it being against the Chinese religious views to put a corpse beneath the surface. Very many represented here fell during the Boxer troubles in 1900, when the number slain was very great, as they were not only obstructing the march of the allied forces on the way to Pekin, but also attacking Tien-tsin.

The land on either side of the railway as far as the eye could reach, and almost on a dead level the whole way, appeared to be well and carefully cultivated, and marked a more advanced improvement as we approached the great Wall of Pekin, running near it as we did for a very considerable distance. This wall impresses a visitor for the first time very much, and forces itself upon the mind of one as a marvellous engineering feat, which must have occupied tens of thousands of labourers very many years of unremitting toil. It is very little damaged by the siege of the city in 1900.

We arrived at Pekin about 7 p.m. at the station known as the "Chien Men," when we took jinrickishas for the Pekin Hotel.

28th to 31st August.—We have enjoyed delightful weather during our stay here; and the Pekin Hotel is a wonderfully good one, considering that it was hurriedly erected after the late siege, when hundreds, if not thousands, of houses were demolished.

We visited the Embassies in the city of Pekin, and were most kindly and hospitably received. There are any number of small horses, good mules, ponies, and donkeys in and about the city and the surrounding country, and all apparently well cared for. The climate during our stay was good and bracing, though the great city itself on every side, one mile distant from the Legations, is the filthiest, dustiest, and most evil-smelling

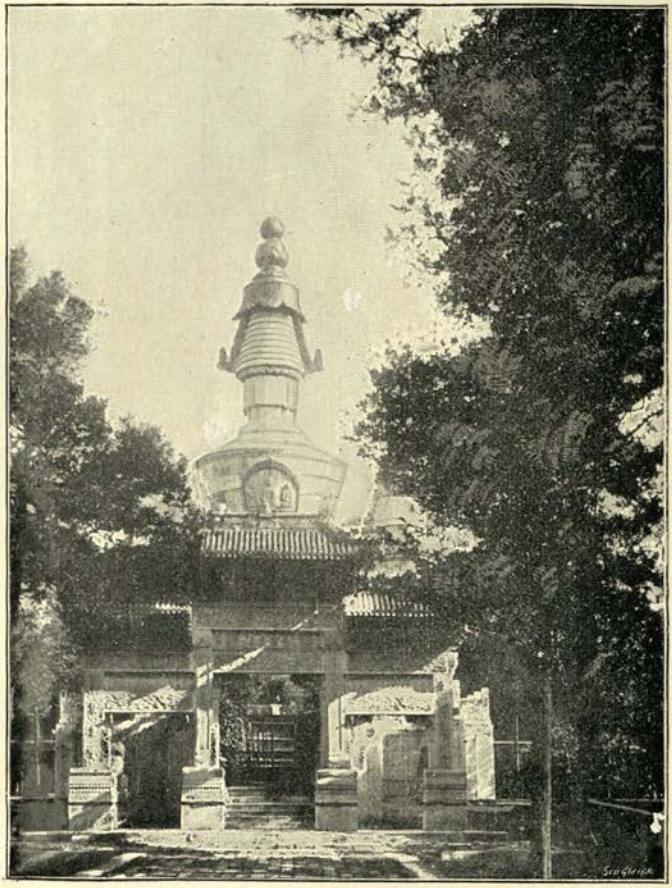
place in the universe—a place to see and explore once, but not to make a second visit to.

Water we strictly eschewed during the whole length of our visit to China, never taking a single glass,—on account of cholera being always prevalent,—though, of course, we took it boiled in the form of tea and coffee.

One of our most interesting visits was to the Llama Temple, which contains over 1000 Mongol and Thibetan monks, with a beautiful figure of Buddha 75 feet high. On the Temple of Confucius, in the middle of an altar, is inscribed in Chinese "The tablet of the soul of the most holy ancestral teacher Confucius." We thought the Yellow Temple also very beautiful. In the grounds the Japanese troops were bivouacked during the siege of 1900. With a very experienced guide we visited the Temple of Heaven, which lies 2 or 3 miles distant from the hotel. It is very fine indeed, standing in its own grounds of 100 acres. It was untouched by the allied forces during the terrible times of 1900, which speaks wonderfully well for the sparing hand of the relieving forces, though they may have sacked the Empress's Palace and been guilty of a great deal of looting. We went out to the Empress's Summer Palace, but as she was very shortly to take up her residence there, and a large army of workmen were repairing and making everything good, we could not get into it. The journey there and back—about 20 miles—was anything but a pleasant one.

Strolling one evening on the City Wall, which is built of very large bricks, I found the dimensions of the wall to be 160 feet wide at the base, 40 feet in width at the top (sufficient to drive many coaches abreast), and 50 feet high.

We were much interested in seeing criminals or transgressors against the law in the public streets, each with a very heavy square board round his neck, bearing on the shoulders, and remaining on night and day during the term of sentence. One man we stopped to look at appeared callous and indifferent, raised the board from his shoulders to show us how thick and heavy it was, and positively smiled at his situation. Their crime is



THE LAMA TEMPLE AT PEKIN.

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DECAPITATION OF BRIGANDS IN CHINA.

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painted on their respective boards, and they are permitted to appear in the streets as a warning to others.

The proprietor of our hotel—the Hotel Pekin—told me one evening that there was to be an execution of twelve malefactors in the open, a mile or two out, the following morning, when the men would all lose their heads by decapitation, and if I wished to go he would provide me with a horse and guide. I am sorry not to be able to give a detailed description, as I failed to put in an appearance, but I have a photograph of the scene.

1*st September*.—We bade farewell to-day to the interesting but odoriferous purlieus of Pekin, starting at 11.30 a.m. for our 85 miles of train journey to Tien-tsin, a journey performed by third-class native passengers in the uncomfortable manner already described.

We went, as we had arranged, to the Astor House Hotel, where we have large rooms opening on to a wide verandah. The Public Park, which we overlook, appeared in the evening extremely pretty, with a good bandstand in the centre, and a full military brass band of the 21st Native Punjaub Infantry, with their picturesque uniform and high regulation headgear. They are a very tall, fine race of men. The illuminations, the officers of all nations quartered here with their mess uniforms of the tropics, all in white, with scarlet sashes, etc., the wives and families of civilians, with the trees, shrubs, and flowers, added to a most brilliant, clear, and warm starlight night, made up a scene long to be remembered.

Tien-tsin, it must be remembered, is composed of sections or concessions, comprising, like Shanghai and most of the other treaty-ports, nearly all the European nations, with their respective complements of officers and men. It is a very busy, lively looking town, with much business, principally wool, which is mostly exported to America. The late General Gordon laid out the place, and it appears to be one of the most thriving ports in China; the Peiho River going right up, and being navigable for small, flat-bottomed steamers, while limitless numbers of junks pass up and down.

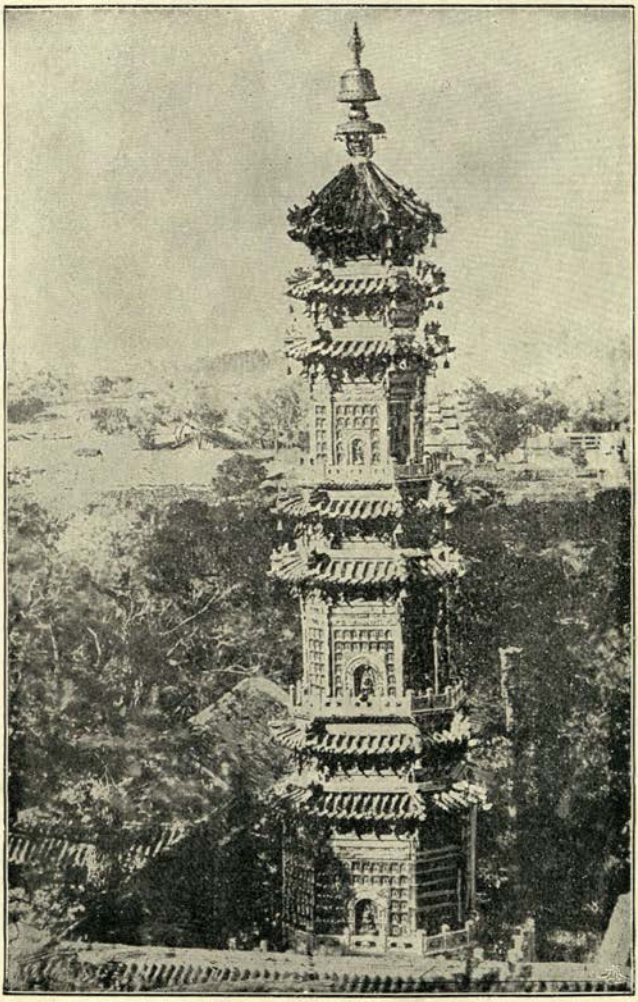
2nd September.—We went to-day to the Gordon House, which embraces the police court and free library of a superior class, with reading-room, etc.; also a theatre and fire brigade station. We drove out to the racecourse, distant about 2 miles, over a very good road. It has a very elegant grand-stand, with noble hall, and a reading-room supplied with all the home illustrated newspapers and magazines. There is a good bar open at all times (apart from race meetings). Many of the members drive out nearly every evening with their wives, who take their tea in the cool of the summer evenings here. It is, in point of fact, used as a large social club for ladies and gentlemen alike during the propitious seasons.

I may mention that at Tien-tsin both Miss Bates and I found it advisable to have a professional barber—Japanese, of course—to cleanse our hair after the dreadful dust and the very hard water of Pekin.

At 4 p.m. we left Tien-tsin for Tongku, where we arrived, at 6.35 p.m., to pick up the *Yochow* for the return voyage to Shanghai. The boat had shifted her berth to take in coal, so we had a half-mile walk along the quay, which, in the dark, was both difficult and dangerous. The *Yochow* had put off her start till to-morrow; but we went on board for the night.

3rd September.—After taking on board a lot of the smallest and dustiest steam coal I have ever seen, and shipping a number of horses from Mongolia, we got off at 3 p.m. and dropped down to the mouth of the river at Taku, where we once more passed close to the sites of the famous forts. The pilot, who left us here, said that if we had been fifteen minutes later we could not have crossed the bar till next tide, as the water is very low.

4th September.—We reached Chefoo at noon, and as I found that the *Yochow* is to remain there for two or three days engaged upon the disagreeable job of discharging 750 tons of dusty coal, I determined to tranship to the *Hsieh-Ho* of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Co., sailing in the afternoon for Shanghai direct. We were fortunate in securing the only two cabins, and



PAGODA AT YUAN-MING-YUAN, NEAR PEKIN.

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as these were on deck and there was a nice little saloon, we completed our journey very comfortably indeed.

5th and 6th September.—The weather has continued very kind to us, and our little voyage has been bright and smooth throughout. Shortly before reaching our destination in the afternoon we passed Woosung, a favourite riverside resort from Saturday to Monday for the young men of Shanghai. For our hotel at Shanghai we again chose the Astor House.

7th to 9th September.—After three days of shopping and paying calls we embarked to-night on the Indo-China Co.'s large twin-screw river steamer, the *Kutwo*, for a trip into the heart of China, up the mighty Yang-tze-Kiang River, one of the largest in the world.

The *Kutwo* was built and engined by the London and Glasgow Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Company of Glasgow for this special service, and notwithstanding her shallow draft steamed out *viâ* the Suez Canal, her complement of crew exceeding 100 men. The saloon (every table fitted with punkahs), together with our state-rooms, having communicating bathrooms and lavatories, are situated on the upper or hurricane deck, with a promenade space of nearly 300 feet in length. Miss Bates and I had a very large cabin each to ourselves. We were entirely screened from the heat by the finest of sun decks; the catering was good, the ship being supplied with the best of everything, with an unlimited supply of ice—the greatest of all luxuries to myself in such a climate. A most urbane, kind, and courteous commander, of whom I cannot speak too highly, helped to make a most luxurious and pleasant voyage of what might under adverse circumstances have been the reverse; our trip was one of continual pleasure, excitement, and never-ending novelties.

10th to 13th September.—After eighteen hours' steam from Shanghai we arrived at the first treaty-port on the Yang-tze-Kiang, where we went alongside an iron hulk which was connected by a long pier with the shore. The hulk proved to be an old worn-out P. & O. steamer, the once famed *Orissa*, of nearly half a century ago. "How are the mighty fallen!"

We passed two very pretty and interesting islands, known respectively as the Silver and Golden Islands, covered with numerous joss-houses and pagodas.

The grand canal is on the opposite side of the river, and leads all the way north to Tien-tsin and Pekin, and was formerly the recognised Chinese postal and official route to those distant northern territories. We disembarked our missioneries who were passengers with us at Chin-Kiang.

The following day we arrived at the second important station, Nanking, composed mostly of warehouses, Custom House, etc.; it has lately become a treaty-port. The ancient city of Nanking, the former capital of China, lies 5 miles inland from the Custom House; it has lost its famous porcelain pagoda, and with it most of its former splendour. There are, however, many fine old stone tombs of the Ming and other bygone dynasties of past centuries, which are still in a good state of preservation, and which would well repay a visit to anyone having the opportunity.

Having discharged all our cargo for Nanking, we proceeded to the next treaty-port, that of Wu-hu, which is distant 52 miles above the last-named place.

Wu-hu is the largest rice port in China, though, as is pretty generally known, no rice whatever is permitted to be exported from any part of the country. Sugar appears to be one of the most important imports, as it is generally over the surrounding area.

We then sailed for Ta-tung, 60 miles farther up.

We passed during the day two droves or flocks of tame ducks, 200 in each, being driven for a long distance from a point up the river to a market very much lower down. They are kept together by a man and a boy in a sam-pan following them, the man armed with a long bamboo with a rag of considerable length attached as a lash to keep them together, and two wily trained old birds to lead them on their way. After swimming down stream all day, ducks and men alike get tired towards night and land on a suitable site, taking a rest for the night and starting on again the next morning. The birds keep together in a wonderfully compact mass, and it would

A River Scene in China.

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be impossible for them to swim up stream, as they could not stem the current.

On the broad canal, near Wu-hu, was an enormous flock, consisting, it was said, of no less than 5000 birds, which were being conducted a long distance in a somewhat similar manner, but in this case with an escort of fifteen men, each in a round tub, like a wash-tub, punting along with bamboo poles, assisted by another five men running along the banks to prevent the birds landing or passing through openings where the water had broken the banks, and was flowing over into the surrounding country.

The canal here is very wide, and the country swampy. The birds, seen in the distance coming towards one, suggest the approach of a large wave.

Early the following morning we stopped off Ta-tung Pagoda to land some Chinese steerage passengers, as our steamer takes nearly a thousand on her trip up and down, all of whom are quartered on the lower deck. The river all the way up so far has been 5 miles wide, varying but slightly here and there. On the bluff of Matung Channel, just after rounding Dove Point (a very picturesque lofty cliff), the Chinese have erected some rather formidable batteries, mounted with modern guns, commanding the river, though there is a passage far away on the opposite side up which a steamer might pass; but it is a great pity, seeing Great Britain's great interest on the Yang-tze-Kiang, that it was not provided for in the Articles of Peace after the Boxer troubles of 1900, that the Chinese should not erect any more batteries or mount more guns on the banks of this great river. A similar proviso has been made the whole way up the Peiho River from Taku to Pekin. I know, as a matter of fact, that our authorities have a complete plan of the fortifications, guns, and magazines in question.

Such a stipulation put forward at the time by the Powers (all of whom are very largely interested in the commerce here) would have been assented to without a murmur. It is very easy to be wise afterwards, but a far-seeing diplomatic body might have grasped this at the time.

Later we passed Poyang Lake, with a mountain in the distance 4500 feet high, and after covering 193 miles from Wu-hu we arrived at Kiu-Kiang; this is a very large and important tea-port, mostly in the hands of Russian firms. At anchor here was a small flat-bottomed twin-screw steamer, H.M. gunboat *Teal*, built by Yarrow & Co., London, for this special service. She steams 13 knots, drawing only 3 feet of water. Her duty is the protection of British interest and commerce on the river.

Ultimately we arrived at the very important, far-distant city of Hankow, which has a bund or sea-front and a good protecting sea-wall or frontage 7 miles in length, with a railway beside it, completed and running now as far as 150 miles into the interior. It is the "Pekin and Hankow Railway," and, working from both ends, there remain only 300 to 400 miles to complete the connection. The company is known as the "Franco-Belgian Pekin-Hankow Railway Syndicate."

14*th September*.—We had thought of going on from Hankow still further into the interior to Ichang, but found there would be no boat starting for some days. So, as we are so comfortable on the *Kutwo*, we have decided to stay on board and return by her when she sails for Shanghai to-morrow evening. It is very hot, perhaps the hottest weather that we have had this year; and the mosquitoes are trying at night. But we have managed to get out a good deal and to see some of the many remarkable features which this huge inland port has to show.

Fronting the bund, which is planted with a row of trees, and grass nicely laid out, are very many large and important buildings, several banks, merchant houses, clubs, Consulates, etc.

The shipping at this port, so far distant in the interior of China, is incredible; and though I prefer to keep my notes free from statistical figures, I must make a trifling exception here. The steam shipping entered and cleared at Hankow during last year, 1901, was no less than two and a half million tons, in the following proportions:—

1,162,000	tons	British
554,527	„	German
424,913	„	Chinese
280,006	„	Japanese
48,948	„	Russian
2,470,394		

What the sailing tonnage was for this period, with the incalculable number of large Chinese junks (I say large, but they are all sizes) flitting up and down the whole river at all points day and night, I do not know, and few people in England—even among the shipping interest—know anything of so vast trade as I describe.

Wild pheasants abound up the river, very beautiful birds, and at several places we touched at they were to be bought for 1s. (English) per brace, or about 240 cash—a "cash" being a piece of brass with a square hole cut through it in the centre, a very cumbrous form of currency to go marketing with. Teal and snipe abound in vast numbers all over this part of China. The province of Hunan is not far distant, where the two missionaries, Messrs. Bruce and Lewis, were murdered by the Chinese fanatics on the 15th of August last.

At Hankow we went over the large brick tea-making factory belonging to the Russian firm of Messrs. Molchanoff Potchatnoff & Co. We were taken through the establishment and shown the working in all its detail by the chief engineer, Mr. A. Shearer. Of brick tea this firm alone turns out 5000 tons annually, and of ordinary Congo tea 10,000 tons in the same time. They import largely Ceylon tea, and mix with their own China tea about 20 per cent. of the former, as the taste of their consumers has altered to this. The process of making brick tea is very interesting, it being manufactured from pure dust tea, the breaking up of which was very novel to us. This (after being broken up) is slightly steamed to dampen it, then; whilst still hot, is put into moulds and pressed by powerful hydraulic machinery; and when subsequently taken from the moulds is nearly, if not quite, as hard as the best made ordinary baked clay bricks, as heavy and as difficult to break. This tea is conveyed on camels' backs for thousands of miles

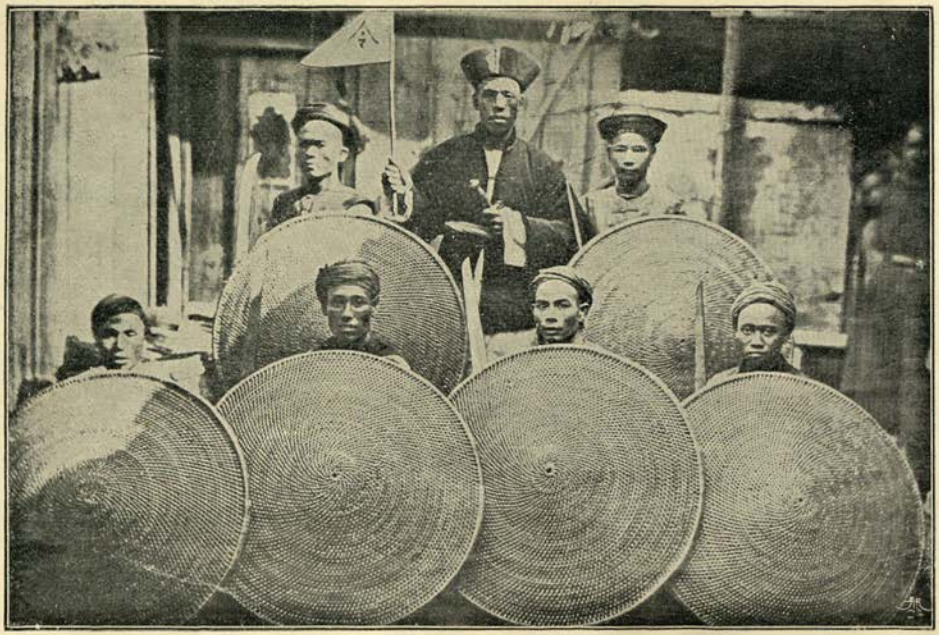
all over the most distant and outlying districts of Mongolia, Manchuria, and Siberia, encountering all weathers, and frequently occupying months in transit. Hankow at one time was one of the largest tea-ports in China, but although the trade is still very great, it has dwindled away very much, excepting in regard to Russia, and to the making and export of the brick tea which I have endeavoured to describe. This is owing to the great change in the taste of the British public for Ceylon teas, as against China teas.

The export of many new descriptions of produce is rapidly springing up and growing into very considerable dimensions; but the resident merchants, whose trade for all past time has been almost confined to the export of tea, most irreverently designate all else as "muck and truck," which has now become the not too euphonious name under which all other articles of produce are known, consisting principally of hides packed in bales by hydraulic power and shipped to America; animal and vegetable tallow, bristles, feathers, skins (various), nutgalls, wood oil (in large quantities), certain seeds, and quantities of various qualities of hemp, the trade in which latter is increasing rapidly.

The amount of hospitality and kindness we received from the leading families in Hankow during our stay there exceeded, I think, the well-known hearty reception usually given to visitors from the West, for we had nothing but a continual round of dinners and tiffins, visits and drives.

There is here, as at all treaty-ports, a very nice race-course, to which our friends drove us. It has a good grand-stand, which, like those of Shanghai and other places, combines a ladies' and a gentlemen's club, making a nice afternoon lounge for ladies to take tea in and show their pretty dresses on the green lawn, which is provided with chairs and small tables from the race and club building.

I should here like to throw in a note of warning to the British authorities and public generally that, in my judgment, the time is not very far distant when there will again be a much greater rising of the Chinese



CHINESE NATIVE SOLDIERS, WITH OFFICER.

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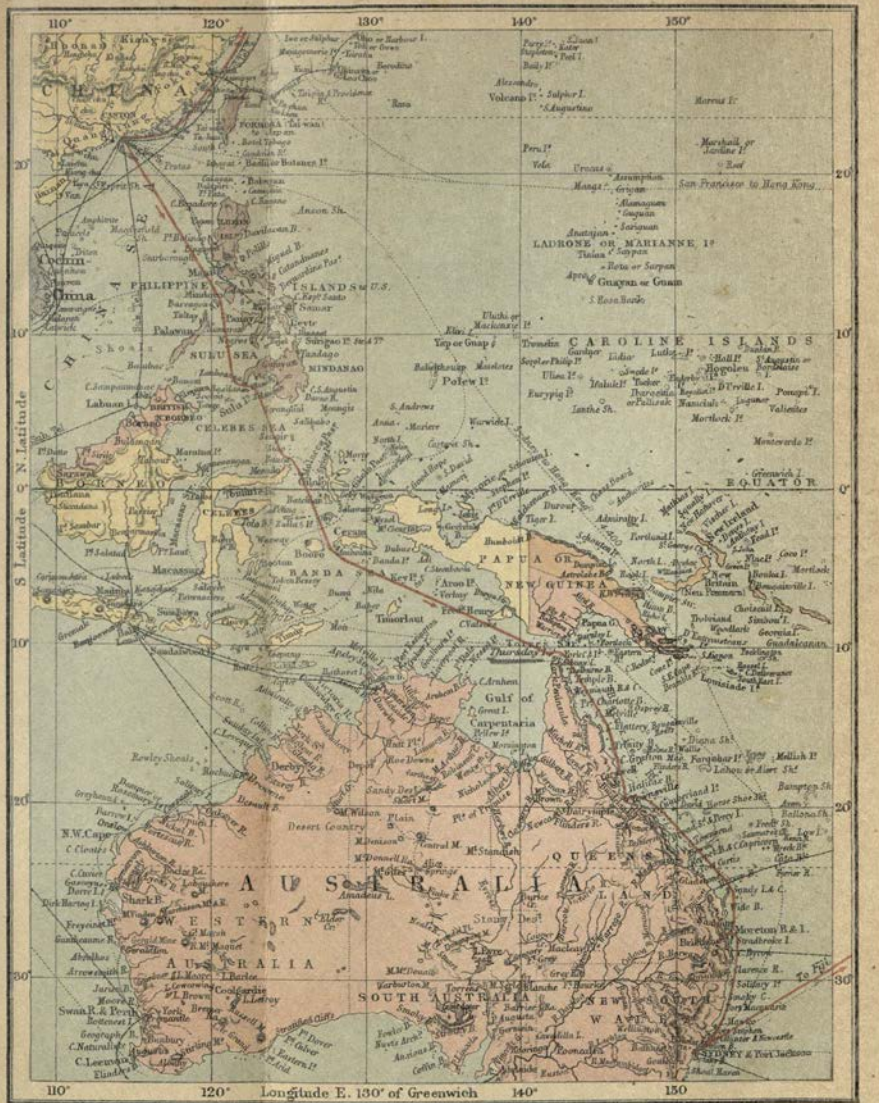
against ourselves and the representatives of other European countries. We are all foreigners, of course, and known only as "foreign devils." You ask why and how I deduce this direful prognostication? Well, during my travels I have conversed with all manner and conditions of Chinese, and they tell me they are fearfully oppressed by the native high officials of each province, who have had vast sums allotted them to collect for each district under their jurisdiction to pay the indemnity claimed by the European Powers for the outrage committed in 1900. These same officers have levied, and are levying, five times the amount they honestly should, and so are pocketing four-fifths themselves. The natives say it would be better by far for them to die in their efforts to drive away all white foreigners, whom they look upon as the primary cause of all their troubles.

15*th to* 18*th September.*—Although we did not, for the reason already explained, proceed any higher up than Hankow, I ought perhaps to note that the trading port on the Upper Yang-tze-Kiang River, far away above Ichang and the Gorges, is Chung-King, in the province of Su-chuan, the latter having a population of 68 millions of people; or, to be exact, 67,712,897. Here, to my astonishment, was the French; Lieutenant Hourst, R.N., commanding the French gunboat *Olry*, who some time ago made that most marvellous descent of the Niger River from Timbuctoo to Warri, at the top of the Forcados River on the West Coast of Africa, which was first explored and opened by myself thirty-five years since. The enterprising lieutenant had twenty-one days' terrible task on the Yang-tze from Ichang, through the Gorges, to the large open waters above, making this passage of the rapids; the whirlpools, etc., render it practically inaccessible to commercial steam navigation, as this is attended with great danger and endless amount of fatigue. However, the little steamer is on the Upper Yang-tze in smooth water, and Lieutenant Hourst is naturally very proud to be flying and representing the French flag there. At some future day a railway will be built to overcome the overwhelming difficulties of this navigation, in imitation of what the Belgians have done

on the Congo River in connection with the difficulties of the Stanley Falls. Needless to say, this would, if accomplished, give a great development to the trade in this region. As an alternative, to blast the rocks and so clear a safe and easy passage through would be an herculean task, far too costly and occupying too much time.

We sailed just before midnight on the 14th for Shanghai, where we arrived at 10.30 a.m. on the 18th September. Our return voyage was extremely agreeable although, of course, it introduced few features of novelty, since we touched at the same ports, Wu-hu, Nanking, etc., as we had just visited on our upward journey. The whole was the greatest possible success from beginning to e and the freshness of its experiences is of a kind never be forgotten.

HONG KONG TO SYDNEY.



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Stanford's Geogl Estabt London

CHAPTER XI

HONG-KONG AND THROUGH EAST INDIES TO THURSDAY ISLAND

19th to 27th September 1902.—We are at the Astor House Hotel, one of several of that name in China; the large Astor House in Hankow belonging to the same company as this one in Shanghai. It is really wonderfully comfortable, each individual bedroom—much more spacious than it would be in England—having its own bathroom and lavatory. We are having a week here before our boat leaves for Hong-Kong, and a very agreeable week it is, for Shanghai is most civilised in its attractions, as I set forth in a previous chapter. Jotting down a few further notes about the place and its ways, as observed during some comparatively idle days, I may mention to begin with that we found Chinese milliners and dressmakers extremely expert in copying with accuracy any garment entrusted to them for reproduction in fresh material. In manufacturing skill, on the other hand, the Chinese are so far behindhand that, although there are several large mills in Shanghai, it actually pays to export raw cotton to Japan and to reimport it in a manufactured state. The superiority of the Japanese labour is thus to be measured by the whole cost of freight and expenses there and back. The Chinese, however, seem to do better than this in furniture-making, as we saw in the pretty house in the French settlement recently taken by the British naval pilot for H.M.'s ships on the Yang-tze-Kiang River. This house is all furnished by native workmen after a style that would do credit to any London firm.

One of the sights of the neighbourhood is the Great Bore or tidal wave which rolls in annually and at Hang-

chow, about 50 miles from here, attains a height of 30 feet. To witness this phenomenon, which is usually at its best between the 15th and 20th September, it is customary in Shanghai to make up excursion parties for trips of three or four days to Hangchow on boats which provide sleeping accommodation and all meals.

We hear that cholera has broken out very badly in Wenchoo, a seaport only 200 miles to the south of Shanghai. In Wenchoo and its surrounding districts it is estimated that 60,000 persons have died within the last two months; and in the town itself there have been made during that period no less than six thousand of the coffins which in China are so very large and so immensely heavy. For children no coffins were prepared, and the little ones were laid in their resting-places wrapped simply in mats. So far as I have seen or can learn the Chinese are never interred under any circumstances.

28th September.—It is still lovely weather, with a temperature very like that of our May or June; and the residents say there will probably be no change for at least another two months.

After a prolonged series of farewells to the many kind friends who have helped to make our stay at Shanghai so enjoyable, we embarked at half-past four in the afternoon on the tender which took us 12 miles down the river to the *Gaelic* at her moorings outside the bar. The *Gaelic*, which is a Liverpool White Star steamer, has been for many years chartered by the Oriental & Occidental Co. for the service between San Francisco, Honolulu, Japan, and China. She sails early to-morrow morning for Hong-Kong.

29th September to 1st October.—We had a couple of very large and very clean cabins on the *Gaelic*, which sailed on the run of 389 miles from Shanghai to Hong-Kong at 6 a.m. on the 29th September, and arrived off Hong-Kong at 5 p.m. on 1st October. The voyage, which took us past Foo-Chow and through the Formosa Channel with the island of Formosa visible in the distance, was a very pleasant one; and the fine coast-view of mountains as we approached Hong-Kong was seen to great advantage

in the beautifully clear weather. We secured a couple of very fair rooms at the Hong-Kong Hotel, a huge building seven storeys high.

2nd October.—The day after our arrival we started in carrying chairs from our hotel to the foot of the Peak Tramway, and took our seats for the upper terminus (half a dollar return ticket). We visited a friend at the Peak Hotel, and then engaged other carrying chairs again, with two men to each, to the summit of Victoria Peak and the signal station below, which is a handsome new summer residence for the Governor. The Peak is 1820 feet above the sea, with a very steep ascent. The view on a clear day, such as we had fortunately secured, was simply superb and difficult to equal, and impossible to surpass, in any part of the world. This view, too, is equally striking at night, as we found when on another occasion we made the ascent to the Peak Hotel by the climbing tram, which, by the way, has in some places a gradient of 1 in 2. The panorama illuminated in the foreground by the lights of the town, and in the distance by those of the shipping, was very remarkable, and caused us to forget on our steep descent the uncanny sensation of rushing headlong into what seemed the dark abyss below. We called on our friends, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, who live at the Peak, he being the Army Chaplain to the Forces. We were most kindly and hospitably entertained by Mrs. Hardy.

2nd and 3rd October.—I was most agreeably surprised, as I think many other people would be, to find Hong-Kong so lovely an island. I had never read or heard of its being at all a beautiful place, but we visited it quite by accident during the most perfect weather possible, though it must be remembered that Hong-Kong, like many other countries, has spells, and long ones, too, at times of bad weather. For months the Peak is enveloped in fog, and a very damp penetrating one, making life in those elevated positions anything but agreeable.

Hong-Kong was ceded to the British Crown in 1841, when the inhabitants numbered much less than 5000, consisting only of native fishermen and agricultural

labourers, as against 250,000 to-day, of whom nearly 10,000 are Europeans and Americans.

Our Government is now building a very costly naval dock to take the largest first-class cruiser afloat. I do not know how the cost will compare with that of the one at Gibraltar, but it is hoped it will not be more than a tenth of that amount. The Hong-Kong Club is a palatial building of three storeys, with wide verandahs. It has an excellent library, and is in a very central position. I was at once made an honorary member. There is also a German club, known as the Club Germania, and a Portuguese club, called the Lusitano Club. There are capital docks, engineers' steam workshops, sugar refineries (one of which is the largest, I believe, in existence), foundries, and a patent slip capable of hauling up ships of large size. The water-supply is excellent, one reservoir alone containing 310,000,000 gallons. A constant supply of water is laid on to nearly every European house, and to most of the Chinese, together with the street fountains. The Botanical Gardens are splendid, and the hospitals above the average. The magnificent buildings, including banks, steamship and merchants' offices, built of massive granite and several storeys high, make one rub one's eyes and ask can this be China, much less Hong-Kong, which only sixty years ago was little more than a barren rocky mountain or small island wilderness? Given fine weather, we find this one of the most delightful of cities, and we hope, if spared, to revisit it. I have said nothing of its splendid land-locked harbour, where all the most stately merchant ships of the world are to be daily seen, some bound to nearly every corner of the earth and under many flags, and where are also crowded many of His Majesty's ships of war. There are here also, of course, cabling facilities to everywhere. The trade with Hong-Kong has increased relatively with the vast increase of its population. It is the key of the south entrance to the heart of the great empire of China, with its 400,000,000 of inhabitants, who nearly all represent a large working hive of bees. It commands the estuary of the Canton River. The city of Canton, with its dense and almost countless

inhabitants, is only 90 miles distant, and is the capital of Southern China. I have said nothing specially about the imports and exports, as I do not like to weary general readers with a lot of dry statistical facts and figures of annual revenue and expenditure and values, of imports and exports: and I have referred already to the startling increase of the population, and with it the commerce of the island and the constant visits of nearly all the finest freight and passenger steamships in the world—English, French, German, and Japanese mail-boats.

The leading imports are European and American manufactures of nearly every description—flour, opium, oil, salt, metals, etc., together with large quantities of rice from other ports in China. The leading exports are tea, silks, and sugar. The colony of Hong-Kong itself, being little more than range upon range of rocky hills, produces nothing but granite and vegetables.

That most ancient Portuguese colony Macao—I believe the oldest in China, as its occupation dates back to the year 1557—is situated only 40 miles west of Hong-Kong, and there are daily fast, well-equipped steamers running with passengers to both Canton and Macao.

In writing of Hong-Kong and British interests, I may point out that our immediate neighbours are the French. The latter have a great Exhibition in the city of Hanoi, which is attracting much attention. Hanoi, I may say, is a beautiful city—one of the finest in the Far East—although it has not such a great commerce as Shanghai. The old pirate haunt of Kwang-chau-wan is France's latest acquisition. It was ceded to her by China on lease, as are all the concessions in the North-East of China, to wit, Wei-hai-wei, which was leased to England, Port Arthur to Russia, and Kiaochau to Germany in 1898.

"Lease" is a salve, or apologetic title, for preserving the dignity of the two contracting nations. Needless to say, on the part of China in particular, it is a very comprehensive term, which the European Powers named have found very useful, and it is a lease in perpetuity, or at any rate until China may in the dim and distant future

become strong enough to cancel the leasehold with the contracting European Powers now so strongly established on each of their respective concessions.

When England, Germany, and Russia were so deeply interested and their attention so fully engaged over securing their new territorial aggrandisements in North China, a favourable opportunity was afforded for France to make almost unobserved her large extension in the south by securing Kwang-chau-wan, the bay of which is only 200 miles distant from Hong-Kong. Within the new province of France—Kwang-tung—are very many towns and villages, comprising a population of 200,000. The colony is under the administration of the French-Indo-China Government. France, by attaching this, has secured a strong naval base nearer to its colony of Indo-China, and more at hand than Cape St. James. There is accommodation for a large fleet of steamers, with an anchorage of 18 fathoms, extending over an area of 9 miles. There is a sand bar in the channel, but it extends only 250 yards. This is about to be dredged and deepened at a cost of seven and a half millions of francs. Docks and coal depôts are to be made at a cost of four million francs; an arsenal, at fifteen million francs; and artillery defences, at one million francs. A cable connects the place with Amoy in the north and Haiphong in the south. A liberal supply of good coal is always assured the fleet from the French coalfields at Hongay, only one day's journey from Kwang-chau-wan. At Hanoi an electric tramway runs round the town for a distance of 8 miles. The roads are wide and macadamised, and extend, including all the thoroughfares, over 50 miles. Many of the roads are well shaded with trees. There are beautiful botanic gardens, with picturesque public walks and drives. The French Exhibition there is a very fine one. The centre block of it will be turned into an archæological and philological institute. There is a very pretty little French Protestant church and a fine Roman Catholic cathedral. A new theatre is being built to accommodate 1000 persons. A new palace for the Governor-General is in course of erection. The city is well lighted by electricity. There are large waterworks,

FIJIANS IN NATIVE DRESS ON CORONATION DAY. (*See* Chapter XIII.)

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and the water is laid on to private houses. There are eighty-five fountains.

In the event of a war conflagration in Europe, what a scene of attack and defence would be centred in the East, with all the mighty fortresses which each of the Great Powers is building up in China in near proximity to the others!

4th October.—We sailed at noon to-day on the *Kumano-Maru* (net register, 3147 tons) for the next stage of our journey, which we have arranged as follows:—

Hong-Kong to Thursday Island . . .	2660 miles.
Thursday Island to Townsville	650 „
Townsville to Brisbane	610 „
Brisbane to Sydney	510 „
Sydney to Melbourne	570 „
Total . .	5000 miles.

It is more than difficult—it is impossible—for your untravelled Northerners, or those only accustomed to cross the broad Atlantic, with its biting cold weather and stormy seas, to realise the pleasure and luxury of travelling in perfect weather, calm seas, and under cloudless skies, in the latest designed ship, built entirely for tropical navigation, with everything that art, science, and forethought can suggest. "Punkahs" over every table, electric fans, a capital chef (Oriental), the quickest and cleanest of servants, the silent and never tiring, ever respectful Japanese or Chinese attendants, one specially told off and appointed to each passenger or each room. I had a large three-berth room to myself, with ports opening forward to the bows of the ship and on the side. There was a well-equipped laundry always at work, with efficient washing and ironing by laundrymen; deck boys, whose exclusive duty it is to wait on passengers on deck; electric lights everywhere, with ample illumination to read on deck in the evenings; an excellent refrigerator, preserving everything that has a name (turning out from 5 to 8 cwts. of ice per day), amply supplying the tables daily with ice, ice puddings, and ice-creams, also hot and cold salt water and fresh shower baths, together with a salt swimming bath, and a well-fitted barber's shop.

When I travelled in the finest steam transports during the Crimean War, in mail steamers at the end of the fifties, and in the early sixties, none of these luxuries was ever dreamt of or thought of.

5th and 6th October.—The weather still keeps very fine as we make our way southward past and through the Philippine Islands, leaving Manilla and its bay to the east as we approach the Sulu Sea.

7th October.—We are steaming in smooth, windless, but rather cool weather across the Sulu Sea, whence by the Basilan Straits we pass into the Celebes Sea.

8th October.—At 6 a.m. we passed through the strait separating the small island of Basilan from the large island of Mindanao, both in the South Philippines; and we proceeded across the Celebes Sea, with Borneo on our west and the Celebes Islands to the south.

9th October.—At 8 a.m. we threaded the Banka Passage between Biarro and Banka, small islands of the North-Eastern Celebes. This passage took us by the mountainous Limbé Islands towards the Molucca or Spice Islands, most of which lay to our east as we made for Manipa Strait and the Banda Sea. We crossed the Equator at 6 p.m.

10th October.—Going close by Amboina Island we crossed the Banda Sea and headed for the Arafura Sea.

11th to 13th October.—After a long course through the Arafura Sea, and leaving Papua or New Guinea to the north, and British New Guinea and the Gulf of Papua to the north-east, we came to an anchor at 7.30 p.m. on the 13th October about 2 miles from Thursday Island in the Torres Straits.

14th October.—We went on shore and saw what was to be seen in a place said to be very healthy but otherwise by no means attractive. The jetty alongside which we went is, I believe, owned by that large and important Sydney firm, Messrs. Burns, Philip, & Co., who appear to have many stations, and one of the largest shares in the shipping interest of Northern Australia. They also own a fleet of small craft engaged in the pearl-fishing industry, which is the one support of this outlying distant isle. A number of small vessels engaged in pearl-fishing were lying

FIJIAN WITH CLUB. (*See* Chapter XIII.)

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here, and they shipped by us, *vid* Melbourne, for transhipment to England, a large number of cases containing immense shells in shape resembling oysters, but ten or twenty times the size, which shells supply our markets for making pearl handles for fruit and fish knives, forks, pearl buttons of every size, besides many other articles of use and luxury.

The shells, of course, vary very much in size as well as in quality, their weight ranging from half a pound to two and a half pounds. I am not sure of the English market value at the present time, though this is constantly quoted in the London brokers' price current lists. The price, I believe, ranges from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb., or from £100 to £150 per ton. A friend of mine recently sent some from Tahiti, in the South Seas, where the pearl-fishing industry also exists, to San Francisco, realising 2s. per lb.

To those engaged in "pearling," the production of the pearl-shell is the primary object of the industry, and is sufficient to pay all the working expenses, and, if successful, leave a handsome margin in addition. The shell is opened, cleaned, and packed in boxes for shipment to Europe.

Pearls are sometimes found, and, of course, have an extreme range of value, from £1 to £1500 each; and now and again, at rare intervals, even more. Needless to say, such finds are a fortune to the few; but all the men engaged in the diving and working of the small pearl-fishing craft benefit largely.

Thursday Island is a place where no man in the world would ever think of going to live, unless compelled to do so for the sake of his daily bread. The population comprises very few white men. The remainder, with the floating population in the luggers and pearling boats, are Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Australian aborigines, and the yellow races generally: and with all respect to them all, they are by no means of the best. The town itself is a wretched, tin-roofed little place, dry and arid as the Sahara, and without rainfall.

There are three descriptions of pearl shells, the gold-edged, which are the most valuable, the black, and common edged. Diving dresses are in general use, though some

natives are in the habit of diving in 10 to 12 fathoms of water in nature's costume only. At Tahiti, the French possession in the South Seas, there is a contract between the natives and the French Government that no diving dress whatever shall be permitted, and an occasional long close season is made there to enable the large shellfish, or oyster, to grow and thus prevent the depths from being denuded. Sometimes the oysters enclosed in these large shells are eaten, but they are by no means a delicacy. When the owner, or a very trustworthy representative, is not with the lugger or small craft engaged in the pearl-fishing, the proprietor may order all the shells to be brought to him to be opened in his presence—I should imagine a very unpleasant alternative in such a torrid heat if the boat had been away any time, unless indeed the shells were kept in salt water continually.

The price of the various descriptions of pearl shells varies somewhat erratically, as it is controlled, like so many other things, by the inscrutable dictates of fashion, Paris taking the lead with certain favoured prismatic hues for the millions of large pearl buttons used for ladies' outer garments.

Any European coming to Thursday Island, the centre of the pearl-fishing industry, expecting to buy valuable pearls for a trifle or a few pounds from one of any creed or colour, would be grievously mistaken, as it is more than probable that the owner, lawful or otherwise, no matter how low in the social scale he might be, would ask at least a London Bond Street price.

Thursday Island, with those engaged in the pearl-fishing, embraces, for its limited numbers, a greater diversity of the human race than any other country. It is, of course, British, and annexed to Queensland with a resident British representative, to whom I carried a letter of introduction. There is always a great scarcity of water without any vegetation. Food of all kinds is mostly brought here from Cooktown and other parts of Northern Australia. The island is most uninteresting, and life there is very monotonous. The principal imports are rice, flour, kerosene, tinned and fresh provisions, and material generally

FIJIAN, WITH CLUB. (*See* Chapter XIII.)

for the divers and the equipment of the large fleet of pearling boats.

Here I saw the Bishop of North Queensland on his tour of inspection looking, I thought, somewhat disconsolate, probably at the desolate scene around, and his degenerate-looking Christian flock, black, brown, and yellow.

There is a new Dutch settlement just being opened up a little to the north-east of Thursday Island, on the coast of New Guinea, the region of the "Head-hunters." The Dutch are making a convict establishment, with prisoners of a bad type from Java, Acheen, and the neighbouring Dutch settlements. The place is known as Merauki. It lies considerably to the west of the Fly River. They have completed building small houses for the Governor and other officials, also barracks for the troops, and cells for the convicts. There are at present 400 soldiers, half Dutch and half Malays, to guard the convicts and keep the natives in subjection.

I obtained from here three very large handsome birds, about twice the size of an English pheasant, with piercing, bright, crimson eyes, and large greyish crests, which are very uncommon. I do not know their proper name; someone called them the crested pigeons of New Guinea, though they are more than ten times larger than any pigeon.

The women in the vicinity of this new convict settlement have a most artistic and curious but gruesome custom of manipulating in some way the heads of human beings brought in by the Head-hunters. The brains are first removed, and then the head is preserved by some mysterious process which the natives say enhances the beauty of the features of the slaughtered victims—somewhat, I suppose, after the manner of the ancient Maoris in New Zealand.

CHAPTER XII

Brisbane, Sydney, and Blue Mountains

15th and 16th October 1902.—The passage from Thursday Island to Sydney is frequently written of as the most dangerous in the world, although it is interspersed with innumerable islands of all sizes for nearly the whole distance. I am not in accord with this theory, as, in the first place, steamers are invariably equipped with first-class, thoroughly experienced pilots, whose lives are spent in continually passing up and down between the two ports. There is almost invariably smooth water the whole way down to Brisbane, the Great Barrier Reef acting as a breakwater. In the event of hazy or thick weather or uncertainty owing to overwhelming darkness at night, or any other cause, the ship is always in very easy, reasonable, and safe anchorage. We ran the whole way down, day and night, without once easing or stopping. It is true we had good moonlight, though I do not for a moment think we should have stopped had there been no moon. Still, I am aware some ships do often anchor at night. In these beautiful latitudes the nights are so bright and clear, and the stars so brilliant, that the pilot generally knows his exact position.

The distance from Thursday Island to Townsville is 660 miles, and we accomplished it in rather over two days, beneath the bluest of skies, between the great enclosed sea path, with nature's mighty breakwater, the Barrier Reef, enclosing us the whole way down from Thursday Island, for exactly 1800 miles, to Brisbane, with the Australian continent on the other side, thus giving us an entire immunity from any rough water.

17th October.—Arriving at Townsville, north-east of

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Australia, we anchored a long way off the town, 4 miles distant, and we went on shore in a very large steam launch, saw considerable dredging operations in progress, with two steam dredgers, one built in England, and the other in Brisbane. Blasting work was also being largely carried on to remove rocks in the middle of the bed of the water running close up to the town.

Four hundred thousand pounds has already been spent in dredging, harbour works, and breakwater, and in attempts to make a dock at this little place.

Some considerable quantity of sugar is made here and despatched to other parts of Australia, but it is of no great moment or value. About four small cargoes of frozen meat are exported annually. The number of so-called hotels (of unmerited pretensions), worthy of little more than the appellation of drinking bars, or grog shops, with billiard saloons, is incredible in so small a place, and is a great standing reproach, if not disgrace, to the place. The labouring class of Europeans is reported to be very lazy and thriftless.

The celebrated "Chartered Towers" (a well-known mining district) is 100 miles distant, and is connected by a railway with Townsville. The output of gold from the district varies from £500,000 to £750,000 sterling per annum. The place derives its name from the late Mr. Charters, who first discovered gold here. The whole country looks the most desolate, parched, dried-up wilderness, there having been practically no water for eleven months past,—nothing more than a few drops to lay the dust, and this on two or three occasions only. Horses all look three-parts starved, and there is not one to be seen whose ribs could not be counted. Cattle and horses were being fed on very indifferent withered-up sugar cane, cut up in a machine, and also prickly pear stumps, boiled to prevent the spikes or spears from entering and pricking the tongues and mouths of the animals. Cows, goats, and sheep I observed waiting and watching beneath the trees to pick up a dead leaf immediately it fell. A small quantity of maize was imported from the River Plate, South America, and some oats from New Zealand, but the

cost is too great to allow the owners of horses to buy, excepting in the most limited quantities.

There appear to be no manufactures or productions of any kind, and the exports seem to consist only of the very limited quantity of sugar and frozen meat before referred to. But for being the seaport and depôt for Chartered Towers, it would be better if the place was wiped out of existence altogether, if the unusually prolonged drought is to continue. I am always considered too eulogistically sanguine and optimistic as to the productions of every place and country I visit. This cannot be said of my strongly expressed pessimistic views of Townsville and Thursday Island.

We sailed for Brisbane at noon.

18th to 20th October.—We arrived late in the evening at Pinkenba, which is 40 miles distant by train from Brisbane. Directly after breakfast on the 20th we went ashore for a trip by train to the capital of Queensland.

The first thing that struck me on landing, after crossing two or three hundred yards of intervening space between the ship and the railway station, as I was making my way to catch the train for Brisbane, was two large enclosures, with post and rail fence. I saw in one about fifty head of cattle, and in the other about the same number of horses. They, alas! were in the same miserable state of starvation as those we saw the other day at Townsville. How our eyes get opened by personal observation and experience, and our early delusions get dispelled! I had cherished the belief in my imagination that this was the land of peace and plenty, flowing with milk and honey. I cannot express my feelings at the sad and cruel awakening.

Away in the neighbouring districts the settlers have lost all, or nearly all, their stock of horses, cattle, and sheep, having neither food nor water to give them. Subscriptions were being got up amongst those in Brisbane, who have themselves none too much, to help those poor families coming into the town, driven from their homes and homesteads by the appalling and apparently ceaseless drought, which has long been present as a curse and blight over the land. I could not stay here under such dis

tressing circumstances, but remained only as long as our beautiful and luxurious steamer was in port, and then continued my journey to the neighbouring sister colony of New South Wales.

Away in the interior of Queensland and the northern parts of Australia the settlers and squatters are waging a terribly losing fight with the long-continued drought, and its attendant heavy and distressing loss of all they gained in the years gone by. It would be the worst form of wickedness to encourage any class of emigrants to come here. Very many present now would gladly get away to more favoured lands if they had the means, and saw any opening elsewhere.

The railways in Australia are owned by the Government, and it has gained many hundreds of pounds by carrying water to save the lives of some at least of the sheep comprising the large flocks in the more distant parts; but such an expense is impossible for the settlers to continue, apart from the difficulty of distributing the water over a vast area of country.

Being just from China, the whole of that vast empire appears to me to be a huge garden compared to what I have seen, so far, of this drought-stricken northern portion of the Australian Continent.

In justice to Brisbane I ought to give the bright side as well as the dark, and I may say it is a town of considerable size, well laid out, with several fine buildings, particularly some Government ones, which I may describe as handsome and imposing, with several substantial banks and large shops, all erected, I presume, in the more flourishing and prosperous times. I noticed with regret that nine houses out of ten of the better class in the whole surrounding district had tin—or rather galvanised —roofs, which to me personally are an eyesore; but I am told they are a necessity, as the size of hailstones periodically is phenomenally large, and would break through all tiles and slates. So large and heavy have the stones of ice been at times that they have been known to penetrate even the iron roofing.

I visited some very pretty botanical gardens, fairly

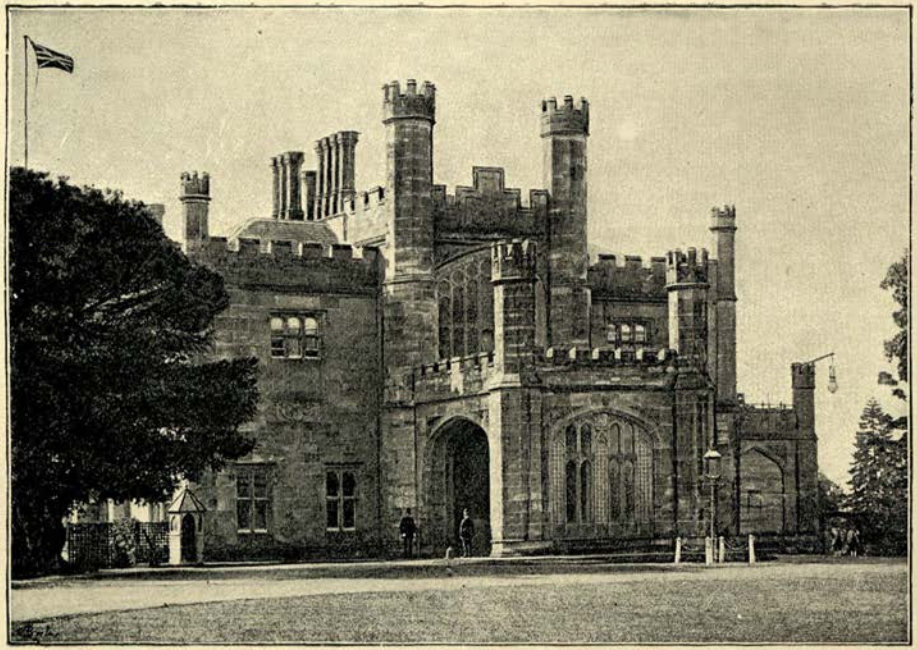
well kept up by a number of labourers, but sadly needing more water.

21*st October*.—We are now past all the protecting barrier reefs, so there is considerably more sea on for the rest of our voyage between Brisbane and Sydney. But the 520 miles were nevertheless traversed pleasantly enough.

22*nd October*.—We arrived this morning at Sydney, and being from Hong-Kong, where the bubonic plague was recently raging, and there having been some time since many cases in Sydney, we had to undergo the most rigorous inspection by the health officers at the first quarantine ground at which we anchored. Passengers and crew alike were all individually inspected, the inspection occupying two hours. We then proceeded to a further inner quarantine ground, where we had again to anchor, and were visited by another medical officer, whose business it was to examine microscopically all the fresh water in the ship for microbes of cholera and plague, as we were from Shanghai as well as Hong-Kong, cholera having been very fatal at the former place and plague at the latter. We had to discharge the water from our tanks into the sea.

Passing all these tests successfully, we next ran the scrutiny of the Customs, and as unfortunately we are burdened with a large amount of luggage—having to provide ourselves with clothing to meet every extreme of climate for at least two, if not three, years, besides an entire equipment of our own saddles, bridles, and other impedimenta—I feared some trouble. But being, if my modesty will allow me to say so, a traveller of some known repute, I got everything graciously passed by the representative of H.M. Customs. We then proceeded to the Hotel Australia, in Castlereagh Street, Sydney, which claims to be the best in the whole of Australasia, and certainly meets admirably all our requirements for a month's stay.

23*rd October to 5th November*.—In consequence of our extended journeys in Japan, China, and Siberia, we were three months overdue on our arrival here, so it took several



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mornings to work off the correspondence, telegrams, etc., which had accumulated at Messrs. Cook's. In the afternoons we have enjoyed many drives and water-trips to the various beautiful spots near Sydney, and to that harbour which is so famous that it needs no description from my pen. These excursions included Manly, Rose Bay, Watson's Bay, up the Parramatta River and the winding route to Rosehill—which has been favourably compared to the Rhine, and even the Bosphorus—with its Chiswick, Putney, Mortlake, and Ryde to recall to English tourists familiar associations. We enjoyed immensely a trip on the Hawkesbury River, with its grand mountainous scenery.

Being taken a twenty-mile drive all round the Parramatta district, I found orchards and vineyards stretching away on every side: and great prosperity might be the reward of the owners were it not for the fatal long-continued drought, which has been such a fearful scourge to the country for many years past, combined with the further havoc occasioned by sparrows, caterpillars, and ladybirds.

Is there a possibility of a remedy for the great drought? The thought brings back to my memory the scheme, so much talked of at the time, now ten or twelve years ago, of my friend Mr. M'Kenzie, who had a project for flooding the Desert of Sahara by cutting a canal of only about thirty miles in length from the Atlantic Ocean inland. Many surveyors and others whom I met at the time in the Canary Islands were sent out in connection with this scheme. Would it be within the bounds of possibility to treat the stony plains and wastes of Central Australia in some such manner? If, like the Sahara, it should be found to lie several feet below the sea-level, the evaporation of such an inland sea could only end in a succeeding fall of rain to the earth, thus flooding a useless, unproductive country. The climate being hot, would by evaporation cause a large quantity of rain and fine luxuriant growth and moisture for all the surrounding country, and make it probably the most prosperous and fertile land in the world. It is said that such a work would cost £5,000,000, but experts whom I have conversed with on the subject are agreed that this is far beyond the mark.

Visiting the fine and well-stocked Zoological Gardens of Sydney, I deposited in them my monster pheasants from New Guinea, of which there were no specimens there. This bird, it seems, is very rare, and its proper name is the "Crowned Pigeon of New Guinea or Goura d'Albertisi."

The streets of Sydney were as crowded, especially on a Saturday night, as any we have ever seen.

The butchers' shops astounded us, particularly around the suburbs. The sight of rows of dressed sheep, hanging ready to be cut up, would, if in England, attract the attention of the first inspector passing by, who, I imagine, would at once condemn the lot, as the carcases resembled miserable skeletons, with dried skin tightly drawn over the ribs, apparently only fit to be utilised as lanterns. Needless to say, this is attributable to the terrible eight or nine years' drought. A few years since who would have imagined it possible that Sydney would be obliged to import regularly mutton and beef from New Zealand?

6th November.—I had often heard of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales, and in imagination pictured them like Snowdon or some other similar mountain in the British Isles of the same very limited dimensions, whereas to my astonishment I found they extended for some hundreds of miles, range upon range, some 150 to 200 miles from Sydney, rising to between 4000 and 5000 feet in height, the altitude at each station being most conspicuously posted up. We started this morning on a week's tour through them, stopping first at Mount Victoria, the railway station there being 3750 feet above sea-level. The mountains and scenery along the route are very grand and imposing, but nevertheless, to my mind, though it may appear paradoxical, very dreary and desolate, as owing to so little rain ever falling, the ground has a very parched-up, dry appearance—no greenness, freshness, or verdure to the trees; no cultivation excepting an isolated patch here and there, produced by an extraordinary amount of labour and attention.

At 4.30 p.m. we arrived at Tarana, 120 miles distant from Sydney, with collieries here and there, particularly at

Lithgow, passing over a strange railway track known as the "Zig-zag," at which place also there is a colliery.

At Tarana we found a primitive two-horse coach waiting for us, which took us to Oberon, a small Australian township, 16¾ miles distant. There is a good road, though not one single hotel or inn the whole way, with scarcely a residence, and we passed, I think, only two or three persons during the drive, and not one vehicle. We put up here at a small, pleasant little country hostelry, The Royal Hotel, for the night.

7th November.—At 7.30 a.m. we started by coach for the far-famed "Jenolan Caves," the show-place of New South Wales. The Government have expended no less than £100,000 in making good roads, winding round the mountain sides, solely to give easy access to and from the caves. Driving 10 miles we passed the great dividing range of mountains at an altitude of 4120 feet, called Porcupine Point. After completing 14 miles we came to the end of a high range at the top of Caves Hill, and descending 1200 feet in a further 2½ miles, we arrived at the Caves Hotel, a very pretty, substantial, and picturesque house, which also has been built by the New South Wales Government for the accommodation of visitors to the caves. These were named after the parish in which they are situated, and were first discovered by a bushranger, who used one of them as a retreat.

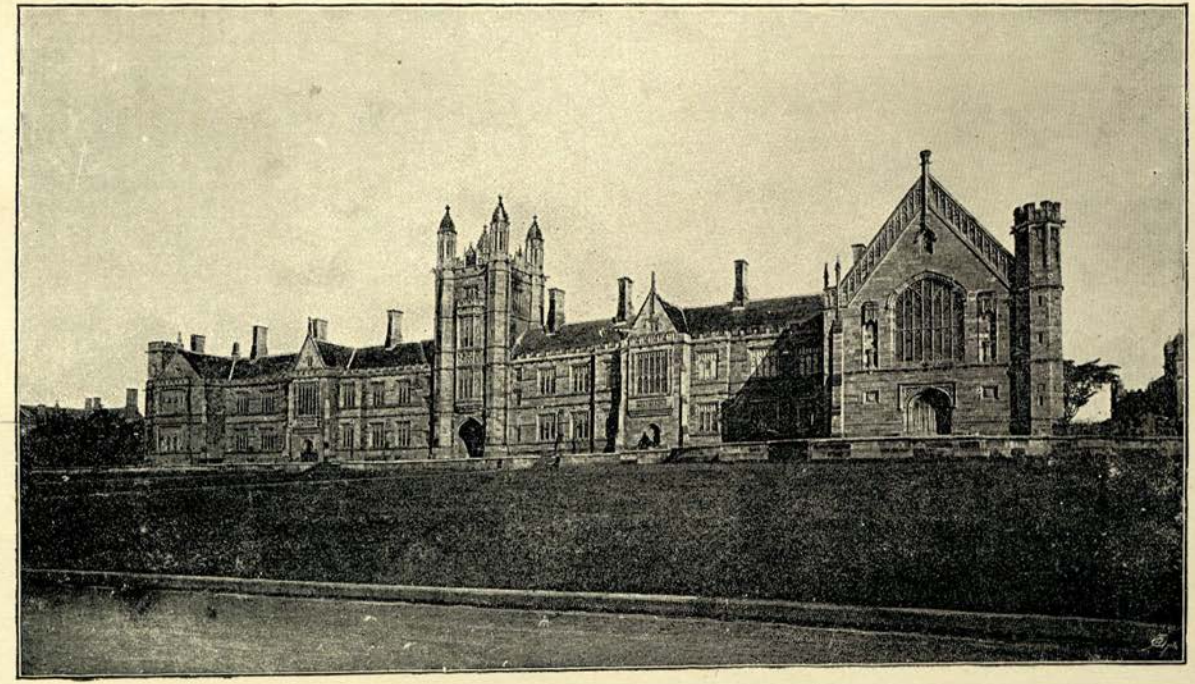
On the 2nd of October 1866, the Government publicly acknowledged the necessity and importance of securing and protecting this most valuable discovery, and appropriated as Government reserved property 6¼ miles of the country surrounding it; and from 1867 to the present time no expense or labour has been spared to open up the caves, electric lighting all the interior, building a Government hotel, and beautifying the place by every possible means, making it the most attractive and instructive show-place of the Colony. Dangerous places inside have been bridged over, and other parts railed off with most substantial wire. An Eiffel wheel has been erected, driven by the subterraneous waters, for electric

lighting. The hotel has at present (before the contemplated further improvements, to cost £5000, are carried out) a handsome dining-room, capable of accommodating sixty guests, billiard-rooms, and tastefully laid out flower gardens, with many large tropical tree ferns. The caves, numbering, they tell me, about fifty, and extending over 38 miles, are of immense extent, and admittance can only be gained by a small payment, and only when accompanied by a guide in the service of the Government. The stalactitic and dripstone growths are majestic and massive coral bowers and fairy-like grottoes; some are translucent, others are opaque and snowy white. In those caves which we visited we saw some very beautiful stalactites and stalagmites. The "Devil's Coachhouse" is grand and massive, and possesses the double advantage of daylight and easy access. The contrast with the wooded surroundings shows out in bold relief its immense and imposing arch.

8th November.—We stayed on to-day at the Caves Hotel, which is run, by the way, on absolutely teetotal principles. The day was all too short for thorough inspection of the many wonders of nature to be seen in this wild region of the Blue Mountains.

9th November.—Starting this morning on our return journey to Sydney, *viâ* Mount Victoria, we had a very stiff drive of 40 miles on a four-horse coach, over and beside large mountains and hills, with capital roads. We arrived late in the afternoon at the Imperial Hotel, Mount Victoria, and remained there the night.

10th November.—We were off again early this morning by another four-horse coach for Katoomba (still in the Blue Mountains), standing at an elevation of 3333 feet, 66 miles distant from Sydney, and passing through the town of Blackheath, we visited the far-famed spot known as "Govett's Leap." The perpendicular walls of this chasm are simply immense. I could not, approximately even, estimate the depth. The current report is (I do not know with what truth) that when Govett, a bushranger, was chased by the mounted police, his horse took charge of him, ran away, and leapt over the brink into the depths below.



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Regaining our direct road to Katoomba, we passed the most distant spot reached by the early explorers of the Blue Mountains in 1813. The site is marked by a tablet with an inscription recording it. The scenery around is very beautiful, and is called the "Fairyland" of the Blue Mountains.

We drove to the Katoomba and Leura Falls, and saw the "rock pillar," 1000 feet high, called the "Orphan." It has become detached by some great throe of nature from the main mighty cliffs.

We stayed the night at the Carrington Hotel, Katoomba, situated most picturesquely in this most beautiful of districts.

11th November.—This morning opened with glorious sunshine, the bluest and clearest of skies, a slight blue haze everywhere over the mountains, which is almost universally the case, and from which fact the mountains derive their name of Blue. We visited the Wentworth Falls—the view from the pretty hotel here where we stayed, known as "Tolls," is said to extend for 60 miles—and sat beneath the "weeping rock," so well known to travellers over the Blue Mountains. The effect of the sunlight on the immensity of the falling water created a brilliant rainbow.

After luncheon at Tolls Hotel we drove on to the railway station, where we took the train at 1.45 p.m., reaching Sydney after a journey of two and a half hours.

12th November to 13th November.—Our last week at Sydney was occupied fully enough in visiting friends, shopping, and making arrangements for our next move, which is to Auckland, New Zealand, by way of the Fiji, Samoan, and Friendly or Tonga Islands.

The large New South Wales wool sales being on, we went to the Wool Exchange. The market was very excited, in consequence of the shortage of fleece, owing to the very many millions of sheep lost during the terribly long drought, there being neither food nor water for them. The uproar, yelling, shouting, and gesticulating by the numerous rival buyers were very amusing.

We visited the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, and

having been for many years on the committee of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, I was most kindly and courteously received by the very able secretary, Mr. Mitchell, who, like our friend Mr. Barker, of Liverpool, has had the direction of the Sydney Chamber for many years. I was also introduced to the late President, and between them was held in pleasant conversation for an hour, when it became quite evident that they do a great deal of good work, pressing on the Colonial Government, the House of Representatives, and their members, the urgency of any matter of commercial importance.

The interests of the pleasure-seekers, as well as those of the workers, are evidently most efficiently looked after here. For some grand cycling sports, for example, which we attended, we found provided one of the finest grounds and enclosures imaginable. Everything was splendidly done for the comfort of a well-dressed and well-behaved crowd of some 10,000 people, mostly supplied with seats. Then, again, at the Palace Theatre we found an extremely pretty house, worthy of a play a good deal better than the crude melodrama called "The Worst Woman in London" which chanced to be the production on the night of our visit.

A second visit to the Zoological Gardens, to see how my birds were getting on, recalled one of the troubles which Sydney is just getting over. This is the plague, a recent outbreak of which was thought by the authorities to be responsible for the deaths of several kangaroos and other animals in confinement, the gardens being accordingly closed to the public altogether for a period of four months.

With reference to my allusions to the great eight years' drought in Australia, I ought now—in the autumn of 1904—to note that copious rains have at last fallen over the country, and that this season's wheat-harvest is the largest ever known.

CATAMARANS ON THE TAMARUA RIVER, ON AN ISLAND NEAR SUVA, FIJI.

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CHAPTER XIII

Fiji, Samoan, and Tonga Islands

19th November 1902.—We sailed very early this morning for the Fiji Islands on the *Manapouri* of the Union Steamship Co., New Zealand, a vessel of 1288 tons nett register. Our route, and its distances from Sydney to Auckland, will be as follows:—

Sydney to Lautoka (Fijian Islands) . . .	1720 miles.
Lautoka to Suva „ „ . . .	140 „
Suva to Levuka „ „ . . .	60 „
Levuka to Apia (Samoan Islands) . . .	607 „
Apia to Vavau (Friendly Islands) . . .	350 „
Vavau to Haapai „ „ . . .	86 „
Haapai to Nukualofa „ „ . . .	120 „
Nukualofa to Auckland (N. Zealand) . . .	1101 „
Making altogether	4184 miles.

Miss Bates and I each have a large state-room without any other occupants, though mine is built to accommodate four passengers. The little steamer is very lively indeed under the influence of a strong north-east wind.

20th November to 25th November.—After a cool and pleasant voyage, which soon became quite smooth and calm, we arrived on the seventh day out, the 25th November, at Viti Levu, the chief island of the Fijian group, of which there are a very great number, nearly 800, counting the innumerable small islets and large rocks. We anchored at Lautoka, where there is one of the largest sugar mills in course of erection, belonging to the Colonial Sugar Co. of Sydney. It is supposed that it will be ready for work in June next, when a large amount of sugar cane surrounding the mill will be ripe for cutting and crushing. The company's plantation covers a line

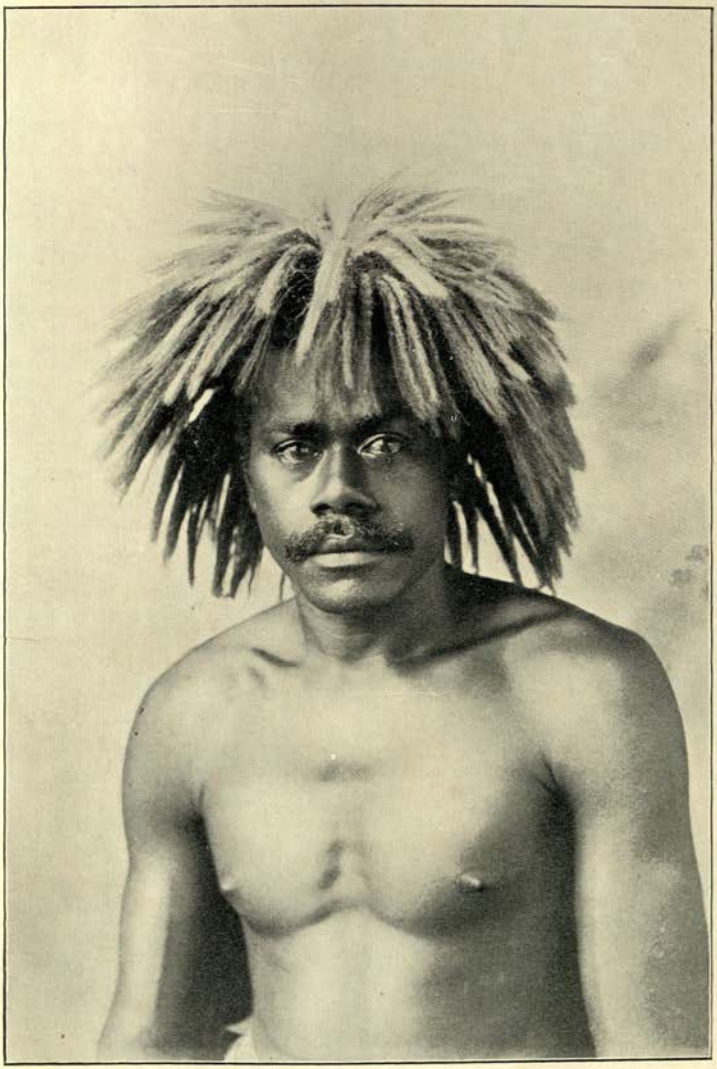
of country 32 miles in length. They (the Colonial Sugar Co.) have two hundred Indian coolies planting, ploughing, &c., with five hundred mules, the latter all imported from America. The whole surroundings and buildings for manager, overseer, chemist, doctor, engineers, mechanics, and labourers resemble a large township. We moored alongside their large and important jetty, and landed building materials.

26*th November*.—The night was very uncomfortable, as we passed it lying alongside the Sugar Company's wharf, exposed—without curtains—to the attack of mosquitoes. So it was delightful to be off in the clear sunny morning before a strong wind to Suva, which we reached at 3 p.m. We went ashore for a preliminary walk round, and for a call at the Government House, which has large and pretty grounds, with a wealth of bright-coloured and gorgeous tropical vegetation, but with an evident need for the skilled hand of the gardener.

A new governor has recently come out,—Sir Henry Jackson,—who came over with us from Southampton in the Royal Mail steamer *Para*, when we started our present tour in 1901, to the governorship of Antigua, in the West Indies. After a few months' residence there, he was recalled to England, and appointed to the Fijian Islands, *vice* Sir George O'Brien. The natives appear to have had terrible grievances in the past at the hands of the Government, and have most bitter complaints, the details of which have, I believe, been represented to the Colonial Secretary, but so far as I am aware have never been made public. I believe there has been under consideration the attachment of Fiji to New Zealand, which would be much to the advantage of the former.

Fiji has advanced but very little under British rule, though we have held it for nearly thirty years—viz., since 1874, when it was taken over by us as a Crown colony. The benevolent and paternal wing of our Colonial Office has done but little, and, though I am an Englishman, I must say I think the Americans, if they had had Fiji, would have done more for it in three years.

27*th November*.—Going ashore again this morning we



Fijian Mountaineer.

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took up our quarters at the Club Hotel, a modest establishment, and apt at times to be noisy, but still far better than the only other one in the place. I went across the bay in a smart six-oared gig manned by natives, and visited the Lami River Estate, which is being worked by two very enterprising, hard-working Englishmen, Messrs. Powell Brothers, originally from London. The estate consists of 300 acres, which they have leased from the Colonial Government for fifty years at an annual rental of 3s. per acre. They have cleared the land with Polynesian labour, and covered the ground with fine young cocoa plants, which are doing exceedingly well: and as the cocoa plants require shade they have planted bananas between each young tree, selecting the choicest banana roots from China. These being of rapid growth, they are already shipped in large quantities to both New South Wales and New Zealand, where there is always a ready sale; so whilst waiting for the cocoa trees to develop and bear fruit (which takes five years to mature), Messrs. Powell are already rapidly recouping themselves for their great outlay and labour, and making money in the meantime out of the sale of their bananas. Of this I had most absolute proof, and they deserve the highest commendation for this intelligent enterprise.

I may mention that a good cocoa plantation is a small ever-yielding gold mine. The climate is one of the healthiest in the world for Europeans, and though I do not think highly of Fiji as a field for emigrants, nevertheless men of good grit, with some capital, might follow in the footsteps of the men I have pointed out, and make money in a few years.

28th November.—Our breakfast and dining room at the Club Hotel, Suva, was on a level with the road, facing the beautiful bay or roadstead. We kept the lofty wide glass doors open; there were large movable wooden venetian screens to place in front when needed; the sea was as calm as the smoothest lake, and had only five feet rise and fall.

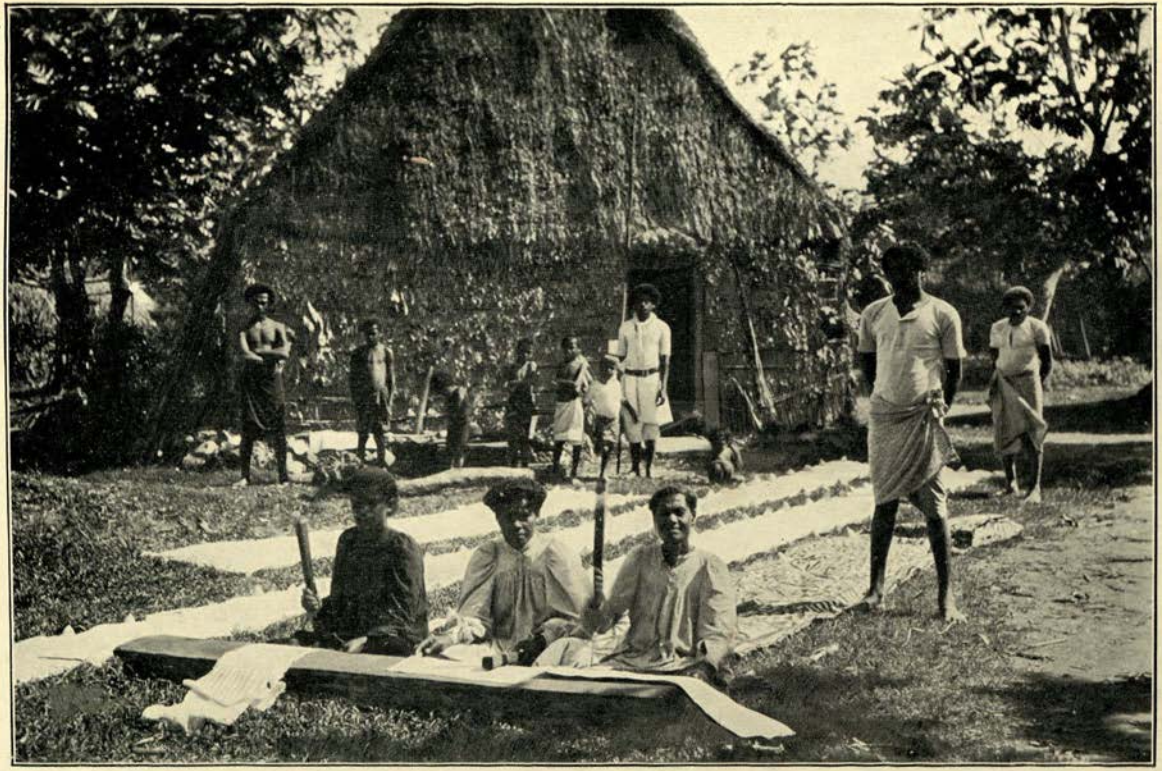
Fruit is very plentiful and ridiculously cheap, really good pineapples in great abundance at one penny each;

bananas of every variety known, equal to any in Canary or West Indies, three or four for a penny; yams, sweet potatoes, taro, fresh cocoanuts, and vegetables of nearly every description in large quantities, and equally low in price.

As several large steamers call here bringing passengers in transit to and from New Zealand, Australia, San Francisco, and other places, besides a few tourists, livery stables are in evidence, but carriages and horses are somewhat expensive to hire, being in demand to any extent only when one of the large passenger steamers is in port and some of the travellers want a drive to see the country, as they invariably do. In the absence of any such steamer there is little or no work for the horses to do.

The natives are a fine race, but not given to much work, as they do not see the necessity for it, Nature being so bountiful and supplying all their wants in the way of food with scarcely tickling the soil. Indian coolie labourers have to be imported to work the sugar estates, and Polynesians for more general work, though when the colony advances (if it ever does) I think there are hopes of their "turning to" like the natives of West Africa, who, with an extended association and more intimate acquaintance with the white man, at length desire to imitate him in dress and style of living, and in time to use jewellery, umbrellas, and walking-sticks, dress their wives, drink wine, and smoke cigarettes. To meet these requirements they find they must work. I have watched this transition develop itself during my long residence among many West African and other races; to vie with and emulate each other is instinctive in male and female, I think, of the whole human race. The men have the most luxuriant stock of woolly hair I have ever seen, and they are in the habit of saturating it with and keeping it packed in white lime, which has the effect of taking out the black colour and leaving it red, of which they seem very proud. It is made to stand up like a large door mat.

At present commerce in a direct trade between Great Britain and the islands is of small importance, excepting in copra, though there is a large trade inter-colonially with



FIJIANS MAKING TAPPA (Native Cloth).

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Australia and New Zealand in sugar, and an ever-increasing and developing trade with the same places in fruit, particularly bananas and pineapples.

The few Europeans look well and strong, and if nearer to Europe, the islands might become a health resort, though there is considerable rainfall.

Some small industries are springing up. As an instance, I visited a sawmill, which was employed to cut wood for packing-cases to ship the fruit away in.

There is a considerable quantity of copra, the dried fruit of the cocoanut, prepared by the natives. This simply means that the outer husk is chopped off the nut, then the shell is broken in half, and the fruit, so well known and liked by the middle and lower class children in England, is taken out with knives made for the purpose, as nearly as possible in two pieces, and put in the hot sun to dry. Then it is ready for shipment, and on its arrival in Europe it is sent to the crushing mills, and the oil—cocoanut oil, of course—is made, and the refuse converted into cocoanut cake for feeding cattle. The islands abound with these trees; they are simply everywhere. The land is covered with them, and if counted it would be in millions. The copra is collected from all the various islands.

There is a very considerable quantity of sugar, all, or nearly all, of which is produced by the Colonial Sugar Co. of Sydney, New South Wales, and is consumed in New Zealand and Australia.

If Fiji fails in importance in a direct trade with England, its growing inter-colonial one must tend to bind and develop the trade between these distant British possessions.

With capital thrown into the country it may yet develop into an agricultural and cattle-raising district; the few horses in use at present are mostly imported from Australia. The mongoose has become very numerous—in fact, a pest, and a perfect terror to all those who keep poultry.

Before leaving Suva I had the curiosity to look over one or two houses for sale in the neighbourhood, one of

them occupied for many years by the late Chief-Justice, Sir H. S. Berkeley. The prices ranged from £400 to £700, and the grounds and planting were charming. But the buildings were out of repair, and needed much money spent on them to make them habitable.

29th November.—Sailing shortly after midnight for Levuka, we put in there at 6 a.m. and moored alongside the jetty. Strolling about the little town, which was formerly the capital of the Fiji Islands, we found it very picturesquely situated, with lofty mountains sloping to within a few yards of the sea. On the shore is what would be called in the East a bund, lined with the shops of various traders, prominent amongst them being a representative of Lever Brothers, the Sunlight Soap people, who buy copra here for their branch factory at Sydney. The sides of the mountain are dotted with the pretty villas of the residents in this far-off spot, which, by the way, is 11,000 miles from England. There is a poll-tax throughout the Fijian Islands equal to 24s. on each male subject.

At 11 a.m. we left for Apia, the capital of the German territory in Samoa.

30th November.—The weather continues delightful, with a nice fresh trade wind. During the night we passed the 178th degree of longitude, so we are now west instead of east. It is usual in these circumstances to put the reckoning back for twenty-four hours, and so have an extra day in the week. But we shall so soon be retracing our longitude that our captain refrains from making an eight-day week to be adjusted by a six-day one shortly afterwards; so we go on as before.

1st December.—We arrived at Apia at 7 p.m. On the reef or sand-bank outside still lies the hull of the German man-of-war *Adler*, lost here in the famous hurricane from which one of our own vessels, H.M.S. *Calliope*, made so miraculous an escape, and in which several other warships were lost. The wrecks, except in the case of the *Adler*, have all been blown up and have disappeared. There are three main islands comprising the Samoan group or Navigator's Islands. Of these, the two larger ones, Savaii and Upola, were ceded to Germany under the Anglo-German

SAMOAN CHIEFS.

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agreement of 1899, both situated a little north of the 14th degree of south latitude, and between 170° and 173° west longitude; the island of Tutuila, a little to the south-west, with Pago (now under the American flag) as its chief town or capital. There are also two very small islands named Ofoo and Manua, lying a little to the westward, which belong to America.

The town of Apia in Upola is of very limited extent, and the buildings are without any pretensions. The church and post office are entirely built of wood; there are three small hotels—the International, the Tivoli, and the Central. At the former I saw a typical Englishman, who informed me he had been there some thirty or forty years, and did not know what sickness was. Even ping-pong has invaded this far-away quarter of the globe, the International having a large room set apart for it, as also, of course, a billiard-room; in fact, in nearly all the most distant parts I have penetrated, the ping-pong as well as the kodak fiend is to be found.

2nd December.—Going ashore this morning we spent in this South Sea island a remarkably interesting and enjoyable day, as I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Kunst, a wealthy retired German merchant from Vladivostock, in Siberia, who purchased the home of the late novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, which the new owner has entirely rebuilt on a very extensive scale. The spot is a few miles inland from the town, and the house is known as Vailima. It is situated at the foot of a mountain, where the remains of the much-beloved novelist are interred. The natives give it as their opinion that he was buried at this great height that he might be nearer to heaven. The place had an additional interest to us, as the widow, Mrs. Stevenson, and her widowed daughter, Mrs. Strong, are friends of ours.

Mr. Kunst only remains in Samoa three months in the year; a further three months he spends at a charming villa on the outskirts of Honolulu, and the remainder of the year in Germany (where also he has large property) and in travelling to and from Europe. He has recently purchased some 12,000 acres of uncleared land near Apia.

"Vailima Villa" is indeed a lovely place, with magni-

ficent sea-views from the verandah outside all the bedrooms on the upper floor. As in all South Sea Islands, the whole country teems with cocoanut trees, to the right, left, and everywhere, and though this is certainly a valuable product, cocoa would be very much more so. Mr. Kunst has purchased 300 acres of land surrounding his house, and is planting it with cocoa. He has 100 acres covered with most promising young trees, with some bearing fruit, and he has already sent some small shipments home. The climate favours the growth of the cocoa. The labour question is the great difficulty. The native is already being imbued—I was going to say intoxicated—with the spirit of civilisation, and with the teaching of his white brethren he has ceased to work seven days in the week, observing Sunday as a day of rest on further instruction by missionaries; and, being an imitative being, he now declines working more than half a day on Saturdays, reducing his former weekly labour of seven days per week to five and a half. The native being paid so much per lunar month, this makes a great difference to the employer. As in the case of Fiji, I foresee a great commercial future —but at some distance of time, perhaps—for Samoa in the production of cocoa.

As showing the productiveness of a well-farmed cocoanut plantation, an acre of ground ought to carry 40 healthy trees when full grown, and under favourable circumstances each tree should average 80 cocoanuts per annum, making 3200 per acre, or for 100 acres 320,000. Now as $2\frac{1}{2}$ cocoa-nuts are necessary to produce 1 lb. of copra, 320,000 nuts should, by the same calculation, produce 58 tons, which, at £10, 10s. per ton, would realise about £600. The dealing with such a large quantity of nuts would occupy the time of a small army of labourers. I may mention that from the time of the planting of the cocoanut to its arriving at maturity and bearing fruit, a period of eight years elapses, and after that many contingencies might arise; trees might be uprooted by storms, heavy rains might set in when the fruit was in process of drying, and in some of the islands a plague of rats ascend the trees, destroy and

eat tens of thousands of cocoanuts, so that the Samoan, like the British farmer, must not count up his gains until his produce is realised.

Splendid pines grow here, and many we took away with us weighing 8, 10, 12, and actually up to 14 lb. in weight. Also there are yams, bread fruit, avocada (commonly called alligator) pears, sweet potatoes, taro, bananas, and many more tropical fruits and vegetables.

The houses of the natives are nearly all round, and open on all sides excepting in inclement weather, when large bamboo or grass plaited mats are let down as screens.

The Samoans are a splendid race, with the finest physique of any natives of the many South Sea Islands I have visited. They have the most amiable and kindly dispositions; one Samoan native lady is married to a German merchant, now residing in Auckland. She is a princess of royal descent in her own country. We travelled with her and her children from Samoa (where she had been on a visit to some of her family), and subsequently were frequently her guests at her hospitable pretty house in Auckland, where she did the honours as one to the manner born, and with a charm which, with her charmingly graceful pose as hostess, could not be beaten in any mansion in England.

At "Vailima Villa" there were half a dozen finely shaped and grown maid-servants, natives of the country, with very symmetrical build and carriage, who could hardly be surpassed physically anywhere in the world.

Cows do well, but not sheep; the latter will not thrive at all. Horses are but few, and are mostly imported from New South Wales and New Zealand. There are very few Germans here; one gentleman, a Mr. Graysmul, an importer and exporter, who had been here many years, we knew well. In 1899 the claims of Great Britain over the Samoan archipelago were withdrawn, and Germany became possessed of this interesting group: and in consequence of this I regret to have to record the fact that Britain's commercial interests here have ceased to exist.

With regard to the sister island of Tutuila, with the

capital, Pago Pago (pronounced Pango Pango), this was at the same time ceded to America, and is consequently, of course, under the United States. Our friend Mr. Kunst has just built a hospital here, and during our stay presented it to the Governor of the island for the benefit of the town; but he (the Governor) was obliged to decline the offer until such time as the authorities in Germany had the offer brought before them, and their sanction obtained, as, of course, proper provision would have to be made for some sort of small maintenance fund. One small manufactory had just started making ice, which, needless to say, is a great boon. The country is healthy, but during the evenings and nights it swarms with mosquitoes and sand-flies, and I cannot recommend it as a field of emigration for my fellow-countryman, as its natural products are almost entirely confined to the dried fruit of cocoanut, known as copra.

We sailed from Apia at 7 p.m. for Vavau, one of the Tongan or Friendly Islands.

3rd December.—There has been a good deal of rain, and it has been very close and hot and steamy in the saloon with the ports closed. We got to Vavau at midnight.

4th December.—Strolling about Vavau this morning I came across a small Roman Catholic chapel. I had an interview with the French priest in charge of the mission, Father Castiginers. He informed me he landed here in 1857, and had consequently resided on the island forty-six years, and had never once left it during that long time. Occasionally in the past (though now many years ago) he had been on the verge of starvation, and at famine times found himself not only without food, but also without water, when he had to maintain life simply with oranges, of which there were fortunately abundance. There are two sisters, one French and the other a native Tonga woman, belonging to the mission.

Only 44 Europeans all told are scattered over the island. The trade, as in nearly all the South Sea Islands, is confined almost entirely to copra.

The natives are a fairly well-built race of men and

women, but certainly do not come up to the standard of physique or beauty of the Samoans.

Our steamer lay alongside a small wooden jetty with a communicating companion-way, and upon this being drawn in-board from the wharf on leaving, a native woman dropped into the water, which is very deep. She was in all her war-paint, with native costume, consisting of feathers, flowers, strips of curled flax and twining plants—being one of the dusky "belles" of the place. Many of her friends were present to bid her farewell, as she was bound to one of the other neighbouring islands. She was disconcerted only in consequence of having in her hand, at the time, some food which might get injured, when a native (a probable lover), standing on the pier, at once jumped from the wharf and secured it for her. The natives can all swim like fish, and the young lady was soon on board, and had only to shake herself like a sea nymph or mermaid and all was right again, without the use of a towel or change of her very light and airy apparel.

Whilst here, we took a boat with four strong natives: and the courteous commander of the *Manapouri* sent his second officer with us, for some hours' pull to visit a celebrated cave, running under the land, and with just room for the boat to enter. We found it the most marvellous grotto, with the bluest of water, resembling the blue grotto in the island of Capri, Bay of Naples, being in appearance (with a small flight of imagination) like the interior of a beautiful cathedral, with stalactites of many colours hanging from the roof. A small inner grotto, rather higher, was flooded with a golden light, which gave it the look of an exquisite high altar. There were many hundreds of small birds (swifts) flying near the roof of this beautiful work of nature. We took several ship's blue lights with us, kindly supplied us by our captain, and these upon being lighted up enhanced the beauty of the scene within. This wonderful and entrancing spot is rather far away from the run of tourists and travellers, and is much less known than it deserves to be. The whole scenery on the journey to and from the cave stamps itself on one's

memory as the most realistic illustration of what one has always been inclined to imagine the South Sea Islands to be—small trading stations for the purchase of copra, occasional native villages scattered here and there, with absolutely limitless numbers of cocoanut trees everywhere, and with a small fore-and-aft schooner with white sails occasionally passing for collection of the produce from the small outlying stations. On our way back to Vavau we ran our boat on to a sandy shore, and one of our boatmen ascended at once a cocoanut tree with the speed and agility of a monkey, using, as it were, two pairs of arms and hands, the legs and feet constituting the second pair, when he speedily commenced to shower down a large number of the young cocoanuts, which he intuitively, without a second's thought, knew to contain the largest amount of sweet milk. We found this drink most refreshing after our long pull under a tropical sun, though we celebrated our visit whilst inside our romantic-looking cathedral with something stronger than water.

The celebrated Captain Cook gave to this group the name of Friendly Islands on account of the apparently amicable disposition of the natives towards him, though in reality their intention was to massacre him and his crew, and capture his two ships, as they afterwards did in the case of the *Port-au-Prince*, a private ship of war, belonging to Robert Bent, a merchant of London, and later of West Moulsey, near Hampton Court. William Mariner, then (1811) belonging to her, was taken prisoner by the natives of one of the Tongan Islands when they captured the vessel, and he lived four years with them, and subsequently escaped and returned to England.

William Mariner describes a curiously interesting cave or grotto in the neighbourhood, well known by some living to-day, the entrance to which is some 6 feet beneath the surface of the water. Another prisoner and survivor of the *Port-au-Prince*, Jeremiah Higgins, says it was only 3 feet beneath the surface when he subsequently entered it at dead low water, at which period it was difficult of access on account of the swell. It was first discovered by a young chief whilst diving for a turtle. Mariner describes

COOK'S
MAP OF THE
WORLD

it as about 40 feet high by 40 feet wide, having its roof hung with stalactites resembling the Gothic arches and ornaments of an old cathedral. There is a pretty incident in connection with its past history.

Formerly at Vavau, or Vavaoo, there lived a native tyrannical "Tooi," or Governor. He discovered one of his chiefs plotting a form of insurrection, and the Governor, in consequence, condemned him and all his family to be massacred, so that none of his race might remain. The condemned man had a beautiful, young, and interesting daughter. Her lover flew to her, informed her of the decree, and resolved on saving her. He took a small canoe from the beach at midnight, and the girl followed him. They paddled till abreast of the cave, and he leaped into the water, she diving after him. They rose in the cave, rested from their fears and fatigue. After finding a comfortable and safe place for his companion, he shortly returned to Vavau to avoid suspicion.

Every succeeding night he repaired again to the place, took her every necessary, mats to lie on, primitive articles of native dress, food for her support, sandalwood, oil, and cocoanuts.

Before long he signified to his friends and followers that it was his intention to go to the Fiji Islands. A large canoe was got ready, and as his friends were taking their wives and female attendants and slaves, they asked him if he would not take a Tongan wife with him. He replied "No," and that he should probably find one by the way. His friends thought this a joke. Some time after putting to sea he directed them to steer a certain course, which led to the site of the grotto, arriving abreast of which he ordered them to cease paddling, and, saying he was going to look for his promised wife, dived from the canoe, and swam beneath the water to the sanctuary which concealed his dearest treasure. After a little lapse of time his friends, not one of whom was in his confidence, were greatly alarmed for his safety, and imagining that a shark must have seized him, began to think him insane. Their wonder was beyond all power of expression on seeing him, nearly half an hour later, rise to the surface and

come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised and found her to be one whom they believed to have been killed in the general massacre of the lately condemned family. They all reached one of the Fiji Islands a few days subsequently, and settled there in absolute safety from the tyrant chief of Tonga. On examination of the grotto later, by both William Mariner and Jeremiah Higgins, they felt a draught of air coming from the left, and on examining the source of it found a hole over 14 inches in diameter, from which proceeded a tolerably strong and steady breeze, without the faintest glimmer of light. It is a pleasing little romance, and it is a true story into the bargain.

5th December.—After some hours' steaming through narrow and intricate passages we reached Haapai at 10 a.m., the island on which dwells the native king and Governor of the Tongan group. The weather was gloriously fine and warm when, after coming to an anchor, we had one of the steamer's boats placed at our disposal, and went ashore to call on the Rev. Shirley Baker, a European, and formerly Prime Minister to the King of the Tongan Islands. He came to trouble, and fell from his high estate, and is now very advanced in age and feeble. He has three grown-up daughters residing with him, to each of whom he introduced us. We next called on his Excellency the Governor (who is a Tongan), at his Residence, where he resides with his sister. We were most kindly and hospitably received. He gave us some fruit and fresh cocoanut milk from a specially grown tree. On Miss Bates admiring the many pretty shells decorating the room, the Governor and his sister immediately collected a number of them together, and, putting them in a basket, presented them to her. The house resembled an English one, and the room we were received in was like a drawing-room. The Governor informed me he thought there must be twenty to thirty different small European trading stations here, mostly English, all engaged buying copra.

The factories or trading stations remind me very much indeed of those on the West Coast of Africa and the palm

oil rivers in the Bight of Benin, etc.—the same isolation, the same long, sandy beach, the whole country being almost on a dead level, with nearly the same arrogant natives, who place themselves at the head or in the foremost rank of creation, pigs coming second, and Europeans third.

6th December.—After another 120 miles in glorious weather we got to-day to Nukualofa, another island of the Tongan group. The king of all the Tongan Islands is known as "King George the Second of Tonga." "Koe otua mo Tonga ko hokui tofia"—"God and Tonga are my inheritance"—is the motto on the Royal Arms of Tonga. Nukualofa is the capital and seat of government of the island of Tongatabu, an English protectorate under native government. Messrs. Lever Brothers of Port Sunlight, Birkenhead, have an agent in nearly all these islands, for the purpose of buying copra (the dried fruit of the cocoanut), which at present they ship to Sydney, New South Wales, where they have mills for crushing and making it into cocoanut oil, which is afterwards transformed into soap and candles.

We visited the king's compound and went over his private chapel, which is detached, but standing in his enclosed grounds. It is very neat and elegant, made almost entirely of wood, and some of it prettily carved.

Later we called on the Bishop and Mrs. Willis, whom we had met in Honolulu, where he was bishop for many years. When the Hawaiian, or Sandwich Islands, were annexed to the United States, an American bishop was installed in his place. Subsequently, Bishop Willis, on the petition of some 300 native Tongans, came to Nukualofa to occupy a similar office here, but since his arrival nearly all his following have drifted from him owing to their religious views being at variance with his. He appeared to be in a most disappointed, forlorn condition, pretty well abandoned by all, and without any church, excepting a small miserable wooden house.

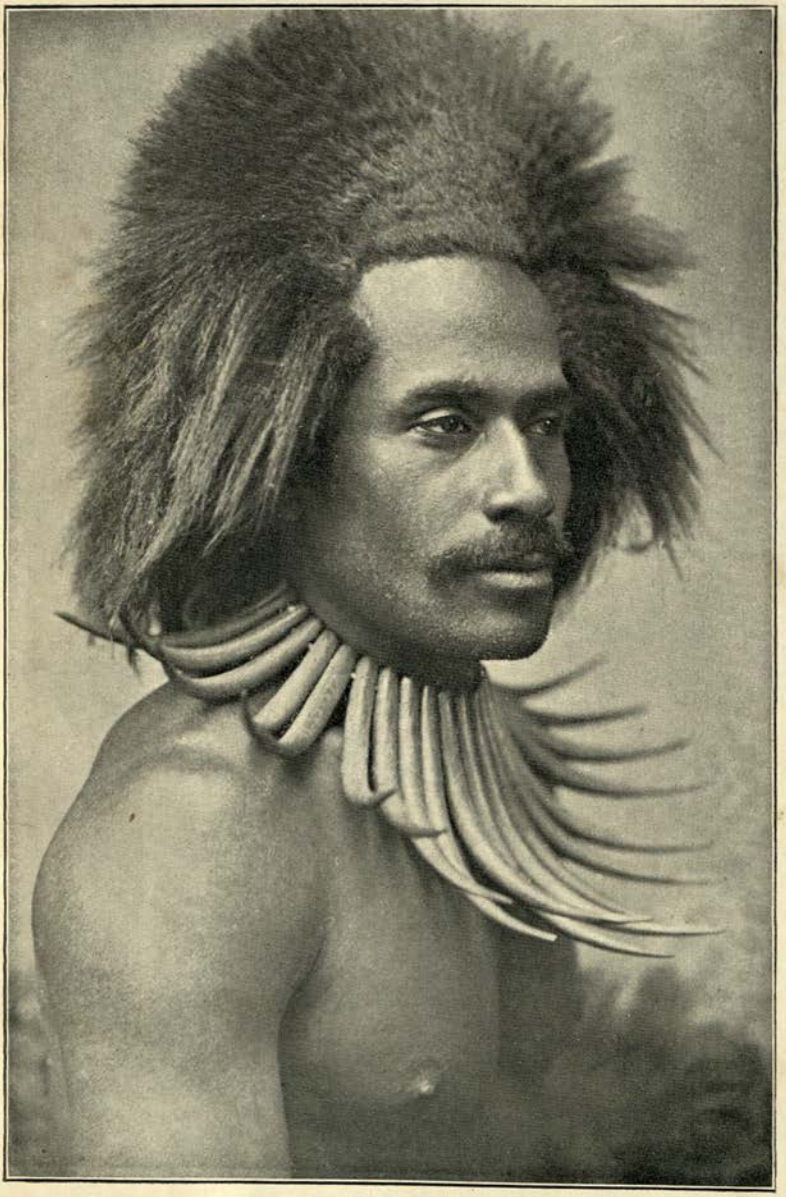
At the British Consulate we were most kindly and hospitably welcomed by Mr. Hunter, the Consul in charge.

Many of the natives of these islands travel from one settlement to another by the New Zealand Steamship Co.'s steamers for the pure love of the thing, as I have known Liverpool people take a trip again and again for the same reason round the British Isles. So with these natives of the Tongan Islands, who travel as deck passengers, like the Africans on the West Coast of Africa, having only the bare deck night or day, finding their own food, and chanting hymns in their native language, which have been taught them by missionaries. This noise they keep up the greater part of the night and nearly half the day.

The trade of Nukualofa is like most of the islands of the South Seas, and mainly confined to copra, though a large trade is springing up with New Zealand in fruit, as our steamer took 6000 packages of very fine bananas and many pineapples to New Zealand.

7th December.—The *Manapouri* is on her southward course now to Auckland, a distance from the Tonga Islands of some 1100 miles.

8th to 10th December.—The pleasant voyage comes to an end in calm, smooth weather, but it has grown so much colder as we have got farther south that we have exchanged our white tropical garments for ordinary English travelling dress. At 8 a.m. on the 10th December we sighted the outlying rocks and islands of the large and small barriers off Auckland; at 3 p.m. we anchored outside in the river for the visit of the health officer, and at 4 p.m. we moored alongside the jetty.



FIJIAN WITH NECKLACE OF WALRUS AND WHALE TEETH DRESSED DOWN TO THE SIZE SHOWN.

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NEW ZEALAND, NORTH ISLAND.

CHAPTER XIV

Auckland and the Thermal Springs of North New Zealand

11th to 18th December 1902.—At Auckland, a town too well known to need any detailed description in these pages, we stayed at the Grand Hotel, which was rebuilt after a fire a few years ago. It is the most exclusive and probably the best in the place; but although it is fairly comfortable, it seems with its lack of lifts, of electric light, etc., to be rather behind the times in comparison with the palaces in which we have been staying in countries supposed to be much less civilised than New Zealand. We were struck also with the poor lighting of the streets at night, and with the old-fashioned tram and omnibus arrangements which we came across in our various excursions about the town and neighbourhood. Auckland is exquisitely situated, and has what is recognised as one of the healthiest climates in the world. The trade, mainly British I rejoice to say, is steadily increasing, and is of course much facilitated by the excellence of the magnificent harbour, with its array of jetties and wharves.

Near our hotel is a park, overlooking the town and harbour, planted with beautiful flowers, which were blooming in great luxuriance. I observed two monuments there, one to commemorate our late Queen's sixtieth Jubilee; the other to the memory of the New Zealand Volunteers who fell in the late South African War.

Our friend, Mrs. Kronfield, the Princess of Samoa, whom I recently mentioned, took us by the ferry to the north shore, and then drove us round Lake Takapuna. Staying for an hour at the Lake Hotel, I was so much struck with it that I tried to buy a house there. We

made a visit to Mangere, near Onehunga, about 8 miles out, where we have friends living, who came to the colony some twenty years ago, and who have done exceedingly well in the farming interest. A complete system of electric tram service is now made to Onehunga.

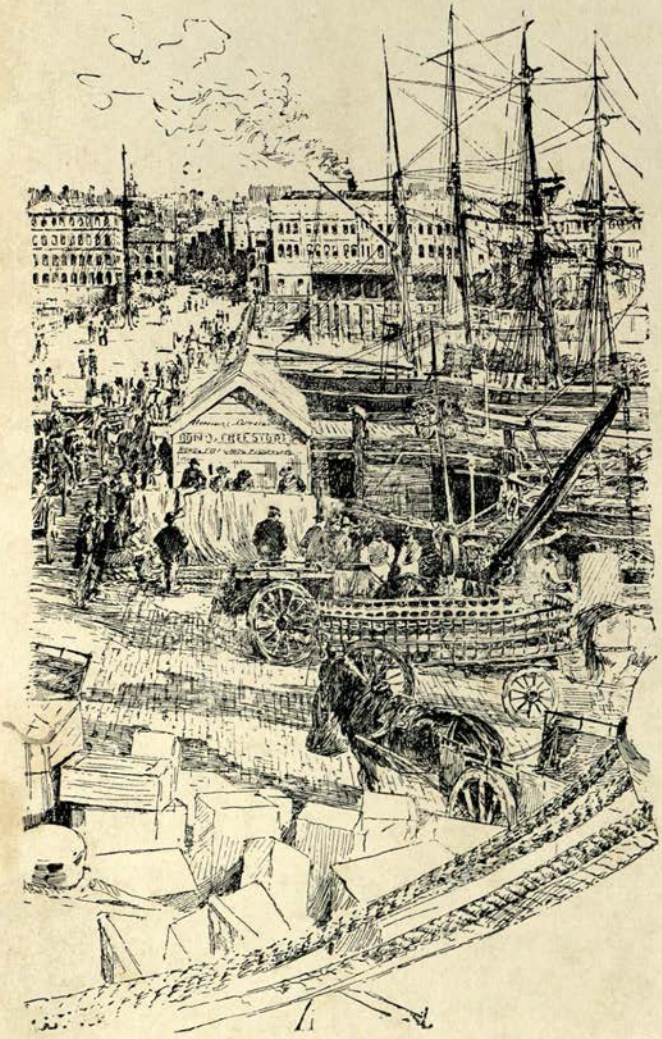
In Auckland I found was living the eldest son of my friend, the late Mr. M'Gregor Laird, the founder of steam navigation with the West Coast of Africa, and the originator of trade on the Niger River, where he was some time present himself, and was sole owner of a fleet of steamers, all of which were stationed on the Niger in the early fifties, and which I remember well.

Why does not Liverpool, the centre of the African trade, boast of a monument to this great man? To this I would gladly give my assistance, but alas! I fear that Laird has shared the fate of most pioneers, and has been forgotten by all save a very few.

In the course of our stay at Auckland we inspected the M'Kelvie Art Gallery, the valuable treasures in it being a gift to the town and people of Auckland by my friend, the late James Tannock M'Kelvie, so well known many years ago at Woodside (opposite Liverpool). He left there and went to New Zealand, where he rapidly made a large fortune, and left the whole or bulk of it for the above purpose.

We visited more than once our friends at Mangere. Our host there in his young days was a schoolfellow of the late Cecil Rhodes, at Bishop Stortford. He, some years ago, had the father of the late Miss Mary Kingsley (who was then travelling with the present Marquis of Downshire) staying with him as his guest. I mention this as so many people know or have heard of this queen of West African travellers, who so nobly went to South Africa during the late troubles, an expedition which, unfortunately, cost the country her valuable life. I am proud to remember her as a dear friend.

In the Auckland Museum I noticed a large native Maori war canoe, 84 feet long, the lower part of which was made from a single tree hollowed by burning and chipping out, capable of carrying 100 men, including those



AUCKLAND HARBOUR—THE WHARF.

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employed paddling, together with the fighting men. This struck me as closely resembling the old war canoes of Bonny on the West Coast of Africa, several of which of equal dimensions I obtained in Benin, all made out of real African mahogany, and sent them to Bonny, consigned for sale to the late King Oko Jumbo and his principal chiefs. These were only known at that time as red-wood canoes, the trade and shipment of mahogany from Benin being then totally unknown and unthought of, although in recent years they have been fully realised and developed.

19*th December*.—Taking with us enough luggage to last for a tour of two or three weeks in the region of the thermal springs, and sending other packages on to Wellington by water, we started this morning by express train at 10 a.m. for Okoroire. We did not get there till 3.30 p.m., as the express took its time over the journey of 131 miles from Auckland to Okoroire, whence we had an hour's steep and dusty drive to the Hot Springs Hotel and Sanatorium. Our swimming-baths in the hot, slightly sulphurous water supplied by a natural spring were extremely welcome after our day's travel.

20*th December*.—This Okoroire Hot Springs Hotel is surrounded at a distance by an immense range of mountains, which have at times a blue haze, putting us in mind of the Blue Mountains in New South Wales. A large kitchen garden is attached to the hotel, together with a farm of 1200 acres, with everything in a high state of cultivation; thirty horses are in the stable, mostly coach horses, the whole place belonging to Messrs. Nathan & Co. of Auckland. There are delightful swimming-baths, the water running in from natural hot springs, one in particular being known as the "Fairy Bath," entirely surrounded by ferns of all descriptions, quite open at the top to the heavens, but nicely hidden round from prying eyes, furnished inside with every convenience, and under lock and key. There is within the extensive grounds of the hotel a very pretty swiftly flowing stream, winding in and out between gorges, with many weeping willows overlapping the water. There are lots of trout in the stream, many of large size, and fishing is open to all.

21*st December*.—We were off this morning to Rotorua, but we were determined not to miss our hot spring baths, so we got up at 5.30 a.m. to take them. Later on we left Okoroire for Rotorua by coach, in glorious weather, and had a splendid drive along roads bordered by gulches and ravines of incredible depth, covered with an immensity of timber. Completing half the distance, we pulled up at a small settler's hut, and had a good lunch, which we had brought with us, packed at the hotel. Here, another coach meeting us, we proceeded for the remaining 18 miles to Rotorua. Temporary steam sawmills are met with here and there by the roadside. The owners simply pick the finest trees, which grow all round in countless numbers, first obtaining a concession from the Colonial Government to enable them to do so. These millowners have capable, small, timber trucks with very low iron wheels and tramways to conduct the logs to the sawmills. The top rails of the tramways are all of hard wood instead of iron. The whole plant is frequently moved as the pick of that immediate part of the forest is thinned down. On arriving at Rotorua, we put up at a fairly appointed hotel, The Grand. Here we met several friends we had travelled with in different places. Rotorua, 171 miles distant from Auckland, boasts of some of the finest sulphur and mineral hot spring baths in the world. The Colonial Government, in place of leaving its development to private enterprise, which would probably take many years (like some other works I shall have to describe later on), boldly took the matter in their own hands, and spent £100,000 of the public money on it, wisely and judiciously. I know of no similar watering-place in the world where such healing properties can be found.

Rotorua is lighted with electricity, and has a Government sanatorium, the grounds of which are beautifully laid out. In them are low ornamental funnels, made of brick and cement, in the middle of small lakes, which night and day are emitting vast volumes of natural steam from below, like the largest Atlantic liner's safety or exhaust pipes when open, and acting in a similar manner. In the grounds are contained the far-famed "Priest's"

bath, named after a priest who discovered it, and who exclusively used it in early times—it is good for gout, rheumatism, and sciatica; "Rachel's" bath, so named for the softness and smoothness it gives to the skin; and the "Postmaster's" bath, called after the first acting postmaster dwelling here, who, like the priest, had his find for years to himself. This last is the strongest acid water in the neighbourhood, and should be taken with care. I tried it, though ailing nothing, and after a period of total immersion I found the action was like that of a modified mustard plaster, and produced a strong determination of blood to the surface, the redness remaining a long time. These baths, including another called the "Pain Killer," all with ten times the curative properties of those on the Continent, near home, are nicely enclosed, and in charge of officers and servants in the direct pay of the Government. There are the customary conveniences of towels, etc., and separate private baths, as well as the public large or swimming ones, containing the same hot mineral spring water.

21*st December*.—Taking our luncheons with us we started this morning by coach to Lake Rotorua, which is 10 miles long by 8 miles wide, to Hamurana. We found here a marvellous bubbling spring of great depth, very fresh and clear, and, in contrast to all the other previously described waters, this was icy cold, and copper and silver coin thrown in refused to sink owing to the ever-increasing upward action of the water.

While we were lunching, the steam-launch took us to Mokoia, an island in the middle of the lake belonging to and inhabited by natives.

Crossing to the mainland again we found our coach in waiting, and proceeded to drive to Tikitere, 3 miles farther on. Tikitere is a valley of boiling springs and boiling mud lakes known by all sorts of suggestively unchristian names. There is, for example, the "Inferno," a yawning pit, which occasionally vomits forth a huge volume of boiling black mud; also there are sundry boiling pools known as "Hell's Gate," "Satan's Glory," "The Devil's Punch Bowl," and the lake of "Sodom and

Gomorrah." The sulphur fumes were almost overpowering, particularly in one part named the "Gates of Hades." Hot black mud baths can be had here at the cottage of the guide at the entrance of the "Inferno."

After taking tea at the guide's cottage, we walked for a mile or so to see the extremely pretty Blue Lake before starting on our 10-mile drive back to the hotel.

23*rd December*.—We went on the lake again this morning, crossing over to the Ohan Stream, a narrow neck of water which connects Lake Rotorua with Lake Roto-iti. Along this latter we steamed a full 12 miles to its extreme end. The scenery for the last 5 miles on the lofty overhanging cliffs was singularly fine. Reaching the land we took our coach again for the loveliest homeward drive of 20 miles that can be imagined. The high winding road overhanging the lake led through tree ferns of enormous growth, and past gulches covered with richly-coloured and luxurious vegetation. Luckily for us there had been a good deal of rain, so there was none of the dust which is sometimes the one drawback to full enjoyment of what is certainly one of the most beautiful drives in the world.

In the evening a coach took us from our Grand Hotel to the Geyser Hotel at Whakarawarawa, which formidably named spot is the centre of the thermal activity of this marvellous region. There we had the good luck to see some Maori dances, got up by the natives in honour of the visit of Lord Hawke's team of cricketers who are staying here over Christmas. Some five-and-twenty Maori women in native dress gave us a very clever, if not very graceful, exhibition of what is known in Cairo, Paris, and elsewhere as the *danse de ventre*, while afterwards the male dancers yelled like madmen over their excited steps.

24*th December*.—We walked to-day about the large Park, so handsomely laid out and maintained by the enterprise of the Government, which must have spent thousands of pounds on its labour of love. Baths of every description have been built, the grounds of the sanatorium are most beautifully planted, and there is a pretty bandstand for the Maori musicians in their startling uniforms.

25*th December*.—As our Christmas morning here

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Two Fijians. (*See* Chapter XIII.)

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breaks in glorious sunshine, it is difficult to realise that we were spending our last Christmas Day in such widely different surroundings on board the *Louisianian* at Progreso, near the Gulf of Mexico. After our usual baths —the "Priest" for me and the "Rachel" for Miss Bates— we took coach for a 10-mile drive to Wairoa, a village which was destroyed by an eruption in 1886. The road to it leads along the shores of two very pretty lakes—blue and green—the surface of each vividly represented by its respective colours. Boiling springs, boiling lakes, volcanoes, geysers, etc., of course we saw as usual.

On our way back we dismissed our coach at the Geyser Hotel, where, for the sake of Lord Hawke's cricketers, permission had been given by the Government to allow a large geyser to be "soaped," to cause it to play. "Soaping" means to drop down the mouth some bars of soap, which, when they fall into the boiling depths below, create a combustion as they would if placed in the boiler of an engine, and the geyser vomits forth a huge volume of boiling water and steam, sometimes thick, black liquid mud, many hundreds of feet high in the air, but in this case as clear as crystal. The resulting sight was a most impressive one, and illustrated most effectively the control by man of some of the greatest of nature's forces. This has been a Christmas Day that we shall neither of us soon forget.

26*th December*.—We left Rotorua this morning for Waiotapu, some 20 miles to the south, our conveyance being the usual mail-coach, drawn, as customary, by five horses (three leaders and two wheelers). We stopped by the way to see the immense geyser at Pareheru Waimangu, where we had an *al fresco* lunch. This geyser, however, refused to play during our presence, though we subsequently heard that it did three-quarters of an hour after we had driven away, rising some 600 feet.

At Pareheru there is a fine view of Mount Tarawera and its craters, which, in the great eruption of 1886, totally destroyed the famous Pink and White Terraces, besides overwhelming the whole country for miles around with dust and mud. The valley throughout hisses with

innumerable blow-holes, from which steam issues with tremendous force. As we descended it we saw it to be surrounded by boiling lakes, some of water and some of black mud, which periodically rise to a height varying from 8 to 800 feet. I am told that enthusiastic tourists sleep in tents hard by that they may be on the spot for each phenomenon as it presents itself during their stay in this marvellous region.

At 4.30 p.m. we reached the Waiotapu Hotel, the only house in the place; and there we stayed for the night.

27*th December*.—At Waiotapu, repeated in a concentrated form, are the wonders of Rotorua and its surrounding country. A charge of 2s. 6d. per head for Maori guide is sanctioned by the Government. We saw sulphur almost everywhere, alum rocks, bright blue and green lakes, and two small streams, which, owing to the minerals contained in them, resembled one cream, the other milk. Two pools of sulphur, when stirred, boil violently. A larger one, "Champagne Pool," boils furiously when some shovelfuls of soil—alum, sulphur, and soda—are thrown into it.

In the afternoon we moved on another 30 miles by five-horse coach, over a very hard road, entirely free from any cultivation, to Wairakei, which is 251 miles distant from Auckland. We passed the whole way through an endless amount of ti-tree, pronounced tea-tree, the Maori name for which is "manuka," a very pretty flowering shrub, which, as it overruns the land to the exclusion of everything else, is viewed as a pest, and worse than thistles. We took up our quarters at the Geyser House Hotel, where, the accommodation being limited and an overflow of visitors arriving, several of the male sex had to sleep in tents, not a very unusual thing in this part of the world.

28*th December*.—We took the coach to-day from the Geyser House Hotel to see the Aratiatia Rapids, a drive of 8 miles there and back. The scenery was superb. The water is the overflow from Lake Taupo, the largest in New Zealand. These rapids are situated on the Waikato River. Here it seethes and rushes through a narrow channel between rugged cliffs 200 feet in height, at the

rate of many miles an hour. Accompanied by a most intelligent guide, we visited many blow-holes and boiling springs in the Weirakai Valley, and got back to the hotel at half-past five, very tired with our three hours of stiff walking and climbing.

29*th December.*—We drove this morning to view the steam-hole 3 miles off, which is known as Karapiti, and is said to be the greatest safety-valve in New Zealand. We had to leave the coach and horses by the roadside, and ascend the mountain for about a mile till we reached the Devil's Trumpet, a large circular hole out of which steam belches forth at such pressure that large logs of wood which our guide threw in were immediately ejected with great force and blown high into the air. Karapiti is certainly about the most awe-inspiring of all the appalling wonders to be seen in this strange district. About 2 miles farther on we reached Huka Falls and Rapids, close to the main road between Weirakei and Lake Taupo, for which latter we are bound. The Waikato River is confined here to within a narrow chasm, and runs with terrific force over a precipice.

Near Taupo Lake, which is about 6 miles from Weirakei, we put up at the Spa, which is situated in the midst of some thermal springs. The Spa is a very pretty place, with a very fine carved Maori house detached, which is used as a dining-room. Here there are natural hot mineral springs; swimming-baths for ladies as well as gentlemen. The bedrooms are a number of scattered small buildings, situated, like the detached drawing-room, in the midst of the well-kept grounds with flowers and shrubs. Many awe-inspiring freaks of nature are to be seen here, similar to those I have already described at other places in the district.

30*th December.*—This morning we each of us enjoyed —more or less—a dip in the large covered and enclosed sulphur swimming-bath, which is about a third of a mile from the Spa Hotel. The temperature of the water in the bath was taken by Dr. Inglis, a fellow-traveller, at 110° F., while that of the douche reached 118° F., so it was hot enough to cook us very nicely indeed.

Later on we went with a guide to the Crow's Nest Geyser, which every half-hour or so sends up a column of water from 20 to 80 feet. We sat down on the high bank a few yards off and waited for the geyser to play, thus having capital front-row places for a very remarkable performance. We next visited other weird boiling caves, with appropriately odd names, like the Witch's Cauldron, Paddle-Wheel Ben, and Satan's Glory, over all of which our guide promptly showed his controlling power by making them perform at will, his method being to let a small stream of water flow in through a cutting engineered for the purpose. This always had the desired effect, and when the fountain had been duly started the cutting was filled up again with bags of sand. Surely no such magnificent marvel of nature was ever revealed by such modest means of mechanical art.

31*st December*.—We left the Spa this morning by coach for Lake Taupo, where we embarked on board the small steamer *Tongario* and steamed across to the opposite side (25 miles), against wind and sea; and then, after having some lunch at Blake's Hotel, at Tokaanu, we took a four-horse coach to a Government accommodation-house at a place called Waiouru, situated in an absolutely desert wilderness, 44 miles from any habitation. It is equally distant from Lake Taupo on the one side and Pipiriki on the other. This Government accommodation-house stands 3000 feet above the sea-level, and we found it very cold. We were passing the whole day in close sight of the rugged, perpetually snow-capped peaks of the mountains of Raupehu, Kaimanawas, and Tongario. These were never seen to greater advantage, the weather being exceptionally clear. The roads were dreadful, ascending and descending mountains all the time, with occasional yawning precipices beneath us, without fence or protection of any kind. We of course changed horses, at isolated sheds only, by the way. We occasionally caught sight of a few wild horses which had come over the plains for water. These are sometimes shot, but it is cruel sport, as they often get away wounded. At this "accommodation-house" in the wilderness of Waiouru we spent our New Year's

Eve as we have never spent one before, nor are likely ever to spend one again.

1*st January* 1903.—Early this morning we left Waiouru for Pipiriki, a drive of 44 miles, which we broke at another "accommodation-house" at Raetihi. On leaving the latter place in the afternoon we had fresh teams, of five horses as usual, for each of the two coaches making the journey. In the course of this drive we suffered a dangerous accident, which was fully reported in the *New Zealand Times* of 5th January. As the coach was passing along a precipitous part of the road the off-side leading horse in the team slipped and fell over the declivity, where it hung by the traces, the remainder of the team having started back with terror. There were some anxious moments while the horses snorted and the struggling off-sider tore the steep sides of the declivity in desperate endeavour to free himself. The driver of the coach managed to keep the team in hand while a passenger cut through the traces which held the horse, and the liberated animal then rolled down into the gully, at least 150 feet below. The coach was driven on with the remainder of the team. On the arrival of the conveyance at Pipiriki a man was sent back to the scene of the accident to investigate matters. Wonderful to relate, he found that the horse, although badly injured, was yet sound in limb, and there seems reasonable ground for the belief that the animal will yet be able to take its old place in the coach. The passengers were loud in their praises of the coolness displayed by the driver of the coach and by the passenger who cut the traces, and so averted the threatened danger.

We reached Pipiriki safe and sound in the evening, and put up at the Pipiriki Hotel, a new building in lovely surroundings.

2*nd January*.—Very early this morning we turned out and ascended the rapids on the Wanganui River, proceeding to its upper reaches. In places between the gorges the water was running 8 to 10 miles; consequently our little steamer could barely hold her own. Two Maori seamen stand in the bows on either side holding a long stout pole with a strong hook at the end, and rake the bottom until

they grapple a sunken small steel hawser, which is brought on deck and put round a steam capstan, by which means the steamer is hauled across the river and out of the rapids, the wire hawser being fast, of course, at both ends of the rocks. At easier points we steamed merrily along through the deepest of gorges, with huge mountains at the back. Thousands of tree ferns of every size were growing luxuriantly everywhere.

Returning to the Pipiriki Hotel, we transferred ourselves to the steamer lying at the wharf for the trip down the river to Wanganui, a distance of 60 miles. This pretty little river-boat, called the *Waione*, interested me a good deal, as I have had so many boats of my own on the Niger and other rivers of West Africa. The *Waione* is only 48 tons net register, and was built of galvanised steel by Messrs. Simpson, Strickland, & Co., of Dartmouth, England. It is furnished with Thorneycroft's water-tube boiler, four propellers, double tandems working in a tunnel, two treble-expansion engines, each 120 horse-power, equal to 240 horse, and built in 1901. It steams well, but as we had an exceedingly rapid current with us the whole way, it was difficult to estimate its actual speed. Here is a specimen boat for those who are engaged in trade on rivers on the West Coast of Africa, where speed and lightness with durability are everything. I have omitted to mention the most important point of all—she was only drawing 17 in. of water, though with 100 passengers on board.

Several of my friends on board who had been up and down the Rhine in Germany, all agreed that this river exceeded by far in beauty and scenery the latter, with the one exception that it boasts of no ruined castles. It is naturally known as the New Zealand Rhine. Waterfalls innumerable leap into sight almost along the entire river's length.

We reached Wanganui at 3 p.m., and went to the Rutland Hotel, where I may note that we had for dinner the finest lamb that I ever tasted.

3rd January.—This very pretty town of Wanganui arose out of one of the earliest mission-stations of New

Zealand. It was once the scene of bloodshed owing to a native rebellion. It boasts some 8000 inhabitants. The river is spanned by a fine bridge, built by the Colonial Government at a cost of £25,000, and designed by Robert Stephenson, C.E., son of the famous George Stephenson of early railway celebrity. It is a great educational centre with colleges for both sexes; has also a technical school, public library, museum, swimming-baths, several parks, recreation grounds, factories, and large freezing works. There is also a capital racecourse, racing being a very great feature, much indulged in both in New Zealand and Australia. I visited the monument erected in memory of those officers and men both of the army and navy who fell here in the early wars with the Maoris. We spent the evening at the pretty little Opera House, built by the Government, where we saw a couple of comedies very fairly played.

At this small Rutland Hotel I found the landlord was paying a rental on lease of no less than £1100 per annum. The house is some forty years old. The owner of the property declines rebuilding it — although knowing the necessity for doing so—in consequence of the imminent fear of legislative prohibition of the sale of any intoxicant. The talk of everyone everywhere in New Zealand (women in this country having a vote on the subject) is prohibition. We have just passed through more than one district where prohibition is enforced, as, for example, our last stopping-place, Pipiriki. The subject is much discussed in the colony, but I need not argue about it here. For myself I suffered the necessity of carrying my own stimulant across the borders of such places. No owner of hotel property in New Zealand will, at the present time, anywhere spend a sixpence on repairs or improvements of any kind owing to this nightmare hanging over the country. I may here mention that the duty on proof bottled spirits imported in New Zealand is now no less than 16s. per gallon.

3rd January.—We left by train this morning for our journey of 151 miles to Wellington, where we terminate our stay in the North Island of New Zealand. The train, an immensely long one, was crowded with people returning from their Christmas holidays, spent in Auckland and the

North. We reached Wellington in the evening, and went to the Royal Oak Hotel.

4th to 7th January.—This Royal Oak is a nice new hotel, the late one so well known having been burnt down. Fires seem very frequent in these new countries, so many houses being formerly built of wood; though an Act is now passed against this except within certain limits. We visited the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly, and were very kindly shown over them by both Mr. T. Kennedy M'Donald and that most courteous of parliamentary librarians, Mr. C. Wilson, who was also a former member of the House of Representatives, as the Houses of Parliament are called here. We were also taken through the beautiful Parliament library attached to the two Houses. The Upper House comprises a varying number of members, from 20 to 30, who are appointed by the New Zealand Government, and receive £200 each per annum for their services. The Lower House has 83 members, elected by the people. They are paid more than those of the Upper House, namely, £300 each per annum.

I ought finally to mention "The Tourists and Health Resorts Department," a splendid institution, run by and at the expense of the New Zealand Government, having offices all over the country, with a view of giving every possible information to tourists, travellers, intending settlers, and immigrants. I called at the office in Wellington, and received every possible consideration and attention, and was presented with a large official book of statistics.

NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH ISLAND.

CHAPTER XV

South New Zealand: Picton, Nelson, and Reefton

8th January 1903.—Bidding adieu to the North Island, New Zealand, we embarked at mid-day on board the steamer *Penguin*, built by Messrs. Napier & Son in 1882, for passage to Picton, on the South Island, at the head of Charlotte Sound; the scenery on both sides being lovely, surrounded by majestic mountains, isolated farmhouses, and hills, dotted here and there with small flocks of sheep. Picton is a small but most charming little watering-place, much resorted to by ladies and their families for a holiday in the summer. We arrived there at 5 p.m., and as we strolled about in the glorious summer evening we were much attracted by the picturesqueness both of Picton and of a plot of ground of about an acre, which I found was for sale, the price asked being between £400 and £500. At 6.30 p.m. we took the train for Blenheim, and began our stay in the South Island at the Criterion Hotel.

9th January.—We presented this morning a letter of introduction to his Worship the Mayor, Mr. Richard M'Cullum, who showed us every courtesy possible, took us over the Government offices, the County Council rooms, etc. On his taking us into the magisterial court a case was being held against a local farmer, who was being prosecuted for not shooting, or otherwise killing off, more rabbits on his farm, as required by law, whereby they became a nuisance to his neighbours. After a patient hearing and a strong defence, in which he set forth the number of trappers he had employed and the recourse he had had to laying down quantities of phosphorous poison, judgment was given against him for non-compliance with the full requirements of the law, and a penalty was enacted. We

drove out with a pair of horses to a farm lately bought by the Mayor of Blenheim, near the village of Tuamarina, where we ascended a high mount, known as Massacre Hill. Here there is a well-kept monument with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of 22 British officers and men who were killed on this spot by the Maoris, June 17, 1843." The river Opawa runs placidly along beneath this almost forgotten scene of slaughter.

From a New Zealand paper I cut the following, which must appear to our English farmers and those with a knowledge of grain almost incredible: "An Eyreton farmer has had a yield of 97 bushels of oats per acre. At Horrellville a farmer has had a threshing of 72 bushels of wheat per acre; and in a paddock near Woodend the yield of Tuscan wheat was 90 bushels per acre. A four-acre paddock of oats at Woodend, New Zealand, belonging to Mr. Gibbs, yielded 125 bushels per acre." I heard on the spot that on some exceptionally favoured sites the foregoing quantities were far exceeded, but I fear to quote the figures, as sceptics might throw a doubt on the statements; but those I have quoted can be verified. I will give one more reliable quotation: "The oat crops in the Masterton district, New Zealand, are turning out well, as high as 90 bushels per acre having been obtained, and the grain is remarkably clean." New Zealand grows flax largely, her exports of fibre last year (1902) reaching nearly £1,000,000 sterling in value.

Here, in New Zealand, one seems to view this magnificent country, so highly favoured as it is, with different eyes entirely and different glasses after visiting drought-stricken Queensland and some parts of New South Wales. Here everything is fat and thriving to a high degree—horses, cattle, sheep, even the dogs, which all seem of a first-class breed. This is a great contrast to the rows of skeleton sheep hanging in the butchers' shops around Brisbane and Sydney, looking like lanterns, excepting here and there amongst a few of the butchers at the last-named place, who have a connection with the best families and first-class hotels, and have imported a few fat sheep and oxen from New Zealand for their more favoured customers

I know, as a fact, of many lambs in New Zealand being surfeited with too rich succulent grasses and green clover, and positively dying from having made too much fat before being sent off to the great slaughter-houses, where they are killed by thousands daily for the frozen-meat market of London. This occurred in the Ashley country, and, as the local papers published it, "Many fat lambs died suddenly owing to the quantity and succulence of the grass." In North Island (only) Kauri gum, for making varnish, is largely exported from New Zealand, being shipped almost entirely to America. It ranges in value from £25 to £125 per ton. Mr. Wylie, a farmer at Katikati (Auckland district), recently came across about 2 tons of Kauri gum in a swampy part of his property.

10*th January*.—From Blenheim we drove to-day to Nelson, as fine a drive as anyone could wish to enjoy. We left from the Blenheim post office, where the coach, with four horses, had drawn up as usual to receive the mails. The owners of the coach, Messrs. Newman Brothers, receive £800 per annum to carry the mails between Blenheim, Nelson, Westport, and Reefton, and intervening villages. One of our coach horses, on hearing the adjacent church clock chime out seven, is always restless to start at the given hour, so, taking our seats (we always occupy the box seats on all our journeys, booking them long in advance at an extra cost), the mails being received, we got away punctually for our longest day's journey of 84 miles to Nelson, with the most wonderful scenery, through valleys, over towering mountains, and roads engineered in the best possible manner. After a straight drive of several miles, with snow-capped mountains ahead of us, the weather and climate like those of a bright crisp early May morning in England, we turned off and headed for the Whaio River, with a view of saving some 10 or 12 miles by crossing the river in place of continuing by the ordinary, every-day road. We found the river very broad, nearly a quarter of a mile wide, and the current running some five knots an hour, the bed of the river covered mostly with large, round, water-washed stones, making it exceedingly difficult for the horses to maintain

their footing. The Government keep a house with a man always stationed on the opposite side to hoist a red flag as a danger signal when the river is in flood. As we approached the red flag was fluttering in the breeze, but, with a view of saving so much time and distance for his horses, our driver was not to be deterred from crossing and taking the risk. We drove into it—in some places deep, some shallow, and when we came to the former it was a time and sight to remember, the horses' heads pointing partly up stream at an angle, struggling to breast the fast-flowing water to prevent it catching them in full force broadside on; and these clever, powerful horses, accustomed to their task, trying (and fortunately successfully) to keep on their feet. There were some exciting moments, when the water was above the traces, and at times wetted our feet on the box seat, though, of course, the box of a New Zealand coach is not so high as those in England. Ultimately getting across in safety, our driver admitted that the river was in fuller flood, deeper, and swifter, than he had calculated on. The country hereabouts is all agricultural, mostly pasturage, carrying many cows and sheep. Every few miles there is a small creamery and separator, worked with an engine; and most of the small settlers, in a great measure, maintain themselves and families by this means of disposing of their milk, the children of both sexes, from seven and eight years and upwards, being always up at 4 to 5 a.m. each morning to milk the cows, and after an early breakfast trudging off 2 or 3 miles to the nearest state schools, or, as they are called in England, board schools, which are dotted about here, there, and everywhere, all absolutely free. This necessarily, in many instances, makes these children's lives a burden, and prematurely ages them, as they milk again in the evening on their return from school. We changed horses at various fixed stages five times, making twenty horses in all for this journey, each team with separate clean harness, all well fed, well groomed, and fit as a fiddle. At the places where we changed horses a good meal was almost invariably ready for the hungry mail-coach passengers, tea being always substituted for wine and ale, the nicest possible

lamb being provided, with the daintiest of home-made scones, the old-fashioned damper, or substitute for bread, being long since relegated to history. This drive was the longest and grandest we have yet made, with exquisite weather and the best of horses: we enjoyed the whole beyond words, though to the untravelled and uninitiated some parts of the journey looked appallingly dangerous. A word is deserved by the drivers, who, I think, are unequalled: and as those who have followed our present travels know, we did Mexico pretty thoroughly, all through North and South California, at Los Angeles, and other places, usually sitting behind six horses running in three pairs to each team. Doubtless the members of our four-in-hand coaching clubs and public coaches at home are very excellent whips, but their driving is confined to parks and well-kept highways. To drive over these marvellous mountains, with endless sharp turnings and roads hardly wider than the coach-wheels, with yawning precipices and gulleys, in some places thousands of feet deep, requires nerves of iron, training and experience, such as, in my opinion, are hard to gain anywhere outside these great coaching districts of New Zealand.

On the arrival of each coach at its terminus daily, three men of their various callings always attend; the wheelwright to examine carefully the wheels and every part of the coach, particularly the brakes, etc.; the harness-maker the harness and reins, and the blacksmith all the horses' shoes. To the Messrs. Newman Brothers I give the palm for turning out the best-equipped coaches with good horses in the country, and the best whip is a certain Mr. Richardson. On arriving at Nelson we had a carriage waiting to convey us to our quarters, which it is customary to arrange in advance by wire or telephone. We put up at "Warwick House," a most beautiful place, with lovely grounds, built by a very wealthy merchant, since deceased: as it is too large and too expensive for any ordinary inhabitant of Nelson, it remains unsold, and is used now as a superior and exclusive boarding establishment.

11th January.—We called this morning upon the Mayor of Nelson, to whom we had an introduction,

and from whom we received every help and hospitality. In the morning we had a long and interesting drive, and in the evening Miss Bates went to service at the Cathedral.

12*th January*.—Walking and driving about Nelson to-day, we came to the conclusion that it is one of the prettiest, cleanest, and best-to-do places we have visited. There is not the slightest sign of poverty anywhere, no back slums or streets of squalor, nor anything approaching them. Flowers and shrubs grow luxuriantly, with well-trimmed hedges to all the gardens. I innocently remarked to a settler, concerning these beautiful hedges, how much I should like some very large grounds surrounded by them, as they grew so rapidly and well. The Goth laughed at me, and said if he became my successor he would at once proceed to destroy my fine hedges and dig them all up. On asking him why he would be guilty of such vandalism, he gave me some rather cogent and plausible reasons. They were—1st. If in the country and surrounding the fields, etc., the hedgerows would make a cover more or less for rabbits and a breeding-place for innumerable birds, so very destructive in New Zealand to both corn and fruit. As a matter of fact, the birds and rabbits have become a pest and almost a curse to the farmers and fruit-growers. 2nd. With upright T-iron, or wooden uprights, with barbed galvanised wire, he would gain productive ground for a few feet of width all round the domain, as against a leafy hedgerow. 3rd (which was the strongest point almost in his favour), he said, as a man of moderate means, and struggling to make a living, he could not afford to keep men at work continually trimming the hedges, which grow so rapidly, with the price of unskilled labour more than double what it is in the old country. Rabbits here have been thinned down very considerably, and are no longer quite the pest they still are in some parts. They are selling at 1s. per couple. About forty miles from Nelson raspberries grow so large and in such luxuriance that 600 tons of this fine fruit are produced over a very small area of ground, which is made into pulp for the English market, and sent away in tins of 5

gallons each; but in ordinary good fruit seasons our markets at home are usually so well supplied not only with British, but Dutch, French, Spanish, and Australasian raspberries, that this excellent fruit pulp from New Zealand leaves no very handsome profit. Recently some sold in both Liverpool and London at £20, 10s. per ton.

I may add, as showing the ways of Nelson, that in our excursions we were driven by a Mrs. Sutton, the only licensed female driver in Nelson.

13th January.—At 8 a.m. we started by train from Nelson for Motupiko, a terminus 32 miles distant from Nelson, through Wakefield. We took the mail-coach with us on two railway trucks. On arriving at the terminus we put five horses awaiting us to the coach—as usual, three leaders and two wheelers—and drove 48 miles to the solitary accommodation-house or small inn at a spot called Longford, the only dwelling-house at the place, and so named from a ford which is a long way across. We changed horses three times, making fifteen in all, to do the journey. One of the Messrs. Newman drove us himself. The landscape resembled one ghastly sepulchre of blackened trunks of trees, which have been what is termed "wrung" to cause them to die, and then partially burnt by bush fires, only remaining scarred, half-burnt skeletons, left for time—frequently twenty years and longer—to complete their decay, the roots and trunks lasting even longer still. We drove through mile after mile of it, and I may safely say saw millions of such trees over the greater part of the inland districts of New Zealand as well as Australia. It is a weird, uncanny sight as darkness sets in, but the inhabitants living in these scattered outlying districts get accustomed to the scene around them, as is the case with all of us. But this must not be taken as descriptive of the country everywhere, which, as I have attempted to show, is often very beautiful.

In this poverty-stricken "accommodation-house," which, with a small post office, seem to make the whole village of Longford, we stayed for the night.

14th January.—After a sojourn of strictly moderate comfort at this mere apology for an inn, we started again

at 7 a.m. with five fresh horses for Westport, 65 miles distant, *vid* Inangahua Junction, which latter is 32 miles from Longford. Here we changed horses for the second time, and proceeded by the celebrated Buller Gorge, which, to my mind, is the most beautiful coach drive in all New Zealand, though it is enough to send the heart of any nervous person into his boots, as our coach ran high aloft beside the swiftly-flowing Buller River without any fencing or protection for the horses and coach, and with at most only a foot or two to spare from the river beneath, which, from our accustomed place on the box, looked deeper than from any other position. Drivers, from constant use, view the danger with stolid indifference. To describe the scenery is far beyond my pen. We passed surveyors already preparing plans for a railway, which, when completed, will probably for ever destroy this incomparable drive.

On our way we passed the Premier of New Zealand, Mr. Seddon, who was going to do this perilous but beautiful journey himself. He alighted and discussed with us the possibility of accomplishing it by night, in spite of the bad landslip which we had encountered on our road. This, I may add parenthetically, he achieved with success, completing a drive of 50 miles that night, as he had two huge bodies of working men and miners to address at both the seaport of Greymouth and the inland mining town of Reefton. Westport, which we reached in the morning, putting up at the Empire Hotel, is a small coal port on the west coast of New Zealand, the output amounting to a quarter of a million tons per annum. State coal mines are being started, and Mr. Seddon, the Premier, says the State would work the mines under the same conditions as governed private companies, and he hoped to prove to the world that the State could also work a mine as profitably. Mr. Seddon expects to see coal shipped from the State mines in less than six months, and in place of only a few hundred men employed as now, he hopes to see very shortly several thousands. The Colonial Government would get all their coal trucks made in New Zealand. The home Government are contracting for a supply from

Westport for the British fleet on the coast of China. Mr. Seddon said his Government would spend £700,000 this year in throwing additional land open for settlement.

15th January.—At 7.15 a.m. our coach, with four horses, left the Empire Hotel, and we retraced our way by the marvellous Buller Gorge, with its grand foliage and innumerable tree ferns, reaching to a great height. We saw many specimens of the Tui or Parson bird, now becoming rare, except in the distant bush. Its plumage is pretty, and it has a sweet liquid note. To mothers of infants of the weaker sex in search of a new and euphonious name to christen their children, I would like to suggest Tui.

During this and previous journeys I picked up some domestic facts which may be of interest to those who think of settling in this apparently prosperous colony. I note, then, that maid-servants can, in New Zealand, command, almost everywhere, £50 per annum, with their board and residence, and innumerable holidays. They are in many places treated as equals, and in outlying districts often invited out with their mistresses; but a colonial born, with an interest in her work, will do twice as much work as an English maid-servant, jump on a bicycle at a moment's notice and go miles on an errand, or do the same on a horse. They are born horsewomen, and begin riding in country districts, even in their small homes, soon after they can run. They ride like Diana herself, and carry themselves with rare aplomb, while the lads, of course, ride equally well.

Stories illustrative of the maid-servant question are almost incredible. I will only give two or three that came under my immediate observation. A friend of mine, with one of the smartest and hardest-working girls, told me this servant was up one morning at 5 a.m., and did the whole week's washing by 9 a.m. (not possible to put any out here for want of laundresses). In the evening this girl appeared dressed in evening attire, low neck and short sleeves, and asked her mistress to fasten the back of her dress, as she was going to a dance at a neighbouring house; and as there was no one else to do it for her, her

mistress most sensibly and readily assisted the girl, and told me she would not lose her on any account, and would rather double her wage than do so. Again, I was visiting at one of the best-conducted private houses in the country and I heard the mistress, who was going for a drive, turn round to the cook and say, "Mary, there is my saddle-horse in the stable, and he requires exercise. If you are not too busy, and would like a ride this afternoon, take him out," which I know she did. Yet this cook would not presume in the slightest degree, but was respectful, and did her duty thoroughly. For a young woman in country districts to ride up on horseback and offer herself for a situation is too frequent to call for notice.

One settler's wife whom I met employed a governess, to whom, poor soul, she paid £25, and she was searching high and low for a servant, and though willing to pay £50 could not get suited. These are everyday circumstances outside the large centres, but in the latter the wages are the same, though, where a lady has one, two, or three grown-up daughters, they usually do the work themselves, and this in many of the best families, without the slightest attempt to disguise the fact. The middle-class people in England would deem it derogatory and lowering to their dignity, and run away scared if the call of a visitor caught them dusting or cooking.

The general independence of the people impressed me immensely. The climate is a most exhilarating one, and *à propos* of this several cases came under my immediate observation wherein English people, who have settled on the land in New Zealand, have acquired a capacity for manual labour that absolutely astonishes themselves and their friends who had known them in the old country. In the latter they (like the ladies I have just been alluding to) felt housework *infra dig.*, whereas in the new country they are proud of accomplishing all the work they possibly can.

Our coach pulled up at 1 p.m. at the Junction Hotel at Inangahua, where a capital luncheon awaited us. We started again at 2 p.m. with other horses and driver for the inland mining town of Reefton, 21 miles farther on.

We stayed for the night at Stevenson's Hotel, and had time, before dinner, to be shown all over the Progress Gold Mine by Mr. Evans, the courteous resident superintendent. It is a quartz mine, working sixty-five stamps and crushing 5000 tons per month. It has an overhead endless wire rope or cable, which brings the quartz down from a large shaft at the summit of a high mountain. It averages 8 dwt. to 10 dwt. of gold per ton, equal to about £10,000 value per month. The wages range from 8s. to 10s. per day per man, and 5s. per day for boys.

CHAPTER XVI

South New Zealand: Hokitika, Christchurch, Dunedin

16*th January* 1903.—At 8 a.m. we left Reefton by rail for Greymouth, on the west coast, and from there by rail again to Hokitika, formerly an important mining town, with a population of 60,000 to 80,000 under canvas, at the time of a great rush from Australia and various ports and places in New Zealand. For some time it maintained a resident population of 8000 to 10,000, now dwindled down to considerably under 2000. Hokitika is on the seaboard (west coast), south of Greymouth and Westport, with an unprotected line of seabeach on the one side, and bounded on the other by a long range of high snow-capped mountains known as the Southern Alps of New Zealand. We saw Mount Cook very plainly by day, and also by night in the clear moonlight, distant due south as the crow flies 80 miles and 110 by road. It is 12,349 feet high.

We put up at Dobson's Empire Hotel, and our brief stay at Hokitika was made very comfortable by the attentive kindness of the Empire's landlady and landlord.

17*th January.*—Thanks to the courtesy and kindness of some friends we met here, we drove this morning to the old mining town of Ross, 25 miles distant, and after lunch were taken by the manager of the local branch of the Bank of New Zealand to see the small sluicing gold mine called the Mont d'Or, which has a large head of water employed washing away the whole side of a mountain. This is about the only mine remaining in this once flourishing little mining town, and it employs but a very limited number of hands. Few can imagine what an uninviting, desolate, ugly place a worked-out, deserted mining town is. I had

a long talk with an elderly working-man who had lived here for close on forty years, from the day of its prosperity, through its intermediate stages, till its decay; and here he was still hanging on, as he doubtless will for the remainder of his days. Notwithstanding the very gloomy picture I have painted as representing the township of Ross to-day, the Premier has ordered a railway to be built here to connect it with Hokitika, in hopes of developing at some future time a trade in timber—certainly not in the mining interest; in fact, the railway, as I saw myself, is already in course of construction. At a half-way house between Hokitika and Ross we stopped at a place known as Brown's Inn, and the landlord took our small party in a boat on the South Creek, leading to and from Lake Mahinapua. The feature in this creek is a most marvellous reflection of the trees, shrubs, lofty ferns, flags of the flax, and mosses lining the banks, which far surpasses anything of the kind that I have ever seen. It is impossible to tell where nature ends and its reflection begins; and the effect is that of a picture of a submarine forest framed in snow-clad mountains.

18*th January.*—Taking a carriage and pair we drove this morning to Lake Kanieri (pronounced "Canary"), 12 miles distant, and put up our horses for a while in a shed by the side of the singularly beautiful expanse of water. The view from the long wooden bridge across the lake—which is 7 miles wide—with the high range of the New Zealand Southern Alps in the background, was very fine indeed. Although it was nearly midsummer, and very warm, these mountains were all covered with snow.

We found many other local visitors who had travelled in nondescript vehicles or on bicycles, the latter very largely used in this colony. There were no houses in the neighbourhood, nor any possibilities of buying food or drink; so it was a good thing that our host and hostess had sent with us our luncheon, which we took very pleasantly *al fresco.*

After this we started in an oil steam-launch across Lake Kanieri to visit a waterfall situated half a mile inland amidst a wealth of ferns of all varieties; and the whole scene was irresistibly charming. As we returned in our launch the

propeller struck a snag and became disabled, so it looked as though we should be delayed for a long time. But with our accustomed good luck we saw in the distance a rowing-boat, which on being hailed came at once to our assistance. The rowers transferred all the ladies of their party to our launch, and the men of our party to their boat; and then, after a long pull, our craft was towed back to its starting-point.

During our drive home we visited the Fish Hatcheries near here. They are very good, and will be a mighty boon to coming generations by stocking the neighbouring rivers and lakes with trout, salmon, and other kinds of fish. Lake Kanieri and its neighbourhood are certainly on no account to be missed.

19*th January*.—Early this morning we hired a boat and five men and went on the beautiful lake of Mahinapua, taking our lunch with us and the inevitable "Billy" for making tea. We came, by the way, on the banks of the creek leading to the lake, upon a steam mill for converting the newly gathered green leaves of the flax growing in abundance all around into hemp, similar to that of Manilla, which is ultimately made into the well-known rope of that name. We were shown its progress of manufacture through its various stages, until it is made up into compressed bales of fibre for shipment into small local steamers, penetrating up the creek, for transhipment to England.

The boatmen promptly lighted a fire to make us tea for our luncheon.

In the afternoon we bade farewell to Hokitika, taking our usual box seats by the coach for the mining town of Kumara, distant 22 miles. I need not give any lengthy description of this place. It is, or has been, a large and important mining centre, but is now very much on the downward grade, though a few mines are still working in the vicinity.

We put up at the Kumara Hotel, a modest establishment in keeping with the rude conveyance, flatteringly called coach, on which we had made our interesting journey.

20*th January*.—There was nothing to tempt us to stay in Kumara. We are now fairly on our way from the extreme west coast of the South Island of New Zealand, to the extreme east, our point being Christchurch, so we left Kumara by the usual subsidised four-horse mail-coach, staying for a night by the way at the Glacier Hotel at Bealey, which is a sort of half-way inn, or accommodation-house, where there are frequently 80 to 100 visitors. We had fortunately secured a couple of rooms some days previously by wire. The early morning outside the Glacier on the West Coast Road is a very busy scene, somewhat recalling the old coaching days of a century since in England, as several coaches start for both east and west at the same given hour, 7 a.m., each with five horses. On our drive here we covered 55 miles and had fourteen horses to do the journey (twice five fresh ones and once four). Our road lay through the second most marvellous gorge in New Zealand, known as the "Otira," where we ascended 3000 feet, passing beside the brink of precipices, gulches, chasms, hundreds of feet deep, in close proximity beside us, totally unfenced and unprotected, with several snow-clad mountains around us, 5000 and 6000 feet high. Bealey consists solely of the hotel, a post office, the post-master's cottage, and a large range of stabling. A railway is shortly to be made with a great engineering undertaking in the shape of a tunnel through the Otira Gorge—a reason why other hotels are not being built here to meet the ever-increasing number of passing visitors and travellers. This railway will connect Otira, the terminus at present of the line from Hokitika and Greymouth, with Springfield, which connects in turn with Christchurch and the south-east coast.

21*st January*.—We left the Glacier Hotel, Bealey, at 7 a.m. sharp, three coaches starting each way at the same moment, making a total of thirty horses employed, for Springfield. The scenery was much the same as on previous days, the route ascending and descending several times thousands of feet, and crossing several broad but somewhat shallow rivers, all absolutely bridgeless. We had fifteen horses, changing three times, with, at last, a long pleasant

drive over the well-known and justly celebrated Canterbury plains, the succulent grasses of which so rapidly fatten the countless thousands of Canterbury lambs for the English nation.

We arrived at the present terminus of the Christchurch railway system, the town of Springfield, where, after enjoying a capital luncheon provided in readiness for the arrival of the coach, we said farewell for a time to our long coach rides and took train for Christchurch, 44 miles' journey from Springfield. We arrived at Christchurch, and put up at the hotel so well known as "Coker's," which owes its characteristic comfort to the excellent management of Mr. and Mrs. Coker and their two daughters.

22nd January to 25th January.—Our stay at Christchurch has been rendered exceptionally agreeable—in spite of one miserably cold and wet day—partly by the courtesy with which we have been treated, and partly by the prettiness of the place and its neighbourhood, which, however, are sadly in want of electric trams. We were much interested in a visit to the Canterbury (New Zealand) Packing and Meat Co.'s works at Belfast, 3 miles beyond the outlying suburb of Papanui. The company kills on an average 8000 sheep and lambs per day. Each butcher is paid 20s. for every 100 he kills, skins, and dresses. Experts can do nearly or quite 100 per day. Fines are inflicted for any faulty work. Aged or old ewes are simply boiled down for their fat, the residue of bones being converted into bone-dust, and the remainder into dried dust for manure. In the afternoon we drove a few miles out to New Brighton, not unlike our bathing and recreation place of the same name near Liverpool. The river Avon runs right up to and through Christchurch, and abounds in trout, as do also the numerous small rivers, the Selwyn, Rangitata, Rakaia, etc., adjacent and within easy reach, all teeming with fish, from 1 lb. to 20 lb. in weight, and in some places ranging from 26 lb. to 30 lb.—astonishing as these sizes must appear to our British piscatorial friends' experiences. Five miles from Christchurch is the Styx River, the lower waters of which abound in fish from 3 lb. to 20 lb., but as most of the land hereabouts is private

property, the owner's permission to fish should in courtesy be asked. There are immense herds of red deer in North Otago; also fallow deer at Tapanui, in Southland, either of which places can be reached in two days from Christchurch. The first red deer in the North Otago district were turned out by the late Hon. John M'Lean, and they now number many thousands, found in a part of the country 100 miles long by 50 miles wide, and free shooting of these deer is open to all sportsmen, to whom, indeed, New Zealand must be a veritable El Dorado. The Salvation Army is a great force here, as it is in almost every country I visit.

All classes of every age and sex are much given to bicycling, and many cover daily great distances. I was much interested in visiting the museum at Christchurch to find many relics of the late captured city of Benin, on the West Coast of Africa, purchased in England, late the property of the deposed king, who is now a prisoner in the hands of the British at Old Calabar.

26th January.—On our way southward from Christchurch to Dunedin we broke the journey at Timaru, a very pretty seaport town on the east coast, 100 miles from Christchurch, and about equal distance from Dunedin. We passed *en route* again many places of most familiar names, such as Islington, Norwood, Chertsey, Fairfield, Windermere, Ealing, and Winchester.

27th January.—At Timaru we were the guests for a couple of days of some of the leading residents, Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, and enjoyed a very welcome rest.

The town has about 7000 inhabitants. It boasts of a very fine inner-made harbour. Its exports mostly consist of wool and frozen sheep and lambs. The local authorities have spent £300,000 on the harbour works and breakwater, all of which were most fully explained and pointed out to me by the courteous secretary and the harbour-master. The quantity of stone tipped into the Mole now averages 490 tons per day. The staging is out a distance of 1775 feet, and the tram line is now 5 miles in length from the commencement of the Mole.

There is a nice little club, the Canterbury, at Timaru,

to which my host, Mr. Smithson, introduced me as honorary member for my brief stay.

28th January.—We left Timaru this afternoon by the express for the eight hours' journey to Dunedin. The train contained a good refreshment car, with a continuous passage throughout, as is customary in America and other countries. The whole system of railways in New Zealand, comprising at present 2035 miles, is the property of and worked by the Government, with the exception only of 180 miles of private lines.

We put up at the Grand Hotel, which, at that moment, was very full, owing to the arrival of two or three ocean steamers, and the beautiful steamer *Waikare*, which had just returned from her annual summer cruise after visiting all the principal sounds and places in the neighbourhood. The Governor of New Zealand, Lord Ranfurly, and Lady Ranfurly were staying here for a few days.

29th January to 2nd February.—Many residents of Dunedin, which by the way is extremely Scotch and boasts of a large number of Presbyterian churches, entertained us most hospitably throughout our stay. Amongst our visits was one to the very large woollen mill in the suburb of Dunedin, known as the Rosslyn Mills, owned by the important firm of Ross & Glendinning, employing some 500 hands. Mr. Ross, the senior of the firm, kindly accompanied us out. He explained and showed us the whole process from where it commences with dirty greasy wool, shorn from sheep on his own run or farm in the district, until at the end it comes forth in the shape of the finest suitings and clothing of every description, and particularly in men and women's underclothing of the finest texture, absolutely free from an ounce of cotton or shoddy of any description. The firm are building a second large mill beside the present one. Women and girls earn on an average 25s. to 30s. per week, very young girls and children from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per week. There is more than one electric tramway in Dunedin, traversing very steep country, ascending and descending the various inclines and declines. There are also horse trams. We visited the Dunedin Museum, and were much interested in specimens

of the extinct Moa birds, also the Art Gallery, which contains many good pictures, and the Dunedin University, where we were introduced to the family of the Principal, Professor Shand. The terms charged are only £6, 6s. a-year; but the educational course, especially in chemistry and applied science, seems quite of a high grade. The whole place has an air of solid and enlightened prosperity.

3rd February.—This morning at nine we left Dunedin by rail for the famous holiday resort, Lake Wakatipu, the surrounding hills of which are known as the "High Alps of New Zealand." The beautiful lake of Wakatipu, on which stand Kingstown, Queenstown, and Glenorchy, is 50 miles long by 2½ miles broad. The distance by rail from Dunedin to Kingstown is 168 miles, and by steamboat from Kingstown to Queenstown 25 miles; and the Government of New Zealand grants return tickets, from Saturday to Wednesday inclusive, for the ridiculously low sum of 12s. 6d., the distance both ways being exactly 386 miles—so determined is our friend, the Premier, Mr. Richard Seddon, to popularise such places and make them known. A company owning the steamers on this lake have been compelled to sell all their property to the Government, otherwise the latter would run them out by building its own steamers, and cutting the rates of passage down immensely, the cost of passages having been previously almost prohibitory through high charges, and thereby preventing any rapid or large development.

We reached Queenstown at 8 p.m. by the paddle-steamer into which we changed from the train at Kingstown, and we took up our quarters at Eichardt's Hotel after a most delightful day's journey.

4th February.—From the awe-inspiring scenery of the North Island, with its geysers, its boiling springs, its alum cliffs, its sulphur falls, and its mud craters, it seems a miraculous change to awake on the shore of this typical ice-cold lake of the South Island surrounded by snow-capped mountains glittering in the morning sun. Such a veritable transformation-scene is one to which no pen, and certainly not mine, could hope to do justice.

Miss Bates and I walked to enjoy the view some distance up one of the mountains, to the source of the water-supply, and found the prospect simply fascinating. We also looked over one or two houses and plots of land which are for sale, and should, I think, be bought for a good deal less than they seem intrinsically worth. The whole surroundings of Lake Wakatipu and Eichardt's Hotel are charming, and I quite agree with the many travellers who aver that they compare favourably with anything that Switzerland has to show.

5*th February.*—We embarked this morning on the small Government steamer for Glenorchy, which is 35 miles distant, at the head of Lake Wakatipu. Arriving there at 3 p.m. we went to the Mount Earnshaw Hotel, kept by Mr. Birley, and generally full at this time of year. Fortunately for us a good many guests were leaving by our boat on its return journey, so we secured the necessary accommodation.

6*th February.*—To-day Mr. Birley, junior, with a pair of horses, drove us (two young ladies, their father, and ourselves) a journey of 24 miles there and back, our destination being an establishment for paying guests known as "Paradise," kept by a Scotchman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Aitken. It is sometimes asked "What's in a name?" I think in this instance, at least, there is a great deal in it, as here all the visitors seem to want to go to "Paradise." In the season there are always double, if not treble, the number applying for admission who can be received. Have we not been taught this has always been so? However, I am a little sore on the subject, as our party had applied for admission to "Paradise" and been refused. On being asked where I came from I incautiously said Liverpool. They said they could take no one from there on any consideration, and shut the door. However, we were determined to view it, if only from the outside—no Liverpudlians being allowed inside; so after a drive of several miles we came to a very broad, uneven, bridgeless river which we had to cross—all the time over huge boulders and loose stones, until our bones ached with the shaking. Having safely reached the other side we

were not surprised to learn that this crossing was known as "Purgatory," and we were, needless to say, delighted to find we had passed safely through. After this the road and vista improved vastly, until later we came to a gate called "Heaven's Gate," and having already struggled through "Purgatory" we passed with a clean sheet until we came in sight of "Paradise" with, strange to say, the "Garden of Eden" beyond.

The canny Scotchman running this place evidently thinks there is a very great deal in a name or series of names. However, those who have once entered the precincts—the space within is, perhaps, necessarily very limited, only twenty being accommodated at the one time—express themselves very satisfied with their reception, and recommend their friends to endeavour likewise to obtain permission to enter. But, as I mentioned, we stopped short in sight of "Paradise," and thinking we might only get the proverbial apple in our Scotch friend's "Garden of Eden," we took our horses out by the roadside, unpacked our large luncheon basket, our kind driver made a fire, boiled the water in our "Billy,"—without which no New Zealander or Australian ever travels through the bush,—and had a most delightful *al fresco* meal with refreshing tea.

Before returning to Mount Earnshaw Hotel we extended our drive up another valley, the Rees, to an abandoned gold mine known as the "Invincible." The scenery there was most beautiful, and we all, ladies as well as men, took a stiff climb for the pretty view of a waterfall which well repaid us for our exertions.

The rabbit plague is terrible in this particular district, and the whole country around here is honeycombed by millions of rabbits. Poisoning on a large scale is resorted to by the use of phosphorus. In the mountains which surround the lake there are many wild goats and some wild pigs, but the miners and others go out with dogs and guns and thin them down considerably.

To the tourist, however, the place has so many charms that the Government would, I think, do well to run a boat here direct from Kingstown once or twice a week, so as

to prevent visitors being compelled to spend a night at Queenstown.

7th February.—We went back by boat to-day to Queenstown, and stayed again at Eichardt's Hotel. Soon after we got there no less than 200 excursionists from Dunedin, etc., arrived, and must have strained sadly the very limited accommodation of the little town.

8th and 9th February.—Before leaving New Zealand, as we do to-morrow for Tasmania, I ought to note that in our travels all over it, north, south, east, and west, we have never seen anything approaching a pauper in the country, or been anywhere solicited for a penny. Everyone seems flourishing in cities, towns, and country districts alike, all fat, hearty, and well-to-do. It is, indeed, the working-man's Paradise, and also that of the women and girls.

The population of the whole country is only 800,000, and yet the exports from New Zealand are of the value of £13,000,000 annually. No doubt the present superlative prosperity of New Zealand is due, in a measure, to the great misfortune of Australia arising from the late successive years of drought: and what have been the latter's terrible disasters and trials have been New Zealand's gain. Taking the population of New Zealand for the past half-century, *i.e.* 1852 to 1902, it has increased from 27,623 to 772,719, exclusive of Maoris, or about 29-fold. The religious denominations during the same period also increased very greatly.

To give some faint idea of the prosperity of New Zealand and its dairy produce, I may mention that the steamer *Papanui* sailed for London whilst I was present in Wellington, New Zealand, with no less than 1113 tons of butter, nearly two and a half million pounds (2,493,120 lb.), which, valued at the wholesale London market price of the day, viz. 11¼d. per lb., equals £116,865. The same steamer also carried 275 tons of cheese, which, at 6½d. per lb., amounts to £17,050—together £133,915, and this in one ship from one port (Wellington). New Zealand is, indeed, a land just now flowing with milk and honey, notwithstanding the outcry against King Dick's (the Premier's) radical form of working-man's Government.

Passing through a part of the country bearing most luxuriantly, I remarked to a settler how fortunate the farmers were. He replied, "Verily, the harvest is plentiful, but the labourers few." He was right. Labour is very difficult to get, and when men offer themselves the high rate of wages is almost prohibitory. There is little or no immigration into the country. Those who are there (the working classes) wish for none, and now set their faces dead against any State aid to encourage it. It would tend to break the great monopoly which they hold in the land, together with the present high rate of wages. Moreover, it costs time and money to get so far from England, and the immigrant from Europe, as a rule, is almost, or quite, penniless. Canada and the North-West Territories can be quickly reached for a very trifling outlay, and we do not stop to consider the advantage of a glorious climate, open for cultivation all the year round as in New Zealand, as compared with the six months in each year in North America, when the ground is frozen hard and fast and tilling the soil is quite out of the question.

On the other hand, I must admit that the Old Age Pensions Act, so much boasted of in New Zealand, which, the Colonial Government claim, has done so much good, is, in my opinion, by no means an unmixed blessing. I met, I am sorry to say, many young and middle-aged men who flippantly argued, "take no heed for the morrow, the Government will now provide for us when we become old."

Early on the morning of the 9th February we took the boat to Kingstown, and thence the train for the Bluff *viâ* Lumsden and Invercargill, at both of which we changed trains. And then at 5.30 p.m. we sailed on board the handsome steamer *Victoria* (belonging to Huddart, Parker, & Co., of Australia and New Zealand), for the celebrated Milford Sound, the finest of all the beautiful sounds of New Zealand, which is not to be beaten for scenery by any one of the Norwegian fjords, our ultimate destination being Hobart, Tasmania, a distance of 1155 miles.

CHAPTER XVII

TASMANIA

10th February 1903.—With most praiseworthy public spirit the owners of the *Victoria* went, at their own expense, something like half a day out of their direct course from Bluff to Hobart, in order to show their passengers the beauties of that Milford Sound of which New Zealand is so justly proud. From our point of view the game has certainly been well worth the candle, for the majestic scenery of the sound, with its fringe of snow-capped mountains and waterfalls, has given us the most delightful morning imaginable. We saw here the redoubtable Mr. Sutherland, who discovered and named the famous Sutherland Falls. He has lived with his wife the life of a recluse in a lonely house —the only one—at the head of the Sound, and has been there for many years, their seclusion being so complete that when a short time ago Mrs. Sutherland broke her leg there was no one available for setting it but her husband.

The distance from Bluff to Milford is 213 miles, and that from here to Hobart will be 902 miles, making 1115 miles altogether, whereas if we had gone from Bluff to Milford direct the distance would have been only 930 miles.

11th and 12th February.—Our steamer carries a large quantity of oysters on freight in the refrigerator. They came from Stewart Island, a third and southernmost island of New Zealand. Stewart Island is famous for its large production of good oysters. After leaving Tasmania the *Victoria* proceeds to Sydney, New South Wales, for which port I see she has 700 tons of cargo from New Zealand. Many albatrosses followed in our wake the whole time, day and night.

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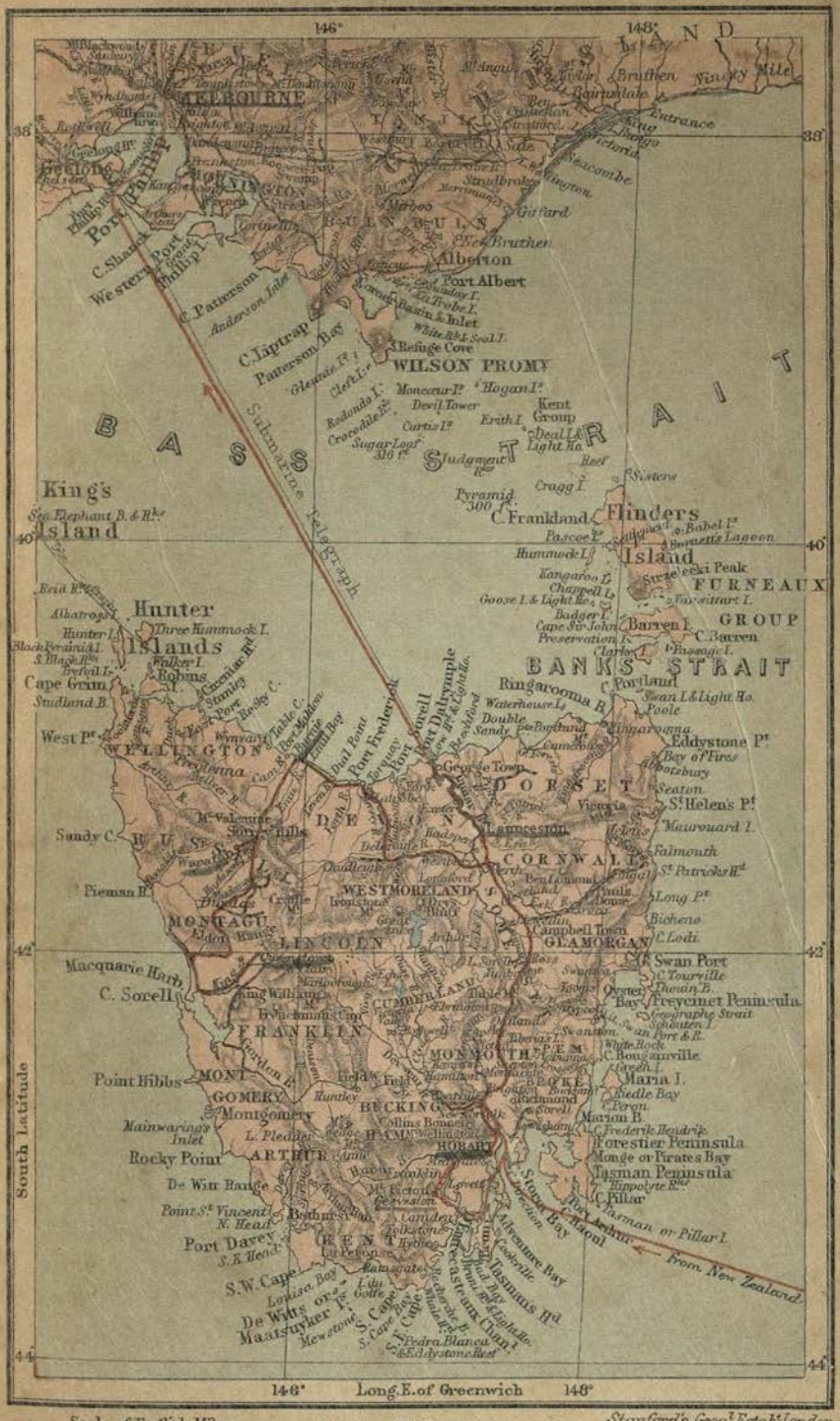
TASMANIA.



HORSE TRAMWAY FOR DRAGGING TIMBER FROM THE FOREST AROUND GEEVESTON, TASMANIA.

To face page 177.

13*th February.*—At 6 a.m. we moored alongside the pier of what used to be called Hobart Town. The latter word has now been expunged, as Hobart has developed into a city. Van Diemen's Land was formerly the name of this large island, but this has also been entirely relegated to the past, as it had such an unsavoury history in connection with the scandalous horrors of the place as a convict station—a foul blot on British annals. Moreover, Van Diemen was never near the country, but Abel Jansz Tasman, the greatest navigator possibly the world has ever known, was sent there by Van Diemen, then the Governor of the Dutch East India Company, residing at the time in Batavia. Tasman's mission was the discovery of gold and silver mines, and as he found none either here or in his circumnavigation of Australia, the islands were considered so absolutely worthless that no European set foot on them for an entire century. It is strange to reflect that by the irony of fate these countries have since proved to abound in more gold and silver than the whole world had ever known or dreamt of.

On landing at Hobart we secured very comfortable quarters at an excellent hotel known as Heathorn's. In the evening we took the electric tram from end to end of the city, on the one side the terminus being near the railway station, Liverpool Street, Hobart, and at the other side at a suburb called Sandy Beach, three miles out of the city.

14*th February.*—This morning the four-horse mail-coach known as Rule's, called for us at our hotel at 9 a.m., by arrangement made the previous evening, when we secured, as usual, the box seats, and proceeded for Brown's River. The owner of this line of coaches has the contract for carrying the mails between Hobart and Brown's River, and delivering them at all the intermediate post offices and houses whose occupants indulge in special private bags of their own. After a charming drive of 11 miles we arrived at our destination, and put up at a very fair hotel. It is a seaside resort, has a good sandy beach adapted for bathing, and its nice jetty runs out into the sea, steamers coming alongside. A passenger steamer calls daily from

Hobart, and in the height of the season three times daily, the time occupied by each boat being only one hour. We ascended a hill in the immediate neighbourhood where there has lately been erected a large summer boarding establishment, from which is obtained a splendid view of the fine estuary of the Derwent River. We visited a wonderful curio store here, kept by a well-known old man, who had a large collection of leg-irons, various whips, etc., connected with the old convict days.

15th February.—It was very wet in the morning, but in the afternoon before going for a tram ride we visited the museum and art gallery, the former of which has a capital collection of everything appertaining to the country, and also some native utensils from the South Sea Islands. The art gallery, which is attached to the museum, contains a fine collection of pictures. The city is supplied with an electric tram service, by which we took a ride out three miles to a point called the Cascades, passing by the way an old convict building with a history. At the terminus were pretty gardens, where we were supplied with tea and strawberries. There was a large number of black and white magpies flying about together, with numbers of English skylarks, the latter giving the place a very home-like character. There are large quantities of starlings, which, like the thrushes and blackbirds, are most destructive to the fruit.

16th February.—We find, and we can quite understand from our own experience, that Tasmania is, to a certain extent, the sanatorium of Australasia, the residents of Melbourne and Sydney coming here to avoid the very hot parching weather of their own cities, the nights in Tasmania being very cool. The climate is certainly extremely agreeable.

17th February.—By five-horse coach we drove to-day from Heathorn's Hotel to a point 5 miles distant, known as the "Fern-Tree Bower," 1700 feet above the sea-level. We then proceeded to the source of the water-supply provided by the Colonial Government for the city of Hobart. This point was 2872 feet high. The springs are situated at the foot of Mount Wellington, which is 4166 feet high,

and many visitors ascend it on foot. The "Fern-Tree Bower" is part of the large Government reserve, which is being beautified to make it attractive to tourists and others. Needless to say, fern trees grow there in great luxuriance. The spot is full of charm, both natural and cultivated. It is supplied both with a hotel and a boarding-house, and it is reached by a most beautiful road.

18*th February.*—This morning we took the small local steamer and sailed up the river Derwent for New Norfolk, a distance of 25 miles. Arriving there, we took a carriage and drove a further 7 miles to the salmon ponds—a Government establishment for the breeding and propagation of salmon and trout to be distributed throughout the lakes and streams of Tasmania. At these hatcheries they are now trying, in place of English and Scotch spawn, American varieties of salmon known as quinnat and sockeyed from California, as the English and Scotch are not an entire success; the temperature of the water not suiting these latter, they degenerate. These gardens, grounds, and ponds are remarkably well kept.

19*th February.*—We started to-day for an interesting three-days' excursion, which showed us, amongst other things, the wonderful fruit-growing possibilities of the island. We embarked on a small steamer bound for a place known as "Shipwright's Point," on the Huon River, calling at very many intervening places, and traversing the broad and open water of the D'Entrecasteaux Channel, named after a celebrated French naval commander, who made good surveys of these waterways just previously to its being taken possession of by the British. Arriving at "Shipwright's Point," we drove a few miles out to a point known as Geeveston, which is the centre of the timber and apple-growing district. Geeveston is 10 miles from Franklin, at which latter place considerable industry in fruit-drying and preserving is carried on. The orchards in and near the latter township are among the finest in the district, the fruit-trees having been planted 50 years since. It is considered that there is a splendid opportunity for Tasmania to open up a large timber trade with South Africa. Amongst its woods it has the red and white myrtle

and celery-top pine. At Geeveston we put up at a boarding-house called Hill Crest.

20*th February.*—I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. G. Geeves, sen., from whom this settlement takes its name, there being now a whole colony of his descendants. The old gentleman is 84 years of age, hale and hearty, and has been in Tasmania upwards of 60 years, having arrived here in 1842. He has been working a large steam sawmill. It is now changed into a company, with a capital of £65,000, the shares being held chiefly in Scotland. There are one or two substantial wooden tramways. Of these, many are running some miles out by an easy gradient into the adjacent mountains of primeval forest, composed of perfectly straight trees, each without a single arm, frequently 200 feet in height, and of an almost uniform circumference throughout. We rode up on the trolley, and spent a whole day in the forest. We saw these trees being felled, then drawn by steel hawsers to a stationary engine some 1000 feet or more below, put on the trollies, and taken to the mill.

21*st February.*—We left Geeveston this morning by coach, through "Shipwright's Point," changing horses at Franklin, on to Huonville, passing Longley, where we again changed our team of five horses. The whole of this drive, which is 50 miles from point to point, is entirely through apple orchards, this being the centre of the Tasmanian apple supply, from which this season 300,000 cases have been shipped to England, and probably 200,000 more cases to New Zealand, Australia, and other places. This makes a splendid addition to the cargoes of the large steamers now coming home from the Australian colonies, as owing to the late great droughts their cargoes from Australian ports of call have been very diminished. It is a curious fact that apple-trees thrive better in indifferent ground than on richer land. In the latter they make more root, and the quantity of the fruit diminishes; whereas in poorer soil with a clay bottom, the fruit is materially increased. These apple orchards are beautifully planted —the trees all at equal distances, with no grass or anything allowed to grow between them, and all of uniform

size, reminding me of the magnificent orange-farms which I visited last year in South California. I saw boys picking small fallen apples from the ground, and putting them in baskets. These, I found on investigation, were not for shipping to Europe or elsewhere, but were going to a small local fruit-drying factory, where they are peeled, cored, and cut into strips, and made into dried apples.

Reverting to the subject of timber, I see no reason why, with the vast demand which should arise from the development of South Africa, and with the boundless supply of the forests here, the trade in it should not multiply many times over. At the docks at Hobart I found a large quantity of sleepers cut from the stringy bark, which is a very hard and endurable wood, being shipped for London for railway purposes. At the same time I visited another vessel landing a cargo of soft or white wood from Norway; as, notwithstanding the immense forests in Tasmania, they have no such wood as is required for general house-building purposes. I saw the following steamers here, one after the other, alongside the quay, taking on board incalculable quantities of apples—the Holt (blue funnel) steamer *Orestes*, the Orient Pacific Line R.M.S. *Ormuz*, the White Star steamer *Suevic*, the Orient Pacific Line R.M.S. *Omrah*, and the P. & O. R.M.S. *India*.

After our delightful and most instructive excursion to Geeveston we got back to our hotel in Hobart at 4 p.m., and in the evening paid a visit to the Theatre Royal, a very good theatre indeed.

22nd to 24th February.—During our last day or two in Hobart we have made further acquaintance with its many fine buildings—its Parliament House, for example, and its Government House, the foundation-stone of which latter handsome edifice was laid by the great Arctic discoverer, the late Sir John Franklin, who, at the time, was Governor of Tasmania. The building was completed in 1858 at a cost to the colony of £120,000. The present Governor is Sir Arthur Elibank Havelock, who was formerly Governor of Sierra Leone, the West African settlement, and Consul for Liberia. In Hobart are large jam-making factories, which happily utilise all the more delicate classes

of fruits which will not bear the risk of exportation. Jam is principally exported to Australia. There are some very large botanical gardens fronting the estuary of the Derwent and adjoining Government House, also an extensive park, known as the "Queen's Domain," which contains 500 acres of land. We walked the whole length of it. There was a coolness and crispness in the air which made it most delightful.

25*th February*.—We left Hobart to-day by train for Launceston, which is situated on the extreme north end of the island, and is 133 miles distant; Parattah Junction, which is the highest point, standing at an elevation of 1513 feet. The railway takes great curves and windings, the country being everywhere very mountainous, with pasture and arable land intermixed. We passed many places bringing with them home associations, namely Brighton and Bridgewater Junctions, Andover, Tunbridge, Epping, and St. Leonards, with a little Italian thrown in also at a place called Campagna. On arriving at Launceston we put up at the Brisbane Hotel, which is said to be the best in the place, but attains only a very modest standard of luxury.

26*th February*.—Launceston is distinguished by its possession of very large public baths, with a good Turkish bathing establishment adjoining, built in 1897, and known as the Victoria Baths. At the present time the town boasts of no trams of any kind, though it is supplied with one of the finest electric powers in the world, driven by a natural force of water.

27*th February*.—We visited to-day the electric-power station, which, together with all plant, etc., cost £100,000, and a further £30,000 is now voted by the Colonial Government to increase the power, there being any quantity of water available, for the purpose of laying down a cable-tram service. We visited the Cataract Gorge, which is very grand and imposing. The municipal authorities have spent a large sum in making it a most delightful resort. During a flood this gorge presents one of the grandest sights it is possible to imagine. By permission of Mr. R. Driscoll, superintendent of police, we went over the

old convict prison, which is now used only for the class known as the drunk and disorderly. One part attached to the prison comprises a home for aged and infirm women. Launceston has a small population of only 20,000.

28*th February.*—At 8 a.m. we left Launceston for Burnie, which is situated in Emu Bay, Bass Strait, on the north-west coast, the distance being 112 miles. The trains run very slowly—only about 20 miles an hour at most. They are usually made up of goods and passengers combined, and there are stations every 4 or 5 miles, with only two trains running each way in twenty-four hours. We passed through Devonport *en route*, a seaport 82 miles from Launceston. It is the centre of a very large potato-growing district. After we passed Devonport the scenery for the next 30 miles became very beautiful, as the line runs close to the sea.

We reached Burnie at 2 p.m., and took up our quarters at a very nice hostelry known as Turner's Bay View Hotel.

1*st March.*—There is an exceedingly pretty view of Emu Bay from the balcony of our hotel; which, however, is somewhat marred by a line of railway running out to the excellent pier and breakwater combined, the latter being made of massive concrete blocks, with plenty of accommodation for steamers drawing from 25 to 30 feet of water. Steamers are constantly plying between here and Melbourne, Sydney, and other ports, and take away immense quantities of potatoes, oats, and chaff for those places, such products being in very great demand on the Australian continent, particularly Queensland and New South Wales. This small port is the terminus of the Launceston and also of the Emu Bay Railways. It boasts of a large surrounding agricultural industry, and has also very considerable export and import trade with the west coast ports of Tasmania. Burnie is also a seaside health resort for many Australians, and has a good seabeach, suitable for bathing.

2*nd March.*—Very early this morning we took the Emu Bay Railway to Hampshire and Guildford Junction to visit the mining town of Waratah, as our object was to see the famous Mount Bischoff Tin Mine, said to be

the largest in the world. The Emu Bay Railway is a private line, the others in the island belonging to the Government. This one is owned by the Emu Bay Railway Co., called also the Burnie-Zeehan line, as it runs between the two places of those names. The total length from point to point is 88 miles. On arriving at Waratah we found those in authority over the mine most obliging, and they kindly consented to our being shown over the whole of the working. We were taken out to the top of the mountain, and were shown through drives and tunnels over the various levels. The shares have varied from 15s. to £90 each. The capital paid up has amounted to £30,000, and the value of tin taken out has reached £3,463,528, and dividends paid have amounted to £1,866,100. This is calculated to the end of June 1901. At Waratah we put up for the night at the Bischoff Hotel.

3rd March.—Having seen all there was to be seen in Waratah, we left this morning to join the morning express; but though we had first-class tickets, we found only an engine with a few trucks and brake-van, no carriages of any kind being available. We travelled in this way to Guildford Junction, where we joined the through train from Burnie to Zeehan. It is a mining town, the products being silver and lead. Leaving here, our next point was Queenstown, the great copper-mining centre of Mount Lyall. We had to stay some time on our way at the small seaport of Strahan, situated in the M'Quarie Harbour. This place, Strahan, derives its name from a former Governor of Tasmania, whom I once knew at Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa.

From Strahan we passed up the Mount Lyall Railway, winding under high cliffs, banks, and mountains on one side of it, and overhanging for many miles the picturesque King River flowing some hundreds of feet beneath. The scenery along the whole of this route baffles description, and no one could describe it adequately—with its thousands of most beautiful tree ferns, sassafras, and blackwood—whose wild grandeur is the scene of the Mount Lyall Co.'s engineering triumphs. It equals, if it does not

surpass, the beautiful Buller and Otira gorges of New Zealand. Our hotel at Queenstown was the Empire.

4th March.—Our good fortune followed us in our meeting at Queenstown with Mr. A. N. Macnicol, the engineer of the Mount Lyall Mining Co., who, like our friends in Waratah, took great pains to show us over and explain everything, including the whole of the great smelting and reduction works. They employ here 1800 white men, and treat 1000 tons of ore daily, or an average of 2600 tons per twenty-eight hours, which produces on a mean average per month of twenty-eight days: silver, 50,000 ounces; gold, 18,000 ounces; copper, 500 tons. The ore treated contains copper, silver, gold, iron, and sulphur. The company began active treatment and development in 1894. The carriage of ore from the mine to the reduction work is effected across an intervening mountain by means of a self-acting hauling line in connection with the steam tramway, by which we both travelled, with a gradient 40 in 100. There is also an aerial roadway of steel, which delivers daily 1000 tons of ore direct to the blast furnaces. The weekly consumption of firewood is 2000 tons. We were taken over the whole of the quarries and mines, riding up and down the enormous mountains and gradients in open trucks. The whole of this country for miles around suggests the accepted idea of the lower regions, not a blade of grass or green leaf, nothing but blackened stumps as far as the eye could reach; all affected by the continual sulphurous fumes, notwithstanding the fact that there are good hotels, fairly good buildings, and many shops. Even the ground itself is often on fire, owing to the sulphurous nature of the country. The total dividends paid by this company since 1894 to the 1st October 1901, amount to £793,762. We returned by the same railway,—the Mount Lyall Mining Railway,—which alone cost the company £230,000, and is now written down in their books at £200,000. The road is so steep that the engine is built, and the rails constructed, for running on the cog-wheel principle, called the rack-rail or A.P.T. system.

5th to 7th March.—Travelling back by way of Strahan,

Waratah, and Emu Bay, where again we broke the journey, we came home to our former quarters at the Brisbane Hotel, Launceston, at noon on

7th March.—There was much talk of the success of the Tasmanian potato crop, which will this year exceed £500,000 sterling in value. The counties in Tasmania are named after many in the British Islands, *i.e.* Devon, Somerset, Pembroke, Westmoreland, Glamorgan, and Monmouth. Tasmania joined the Australian Commonwealth about two years since, and is called "The Garden State of the Commonwealth." It is only about fourteen hours' steam from Melbourne. Launceston is known as the commercial capital of Tasmania.

The whole island, though as yet very sparsely populated, presents a grand field for all agriculturists. Enormous quantities of beautiful apples are grown. One hundred times the quantity could be easily grown, and a market could be found for them in Europe. American and Canadian apples are in no way to compare with them. Growers of potatoes tell me they can readily clear 20s. per ton on the production of them. Prices vary according to yields, etc., but this year they are realising from £3, 15s. to £5, 15s. per ton, and the estimated yield from 15,000 acres will prove to be 100,000 tons, or a little over 6 tons per acre. The cost of clearing and burning off the land from its original primitive state for potato cultivation is calculated at £16 per acre. I saw a block at the Railton Railway, which is 15 miles from Devonport and 67 miles from Launceston, occasioned by the enormous quantities of potatoes waiting to be trucked to Devonport, North Tasmania, for shipment by the many steamers sailing for Brisbane, Sydney, and some finding their way to Western Australia and South Africa. The potatoes are always shipped in bags, and they were simply piled up everywhere to a considerable height, the goods platform and every available foot of surrounding ground was covered.

8th and 9th March.—During our last two days at Launceston we have had the warmest weather that we have experienced in Tasmania, where, however, it is never

oppressive, and—for us—is generally too cool rather than too hot. We have visited the park, which is well laid out, and contains the nucleus of a collection of animals as in the Zoo, but on a small scale, besides ferneries, etc. The Albert Hall, a handsome building erected at a cost of £12,000, is capable of seating 2000 persons. One afternoon, too, we drove to the really romantic gorge of Corra Lynn, where the North Esk river runs over a series of small cataracts. The gorge, which is about 8 miles from Launceston, is spanned by a bridge some 200 feet above the rapids.

10*th March.*—We sailed this afternoon for Melbourne, going by the tender some miles down the Tamar River to join the *Pateena* of the Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand.

CHAPTER XVIII

Melbourne, Gippsland, Ballarat, and Adelaide

11*th March* 1903.—I cannot say much for the accommodation on the *Pateena*, which is a passenger-vessel so far behind the times in many of its appointments that it is a question if a Board of Trade surveyor would now pass it in England. We carried 200 first-class passengers with a degree of comfort which may be judged from the fact that sixteen ladies had to share for the night the shelter of the ladies' cabin. Fortunately it was a very calm passage, and we reached Melbourne at eleven in the morning. Of course we chose as our quarters the well-known and quite first-class Menzies' Hotel.

12*th to* 19*th March.*—There is naturally plenty to be seen in Melbourne itself, though not very much which possesses special or individual character. But there are abundant evidences not only of wealth, but of an intelligent desire to expend it to the artistic advantage of the city of which Victoria is so proud. In the course of our first week's stay at Menzies' Hotel we went over many fine buildings, as for example the Public Library, with which is connected the National Gallery, a magnificent edifice which will cost when completed nothing short of £1,000,000 sterling. The massive lions flanking the outside of the building are replicas of those of Trafalgar Square, London. The library contains over 200,000 books. In the museum is a large collection of native weapons and handiwork of all the native Australian, New Zealand, and Polynesian races. The picture galleries are very extensive, and contain many priceless treasures of the painter's art. The Melbourne Salvation Army Barracks Central Station next attracted me, and I must say it is

COUNTRY ROUND MELBOURNE.

Scale of English Miles
0 10 20 30 40 50 100

Stanford's Geog.l Estab.t London.

London: T. Fisher Unwin.

the largest, if not the handsomest, building of the kind I have known anywhere. Attached to it the Salvationists own and run most extensive printing works. The Aquarium far and away exceeds anything of the kind ever placed before the public in either Brighton or London.

We paid an exhaustive visit to the beautiful Botanic Gardens on the south side of the Yarra River; they contain, with the domain and adjacent park attached to Government House, 235 acres of land. The gardens proper consist of 83 acres, and are as large as those of Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane combined. They were commenced over fifty years ago, and include a large lake, with many specimens of rare water-fowl. Greater Melbourne is supplied with public reserves and parks, the total area of which is 5314 acres. We were charmed with the huge collection of trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, specimens of which we had seen in our travels during our long journey to the most distant parts of the world. The city itself boasts of magnificent buildings, many of them nearly as lofty as those of New York and Chicago. The roads are of extraordinary width, and are supplied with a first-class system of cable trams running in conjunction with each other to all parts.

We took cable tram to Brunswick for the gardens of the "Zoological and Acclimatisation Society of Victoria." These are situated in the centre of the Royal Park, which latter contains 444 acres of a nicely grassed open space, and is on the northern side of the city 2 miles from the Melbourne General Post Office. The actual ground enclosed for the Zoo is 50 acres, including ample space for the many kangaroos and deer to roam at will and take exercise. I saw here the finest and largest specimen of the tapir I have met with anywhere. It came from the Malay Peninsula, and had grown rather tender on its feet from being on hard ground, as, in its native state, it is always located in damp, swampy marshes.

One evening we took a walk in the crowded main street (Burke Street) as far as the imposing Parliament House. As it was Saturday night, we found an immense number of people promenading and filling the streets on

all sides. This seems to be an invariable custom on Saturday evenings all through the Australian towns and cities. Another day we started by train from near the centre of the city to visit some friends living at St. Kilda. We passed by the way through Richmond, South Yarra, and Windsor. Our friends possessed a garden with a mass of more beautiful roses than I have ever seen in any private garden, thanks to the ability and care of a most excellent head gardener, who, I may venture to say, came from Ireland. We took a run out to Toorak, the outlying fashionable suburb of Melbourne, by cable tram. It is distant 4½ miles from the city. St. Patrick's Day came round during our stay at Menzies'. There were immense processions, and it was made a great holiday, as general almost as the most favoured Bank Holiday. I found the city to contain a very extensive Irish element, which was most enthusiastic along the whole line of procession.

There are several first-class theatres. On this particular evening we attended Her Majesty's, the piece for this occasion being a comic opera known as "The Emerald Isle," and found the theatre packed with as well-dressed and orderly an audience as is to be seen in any West-End theatre in London.

20*th March*.—We started to-day on a week's inland excursion, our purpose being to see something of the interior of the country. Our little party included the daughter of one of the leading families in Sydney, who is travelling with us for a month as our guest. At 6.15 a.m. we started by train for Beechworth, 173 miles distant. After changing trains at Wangaratta at 2.30 p.m. we arrived at Beechworth, and drove to the Tanswell Hotel. We found the Sessions on, with the Supreme Court sitting, and a great gathering representing a conference of Oddfellows. This caused the town to be unusually full of visitors, and the hotels to be very crowded and noisy. Beechworth was one of the earliest, and also one of the leading gold-mining centres of the fifties. It was known to the Australasian world as the Ovens and Murray mining centre, with the then famous diggings known as

Reid's Creek, Woolshed, and Eldorado; and it then contained an immense working population of mixed races, European and Asiatic, all living under canvas. I personally paid a visit to these districts for a few months at the early period mentioned. I find now many thousands of acres all turned upside down, abandoned, and resembling the scene of a devastating earthquake more than anything else. It was even very difficult to recognise many parts of the country; and as to Beechworth itself, it is very much changed. It is now a large and handsome town, beautified with avenues of trees and many fine buildings, with very wide roads, though its mining wealth is pretty well exhausted. It contains many Government asylums, notably a very large one for lunatics, numbering some 700 inmates. Where are the thousands of Chinamen and Europeans whose tents and canvas-covered shanties extended for miles around the whole of this district?—mostly dead; though many Chinese returned to their own country with money, few or none came to take their places, owing to the Government of Australia levying £100 poll-tax on every Chinaman entering Australia. Beechworth stands 1800 feet above the sea-level.

20th to 23rd March.—After a couple of days at Beechworth we moved on to Bright, also an old mining town, having been worked for the last fifty years. It is 45 miles distant from Beechworth. We changed trains at Everton, where we waited one hour for our branch train on to Bright. We found here a very clean and well-built hotel called the Alpine—the proprietor being an old retired sea captain named MacFarlane, who for very many years had most interesting experiences during his trading voyages between Sydney, Solomon Islands, New Zealand, and other less-known places in the South Seas. Bright is a very pretty little town lying in a hollow entirely surrounded by mountains, with very high trees growing on either side. In front of our hotel, and at the junction of four cross roads, is a small enclosure with a fir-tree in the centre, and the following inscription on a tablet:—"In commemoration of the heroic defence of Mafeking by

Colonel Baden-Powell, October 10th, 1899, to May 18th, 1900. Lest we forget."

24th March.—As we left the Alpine Hotel, Bright, this morning by coach, we found the road, together with the adjoining country and fields, covered with a plant known as "St. John's Wort," which recently destroyed a thousand sheep out of a flock passing by. This horrible plant is also totally destructive of all other vegetation.

Our destination now is the Hospice, Mount St. Bernard (5000 feet high), the highest habitation known in Australasia. I must mention we had for our driver a man who has been on the road for many years, and by name Mick Dockerty. He is the most comical and entertaining man on a long journey that could be found in any country, and is full of the most amusing anecdotes and quaint sayings, which kept us fully entertained and in peals of laughter almost the whole of the journey. The last 16 miles before reaching the Hospice took us over a terrible mountain road with a very steep ascent. We all walked the last mile or two to ease the horses. We passed on our way scores upon scores of old abandoned gold mines, as this was the scene of the labour of thousands of diggers in the past. At 6.15 p.m. we reached the Hospice Mount St. Bernard. Wood being abundant we had huge wood fires in immense old-fashioned fireplaces, as the nights at this altitude are very cold.

25th March.—This morning at daybreak, after an early breakfast, we started again by the same coach and four horses, still with our lively driver Mr. Mick Dockerty, who, and I am sure that I shall not offend him, is known as the biggest romancer in Australia. I can safely say that no one has ever driven for days together through the wild Australian bush with a more amusing whip. Fortunately for us, the day opened with glorious weather, and on the sun rising the hoar frost disappeared. We ascended by a circuitous route a further 1000 feet, bringing us to an altitude of 6000 feet. We arrived at noon at about the highest point, which is known as "Brandy Creek." Having drawn up, we made the acquaintance of two miners, who were most kind and obliging, and who assisted us to make

the inevitable "Billy Tea," which, together with the continued open air drive and keen appetite, always appears as delicious as any in a lady's drawing-room: while, having brought some provisions with us, we managed to make a very good preliminary *al fresco* lunch. Late in the evening we arrived at the mining town of Omeo, where we put up for the night at the Omeo Hotel.

26*th March*.—We all three rose at five this morning in order to make a start at daylight for Bruthen in Gippsland, which is 65 miles distant, and over roads which are the worst we have yet met in all our travels, and are a positive scandal and disgrace to the Victorian Government. We encountered a horrible blinding dust the whole journey. The vile and dangerous roads are possibly to be accounted for by the very impoverished condition of the Government finances of Victoria. We ran for many miles beside what is known as the Tambo River, now, on account of the terrible drought, showing an almost dry and rocky bed, which when heavy rain does eventually set in will contain a swollen and rushing torrent. It was dark, and night was setting in, when we finally pulled up at the Bruthen Hotel, Bruthen. This part of the country we found growing Indian corn to a large extent, and very profitably, while quantities of good hops are also grown here. We noticed some well-built kilns for drying the latter, and also passed by the way waggons laden with hops, well packed in square bales, *en route* for Melbourne. The hotel we are staying at here is a regular coaching establishment, like one of olden days in Great Britain. One coach left at 6 a.m., and another started still earlier for a more distant town.

27*th March*.—We hired a buggy and pair and drove this morning to Mossiface on the banks of the river Tambo, where we met a small paddle river steamer about to proceed to Bairnsdale (28 miles by water). We took on board quantities of apples in casks and many bales of hops, until our little craft was laden down to the sponsons. The river for many miles was very narrow, not twice the width of the steamer, but it gradually widened. It was a gloriously warm autumn evening, the scenery very pretty, and the

trip most delightful. After coming down the Tambo River, we crossed Lake King, and then ascended the Mitchell River. Darkness setting in, our boat moored to the small pier at Bairnsdale, and we then drove to Norton's Hotel.

28*th March.*—This was market day, with very many large pens of sheep, lambs, and cattle, for sale by auction. We attended the market, and found all animals looking in a very third-rate condition, owing to the scarcity of food, brought about by the absence of rain. Lambs and sheep appeared to range in price from 10s. to 13s. each. Separate sales are held for horses. Six hundred will be submitted here a week hence; half of these will travel from New South Wales overland. The gross stock of sheep in Australasia has been reduced during the past few years from 103,000,000 to 53,000,000, evidently owing to the drought. One flock of sheep which we met by the road coming from the neighbourhood of the Hospice to Omeo had lost, by starvation and weakness, some thousands, and it was at times necessary to take additional men to follow in the rear to bury them. A flock of some 12,000 sheep which we passed, travelling back to New South Wales, having been sent this long distance into the Gippsland lake district to pick up a little food, had no less than twenty very clever sheep dogs to assist the drovers. These dogs are supplied with one sheep daily between them for their own food. We left Bairnsdale by a small steamer for Kalimna House Hotel, near to Cunninghame, a most glorious steam, by way of Mitchell's River, and across King's Lake, opposite to the "Lakes Entrance," by which all passenger steamers from Melbourne, etc., enter the Gippsland Lakes.

29*th and* 30*th March.*—This Kalimna House Hotel is a very pleasant place for a stay. Attached to it is a large garden, and the landlord assured us that a flock of parrots will come and, in a single day, completely strip a fruit tree in full bearing, mostly pears, leaving nothing when they have finished but the cores of the pears hanging to the trees. Flying foxes come by hundreds, and eat innumerable apples in one night. They are often to be seen suspended from the trees, hanging pendent, one

clutching the other. I managed to secure one of these flying foxes alive, and kept him for some time. He would consume several apples a day.

After a visit of two or three days we left Kalimna House, and embarked on board the lake steamer *Dargo* for the town of Sale, 65 miles distant. We called at Metung (formerly known as Rosherville). Here is the lake hotel called the Scarborough. We crossed Lake King by Raymond Island through Lake Victoria, passing through M'Lennan's Straits. We next crossed Lake Wellington (these are all known as the Gippsland Lakes) and then steamed up the Latrobe River to the town of Sale. We met many fishing-boats on our way, and stopped for them to come alongside. They, one and all, delivered to us boxes of fresh fish for shipment to Sale, whence they are sent on to Melbourne by rail. Fishing and shooting on these lakes are unrivalled. In the evening we arrived at Sale, and drove to the Criterion Hotel.

31*st March*.—We left Sale to-day by an early morning train for Melbourne, passing through Fulham, Malvern, etc. The country we traversed was mostly pasturage, and only partially cleared of its primitive bush trees and vegetation; numbers of cattle were grazing, but very few sheep or horses. In the evening we arrived at Melbourne, and returned to our former quarters at Menzies' Hotel.

1*st and* 2*nd April*.—After a brief rest at Menzies' Hotel we left this morning by train for a few days' visit to some friends who have a beautiful house, Drusilla Villa, 50 miles distant, at Mount Macedon, a very favourite health resort much patronised by the wealthier classes of Melbourne for summer residence.

3*rd to* 6*th April*.—At Drusilla Villa, which since our visit has been unfortunately destroyed by fire, we spent, thanks to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Weigel, and to the charms of Mount Macedon, a most enjoyable time. A characteristic feature of the grounds, which are full of rare trees, shrubs, and flowers, was the lake inhabited by the beautiful black swans of Australia. We returned to Menzies' Hotel on the evening of the 6th April.

7*th to* 17*th April*.—We spent our last ten days in

Melbourne busily enough, shopping, entertaining our friends, and so forth, and making various small suburban excursions. In the course of these latter we were struck by the fact that most beautiful fruit abounds in this part of the country; as fine grapes as any hothouse ones in England are sold at 2d. a pound; figs equal to any in the world are in perfect condition, both the green and blue varieties. Bananas were being sold, good ones, at 3d. per dozen. There is also a fruit known as the "Persimmon." They are somewhat different from those we have been accustomed to in China. Pears are equal to the best English ones, at less than half the price paid at home.

18*th April.*—We left Melbourne this afternoon at 4.40 for Ballarat, where our train arrived at 7.20. We put up at Lester's Hotel, the best in the place, though there are several very handsome ones, notably Craig's and the George. Having dined, we took a stroll through the main streets, and, as it was Saturday evening, we met the inevitable crowd, which, as I have mentioned in previous chapters, is always to be found in all Australian towns standing about and perambulating the streets on the evening of the last day of the week, not, as in England, for the purpose of shopping, but according to universal custom, common to men, women, and children alike. As the population of Ballarat is only 42,000, it would appear that they had all turned out *en masse*.

19*th April.*—We visited to-day the Botanical Gardens of Ballarat, which are very fine. They are decorated with a large amount of statuary, some of which is exceedingly beautiful, very noticeably one group called "The Flight from Pompeii," the subject being a man screening a woman who is holding a child in her arms, the trio fleeing almost nude from the burning city. This is, of course, enclosed within a glass house.

We had a visit from our friends, the Rev. J. Griffiths and his wife, the former having been incumbent of St. Peter's, the leading church here. On returning their call, we were shown over their new bungalow, which is barely completed, and has cost some £5000. Though small, it is well built, and is as perfect in taste and style

as any house in the West End of London. It has exceedingly pretty lead lights and very decorative fibrous plaster on the ceilings, which, to my astonishment, were made in Ballarat, and were equal to the finest to be obtained in London or elsewhere. Ballarat has been aptly termed "the Garden City of Victoria," or the "City of Statues." It was originally pronounced Bal-la-a-rah, and means "a resting-place." The real discovery of gold here, at "Golden Point," was on 25th August 1851. Two parties—"O'Connor's" and "Merrick's"—found gold in profusion, 30 oz. being the result of their first day's work. At a later period diggers estimated their returns, not by ounces, but by pounds weight of the precious metal. Few to-day remember the revolt made by the miners of Ballarat against a most iniquitous tax levied by the then ruling colonial authority—Sir Charles Hotham (the only Governor, by the way, who is buried in Victoria). The revolt and riot arose from the increased tax demanded from the diggers as a mining licence, and from the vexatious manner of its collection.

20th April.—Taking a carriage we drove out to-day to the site of what has been long known as the Eureka Stockade—the record of Ballarat's early days—as it was here that the miners made a stand against the Government of the town which levied this most unjust tax. The diggers for some time had been drilling and obtaining arms and ammunition. The authorities, with an imbecile disregard of the temper of the men they were trifling with, held, after all these irritations, on the 30th of November, the most exasperating of all their digger hunts. The diggers resolved to have no more of it. They burnt their licences, hoisted their flag—a blue flag with stars, representing the Southern Cross,—collected their arms within the rough stockade of mining slabs and anything they could lay their hands on. There were thousands of diggers at the many meetings, but inside the stockade only 300. On the morning of the 3rd of December 1854, before daybreak, a posse of 276 men of all arms, sent by Government, under the command of Captain Thomas, attacked the stockade and took it at the point of the bayonet.

Thirty diggers were killed, and a large number wounded, and 125 taken prisoners, while, but for the diggers being taken by surprise, the disaster would have been far greater. The attacking force lost Captain Wyse of the 40th Regiment, who was mortally wounded, five soldiers killed, and one lieutenant wounded. This story, of which I need not give details here, reflected the greatest possible discredit upon the ruling authorities of the colony at that time. There is a handsome monument now erected on the site known as the "Eureka Stockade Monument." On alighting we met a man who had also just driven there with his wife, and it turned out that he was one of the 300 who made the stand there on the 3rd of December 1854. I had a long and interesting talk with him over the event.

We visited the Ballarat School of Mines. We were all taken there and introduced by our friend the Rev. J. Griffiths. It is one of the best for mining technical education to be found. Not only sons of colonials, but also of German and English families, come here from their respective countries to go through a course of lessons. The terms are very reasonable, only 100 guineas being charged for a term of three years. Boys entering must be fairly well educated. They commence at about the age of sixteen. At present there are 300 students. There are various well-fitted laboratories. I was rather struck with several pairs of weighing-scales used by the advanced students, and capable of weighing accurately one-thousandth part of a grain. There is a very handsome club here known as the Ballarat Club. Our Scotch friend Mr. Yates and myself were made honorary members of it on the nomination of the Rev. J. Griffiths. This is the largest inland city in Australasia, and boasts of very many fine buildings, such as the Post Office, the Benevolent Asylum, Fine Arts Gallery, Public Library, Mining Exchange, etc. Ballarat is situated 70 miles west-north-west of Melbourne, and lies at an altitude of 1416 feet above sea-level. Besides being the main goldfield of the colony of Victoria, it is also the centre of a rich agricultural district. The colony has produced 60,136,321 oz. of gold, valued in round numbers at £240,745,284, and of this gigantic

amount one-fourth was obtained in Ballarat. The famous mine in Egerton was once sold for £13,500, and since then it has paid £283,854 in dividends.

One nugget, known as "The Welcome," weighed 2217 oz., and was valued at £9000. Many, somewhat similar, have frequently been found on the Ballarat fields, but the largest ever recorded was found near Dunolly, on the 5th of February 1869. It weighed 2280 oz. On paying a visit to the old cemetery, I found a monument erected by the citizens of Ballarat to the memory of those brave but unfortunate men who fell at the time of the Eureka Stockade trouble. It very particularly records the tyrannical act of the Governor and his Council of that time. There is also a special bronze statue to the late Mr. Lalor, who was one of the men defending the stockade, and who lost an arm; and there is another monument erected to the memory of the soldiers who fell in the attack. The City Hall cost £25,980, and the bells nearly £1200. Of State schools alone within the city there are twenty, with very many other important educational institutions. It seems a marvel that this superb town was, up to 1851, a howling wilderness, or at best an almost unknown tractless waste. To me, personally, it is the more startling, perhaps, because, as I have said, I was a visitor to Victoria in the early fifties. The present Mayor of Ballarat, Mr. C. C. Sheppee, was exceedingly kind to me, though I was only a passing stranger. He presented me with a very pretty picturesque guide to Ballarat. On the frontispiece of the book were written the following very appropriate lines:—

"'A Garden City,' bright and fair to view,
From out primeval forests quickly grew;
Founded on gold, her portals surely stand,
While truth and honour guide our favoured land;
Set like a gem, 'midst fields of waving grain,
In richest pastures, flocks of purest strain;
With crystal lakes, and mines of sterling worth,
The golden centre of the sunny south."

At 7.50 p.m. we took the express for Adelaide.

21*st April*.—Our train, the through-mail from Melbourne to Adelaide, was a very heavy one, so much so that

our engine failed during the night to negotiate one of the very steep gradients of the line. The consequence was that the train had to be divided and run in two sections, so we were two hours and a half late when we reached Adelaide at 12.30 p.m. We stopped *en route* at Murray Bridge, forty minutes for breakfast, which was served in the refreshment-room, and had for its *specialité* some delicious Murray cod, just taken out of the river and cooked to perfection. We drove to the South Australian Hotel, a very large one, and the best in the place.

22*nd April.*—We were much charmed with Adelaide during our all too brief stay there. We drove to the Botanical Gardens, and found them exquisitely beautiful, to the Zoo, and also round North Adelaide and to the fashionable parts of the city on its higher ground.

The main subject of interest is of course the wine trade, and I had a short cut to information about this in the form of a letter of special introduction to Mr. T. Hardy, senior, the head of the well-known firm of T. Hardy & Sons, wine and spirit merchants, and the sole makers and growers of red wine known in England as "Burgoyne's Tintara." They have huge vine estates of their own, and we received an invitation, with our friends, to visit them. Mr. Hardy, senior, though now seventy-three years of age, superintends the whole of the vintage operations at The Mill, Maclaren Vale. He is one of the pioneers of the industry, and no one has done more to advance its interests. He was born in the county of Devon, in England, in 1830. He arrived in South Australia in 1850. In 1851 Mr. Hardy went to Victoria in search of gold. He made two trips to the diggings, and found enough of the precious metal to enable him to buy land and settle on the banks of the Torrens River, 3 miles from Adelaide; this was in 1853. In 1859 Mr. Hardy went to England, and took with him three casks of wine, the first he had made. The vintner returned from England in 1860, and commenced planting extensively at Bankside. He produces an immense quantity of Tintara, which is better known than the wine of any other Australian vineyard, having been sensibly advertised by Messrs. P. B. Burgoyne. This London firm

has taken the bulk of the wine made by Messrs. Hardy & Sons since 1878. The one vineyard devoted to the growing of Tintara comprises 176 acres. As many as 300,000 gallons in one year have been made at the Maclaren Vale vinery. The storage capacity of this firm is 500,000 gallons, and the receptacles to contain the wine range from eight vats of 5000 gallons each down to hogsheads. Mr. Hardy himself came to meet us with his carriage, and drove us out, and the hour spent with him traversing his vineyards was most interesting to all of us. Large fields, beautifully cultivated with vines, were bordered all round with well-grown olive trees, some rows in width, all laden with olives. Mr. Hardy had collected his crop for the year, but there was a large quantity of most luscious rich grapes still hanging to the vines; and so plentiful are they in this country that he told me the price he was obtaining for them was only a halfpenny per pound, though they were in perfect condition. These grapes are known as the Doradille, very sweet and equal to Muscatel. He showed us quantities of grapes which were being converted into dried muscatel raisins. Currants are also grown by him and dried in abundance. Oranges, too, were growing in luxuriance with other fruits. The semi-tropical flowers around were very beautiful, and were under the immediate care of Mr. Hardy's daughter.

23*rd April*.—At 10.30 a.m. we took the train from Adelaide to Largs Bay, whence at 2 p.m. we sailed on the P. & O. steamer *China* for Fremantle and Colombo.

CHAPTER XIX

Colombo and Kandy

24*th April* 1903.—We each have a large cabin amidships, the *China* is a large vessel, and the sea was dead calm all night; so the voyage seemed likely to be a pleasant one even for those who fear *mal-de-mer*. But unluckily there sprang up in the afternoon a head wind and high sea, so I missed a good many from the dinner-table.

25*th April to* 27*th April.*—There has been a good deal of wind and wet, but the sea had quite gone down long before, on the afternoon of the 27th April, we got inside the breakwater at Fremantle, 1378 miles from Adelaide. We had not very long at the jetty there, but made use of the time for a run by special train to Perth and back. Situated on the Swan River, here widening into a lake, Perth is 12 miles from the sea, and as the capital of West Australia is evidently growing very rapidly indeed. The famous Coolgarlie and Carlgoolie are both some 360 miles off.

28*th April to* 6*th May.*—Our journey from Fremantle to Colombo—3126 miles—was continued before a fine trade-wind, for the most part in glorious sunshine but by no means in very hot weather, till we crossed the equator on 4th May, when we had a real evening-dress ball. For the first time in a travelling experience of fifty years I had a flying fish jump right on to my berth one night, when in consequence of the heat I had left my porthole open, and when the light presumably attracted my strange visitor. The *China* is a most comfortable ship, and specially rich in its baths—hot, cold, needle, plunge, and so forth.

The only land which we passed near was the Keeling

SOUTHERN CEYLON.

or Cocos Islands, of coral formation, about 600 miles from the coast of Sumatra, and abounding in turtles. The local method of catching these, as recorded by Darwin in his *Voyages of the "Adventure" and the "Beagle,"* is very odd. When the turtle is seen diving in the clear water a man standing ready in the bows of the canoe plunges on to the creature's back. He clings on with both hands by the turtle's shell and allows himself to be carried away until the animal is exhausted and secured. These turtle grounds we passed on the 5th May.

Colombo, where we arrived this morning on the 6th May, boasts of a magnificent harbour, which is protected by a breakwater. It is a grand sight to see the sea dashing against and over it during the monsoon season. We entered the port on a beautiful morning at daybreak, carefully picking our way through innumerable large merchant steamers and several men-of-war of various nationalities. Our steamer being safely moored, the large passenger launch belonging to the P. & O. Co. came alongside and took the passengers on shore. Cries from Cingalese children and Tamil boys to throw them coppers or silver to dive for were soon heard on all sides. I found them much more expert swimmers and divers than the Portuguese boys I have so often seen round the steamers at anchor off Funchal, Madeira. The boys in Colombo secure copper coins as surely as silver ones, thrown at a distance away from them, and with velocity. The natives of Madeira say they only see silver, though the water of the Bay of Funchal is vastly the clearer of the two. The Custom officials were most courteous, and quickly passed all our luggage, with the exception of our saddles and riding gear. On the contents of our two saddle boxes we had to pay duty. We took a carriage and drove about a mile out to the Galle Face Hotel, acknowledged to be the finest in the East, and certainly conducted in the most attractive manner possible.

7th May.—This Galle Face Hotel is undeniably exquisite in its situation, with the rolling sea bounding it on one side, and the greenest of green sward (about 50 acres) on the other, with the beautiful Colombo Club in full view.

Carriages are very plentiful, and only 1 rupee (equal to 1s. 4d.) per hour, without limit to the number of occupants, or the quantity of luggage. As in Japan and China, "jinrickishas" (or, as we prefer to spell it, "rickshas") are very numerous, with an unlimited supply of natives to pull them, the fare being only 8d. per hour (half a rupee). I regret to say that we are hampered with a very considerable amount of baggage, having to change frequently to every extreme of climate, and to carry outfit for three years of travel. Two carts, drawn each by two of the very pretty humpback Burmese oxen, were employed for a length of time waiting about, and delivered this luggage, the cost of which was only 1 rupee for each pair of oxen, cart, and driver. An American I once met told me he travelled only with a small bag, the size of a brief bag, with his comb and tooth-brush; and when his shirt and collar were dirty he threw them away and bought new ones, and consequently was never hampered with any impedimenta. But this plan would hardly do for India and the East, as one is obliged to change everything at least twice during the day, and again for dinner, since correct attire at the large hotels in the evenings is as strictly observed as at the Carlton, Cecil, or Savoy, in London, for both ladies and gentlemen. Few Europeans walk any distance, the weather being too hot; but I will not say the men never take exercise, as the officers play polo. There is a good deal of racing, with gentlemen jockeys always up.

It is difficult with the natives of Ceylon readily to distinguish one sex from the other, as the men wear long hair gathered into a knot at the back of the head like women, and the top is always adorned with a large and very pronounced circular comb, usually of the finest tortoise shell, and frequently an heirloom in the family, which comb encircles about four-fifths of the cranium.

8th May.—This evening, as on many subsequent ones, we drove through what is known as the Cinnamon Gardens, which stretch of country is covered with this strong-smelling plant; though the cultivation of cinnamon has almost entirely died out in the island. We passed the

beautiful Victoria Park, where the band was playing. There are several well-kept tennis courts, and many ladies and gentlemen were playing. Football is in great force with the Cingalese young men, and they are as keen on the game as the players at home. Cricket is also in evidence. The whole place is surrounded by a wealth of tropical trees and foliage unsurpassed in the world. There are many large trees known as the "Flamboyant," which are a blaze of crimson bloom. Nature is profuse beyond description with masses of tropical, sweet-smelling plants.

The fashionable suburb of the more wealthy inhabitants is situated in the neighbourhood of the Victoria Park. The residences consist of picturesque, well-built bungalows, surrounded by many varieties of the great family of palms, whose graceful foliage impresses one who may be recently from a northern climate. To these must be added the cool inviting shades and well-kept gardens, provided with all that luxurious taste and wealth can suggest. The rich profusion of colour shows forth nature in its greatest loveliness. Were it not for the great heat of Colombo it would, indeed, be the nearest approach to Paradise on earth, and the most entrancing gem of the Orient, for there most of nature's fairest creations are to be found.

9th to 12th May.—We are spending our time here quietly but very pleasantly, shopping, visiting friends, and seeing various sights, which latter on the 10th May—the Anniversary or Easter-Sunday of Buddha—included illuminations and a service in the Buddhist Temple, where there were hundreds of offerings of flowers and oil. We find the climate of Colombo quite healthy, but the moist heat is very trying, much more so than a dry climate with the thermometer standing several degrees higher. The British soldiers stationed here are often being changed to various hill and outlying stations, where it is very much cooler. The town is supplied with electric cars. They run chiefly in the poorer districts, and are much patronised by the natives. Wages of all kinds are extremely low. A large livery stable proprietor will only pay his drivers 15 to 18 rupees per month (equal to only 20s. to 25s.), or 8d. to 10d. per day. Servants (indoor and out) are paid

at an equally low rate, but where two servants would suffice at home, six or even eight must be employed to perform the same amount of service here.

The coolie—a term that embraces every kind of labourer—dispenses with all superfluous apparel, and is almost invariably seen with only a very scant cloth round his loins, while his black skin, bare chest, legs, and arms, look in every way suited to the country and climate. Now, in the British colony of Sierra Leone, which is in the same latitude as Colombo, but much hotter, there is a most idiotic old law, made many years ago by some untravelled, puerile, mock-modest, supersensitive Governor, with the assistance of an unenlightened Council, to the effect that every native of either sex is to be found guilty of an offence against the law, and "run in," unless he or she be covered with clothing from neck to heels. The consequence is that the labouring classes are clothed in all kinds of worn-out, dirty clothes, looking more like dressed monkeys than the glorious human beings they appear when denuded of the rags in which they are compelled by an old silly and cruel law to appear.. The native's power and freedom for work are very considerably restricted, his clothes (?) become very dirty, and even offensive by the constant exhalations from the body. When does an African labourer look better than with a bright Madras handkerchief neatly secured round his loins, with his ebony skin clean and glistening in the sun with honest labour? And if the eye of any white lady should be offended at such a sight, let her remain within the limits of her four small brick walls at home and never travel abroad. For one lady in Sierra Leone we have five hundred, usually (I may say without offence) better born, and possibly of rather bluer blood, in all our towns and cities in the East: and they see nothing to turn their faces against, though the natives everywhere appear as I have described. I only wish that this protest may meet the eye of some member of the Legislative Council of Sierra Leone, who may call for a repeal of the narrow, and, to my mind, wicked and unsavoury law passed by some of his long-forgotten predecessors.

13th May.—We have had exceedingly heavy rain to-day with wind, thunder, and lightning, just as is customary in Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa, at the same time of the year when the rainy season is ushered in with violent tornadoes, called in Ceylon the "monsoon" season. The two places, I find, are situated within a degree of the same latitude north of the equator, the seasons being identical. Upon the weather clearing a little in the afternoon there was a football match for the European soldiers stationed here. This was on a beautiful and very extensive green sward or savannah facing our hotel. In the evening we visited the museum devoted to Ceylon products, antiquities, and natural history, and later we drove round Slave Island by the edge of the pretty fresh-water lake.

14th and 15th May.—The rainy season has, they say, set in earlier than usual this year, and there has been a good deal of monsoon about for the last day or two. We set off, however, this morning—15th May—on an expedition to the city of Kandy, formerly the capital of Ceylon. It was first known as a city in the beginning of the fourteenth century when a temple was built there to contain Buddha's tooth and other relics. It is 1600 feet above sea-level, and has a population of 22,000. Kandy is very picturesquely situated on the banks of a lake overshadowed by hills on all sides. Serpents are numerous here, especially the cobra and carawilla. A species of large black scorpions as big as crayfish are also found here, but really one retires at night without a single thought or care for such unpleasant neighbours. Kandy is 75 miles from Colombo by the train, which is very well appointed, and has a refreshment-car. We put up at a lovely cottage-home, situated 1 mile from the town of Kandy, known as the Florence Villa Hotel, kept by a retired major and his daughter. No more restful and charming spot could be found anywhere. The drives and rides around are delightful, with most excellent roads, palm trees in endless variety everywhere, huge bread and jak fruit, sometimes written "Jack fruit" (*Artocarpus integrifolia*), together with cocoa, cocoanut trees, bananas, and innumerable other tropical

fruits in the greatest luxuriance; large plantations of tea, interspersed with the gorgeous scarlet hibiscus and the flamboyant tree gaily decorating all the hill and road side.

16*th May*.—We paid a visit to-day to the far-famed Botanical Gardens of Peradeniya, a drive of 4 miles from Kandy, through a long suburb, each house being surrounded by innumerable varieties of palm trees and shrubs. These beautiful Royal Botanical Gardens are replete with specimens of almost every known tropical plant, and to attempt any detailed description would be out of the question. The gardens cover 150 acres, overlooking and bounded by the river on three sides. After a most pleasant and interesting tour through these extensive and well-kept gardens, and having quite a surfeit of orchids, flowering creepers, ipmoeas, begonias, etc., we next turned our attention to the various fruit trees, among which the durian and mangosteen were growing to perfection. I particularly observed a very familiar old friend in the shape of large specimens of the kola tree, indigenous to West Central tropical Africa, which produces in such profusion the famous kola nut, now so well known in England as a tonic.

We next proceeded to view a large tea factory near the railway junction at Peradeniya. Here they dry and prepare the tea, as the green leaves are brought in newly plucked from the surrounding fields. It is a thoroughly up-to-date factory, fitted with all modern steam and water appliances, far away superior to anything we have seen in our travels through either China or Japan, being much more cleanly and wholesome. As we drove in the dusk of the evening over the hills known as Lady Horton's Road, a jackal made its appearance in front of our carriage, and ran for some distance before us, crossing and recrossing our path. We had with us two dear little children—a girl aged ten and a boy aged six—belonging to some friends from the neighbourhood of Scarborough, Yorkshire. They were both much excited, and the youngest woke up with a start several nights afterwards dreaming of our harmless encounter. Cobras are frequently caught and sold to the snake-charmers, who extract their poison-bags and exhibit them for the amusement of travellers. Several have been

sent home to France, and sold as gruesome pets to ladies of position in Paris. I am told it is wise to examine the poisonous secretion bags of these reptiles every month or six weeks, as it is apt to become replenished. There are many wild elephants still at large in the higher range of hills, but it is not permitted to shoot them except on payment of a very heavy licence, which is tantamount to making it prohibitory. Occasionally a rogue elephant will be running riot and doing a considerable amount of damage on the holdings of small settlers and planters, when the local government will publicly offer a reward for its destruction. I read in the daily paper whilst visiting here, an offer of 150 rupees for the destruction of such an animal.

17*th May*.—We pushed on to-day from Kandy still farther into the mountains, to Nuwara Eliya (pronounced New-ra-lia), which is 6210 feet above sea-level. The journey is long and tedious, the ascent being so great that we only went at an average of 10 miles an hour with two powerful engines, one in front and the other in the rear of the train. We left the train at Nanuoya Station, from whence we had a drive of 5 miles by coach, ascending 1000 feet over a very good road to the Keena House Hotel at Nuwara Eliya. Nanuoya is 5291 feet above sea-level. A single narrow-gauge railway is nearly completed from this present nearest station to Nuwara Eliya. This last-named place, from its great altitude, and coming as we did from the very hot, low-lying country of Colombo, struck us as very cold. We were very glad of fires in both bed and sitting rooms, and, strange as it may appear, I asked for more blankets for my bed. This is the residence of the Governor and his family for the greater part of the year, the cold climate experienced in the hill district being so much more comfortable and healthy. The majority of the ladies and their families from Colombo come here for a time every year to recruit, some going to Kandy. Most of the passengers bound to Australia, New Zealand, etc., from Europe by our large ocean liners manage to run up and spend a few hours at Kandy, returning the next morning to their respective ships when

the coaling is completed. All the captains try to work the time in so as to allow this advantage to their passengers.

18*th May*.—We made only a short stay at Nuwara Eliya, it being too cold for us, with a tremendous downpour of rain; moreover, our friends were anxious to return to Colombo to catch the P. & O. steamer *Himalaya*, to sail in a day or two for England. To-day, accordingly, we retraced our steps to Colombo over the most glorious mountain scenery. The railway is a stupendous feat of engineering skill, and affords what is in many ways the most beautiful train journey in the world.

The rails were very slippery in consequence of the rains, and the gradients, as I have said, are very steep; so the 75 miles took us no less than eight and a half hours.

19*th to* 31*st May*.—The regiment stationed here is the 2nd Battalion the Queen's Own (Royal West Kent Regiment). The officers have pleasant quarters jutting on the sea, and always cool. During my stay on the island Lieut.-Colonel W. G. B. Western, C.B., was in command of the troops, and I dined as his guest at mess, and he gave me the pleasure of his company to dinner more than once at our hotel. The European soldiers (rank and file) maintain fairly good health. I was very much struck with the cool and beautiful mess-room and its appurtenances, the verandah overlooking and close beside the sea. It is all on one floor, being, in fact, a very handsome bungalow. All the officers being in complete white, with no waistcoats, but with very brilliant scarlet sashes (worn as cummerbunds), shell jackets (white), with medals, gave the mess a typically Oriental and tropical effect.

We went to the Ceylon Turf Club Races, called at this season of the year the Monsoon Meeting. It is a charmingly pretty course, with saddling paddock, grand-stand, and stewards' stand, all well built and in good taste; the whole scenery is very green and tropical. There was a well-conducted "totalisator" working, similar to the pari-mutuel, so well known on the racecourses in France. The picturesqueness of the natives in their kaleidoscopic dress made a pleasant ever-varying scene of novelty. On

the evening of the races a large house and race ball was held at our beautiful hotel. I could not picture the charming surroundings of such a guest night. Electric lights everywhere, of various soft colours, even in all the lofty, waving, and graceful cocoanut and palm trees in the grounds of the building; the beautiful balmy air, that could not possibly affect the most delicate lady in evening or ball-room attire, with nothing over her neck or arms; the sea rolling in only 100 yards distant; the endless number of Oriental servants in every garb of the East, with an excellent full brass band of Cingalese, all combined to afford a truly fairy scene of Eastern magnificence.

1*st June*.—We went off at 7.30 this morning for another short visit to Kandy, where we again stayed for the night at the charming Florence Villa Hotel. I wanted to view a property, Marlborough House, which had been offered to me for sale, but which I found to be priced at what seemed to me a good deal more than its value.

We attended on this occasion the temple wherein has been most religiously and securely kept for many centuries past the supposed tooth of Buddha Gautama, who is said to have been born about 557 B.C., though unbelievers and sceptics declare the tooth to be that of a crocodile.

Riding and driving all round the suburbs of Kandy, we saw that the natives are everywhere continually planting and filling in more and more cocoanut trees, each tree, when in bearing, representing a certain income, which varies, according to seasons, position, fertility of ground, and other causes, from 1s. to 2s. 6d. each net return: so that a peasant with a piece of land carrying only 1000 trees would, estimating the product at the minimum of 1s. only net return per tree, realise £50 per annum, and so on in proportion to the number of trees he plants or has room for. This income would, of course, be enlarged with other productions. It was marvellous to see on the hill-sides the thousands and tens of thousands of small terraces made by the Cingalese (small planters) for growing rice. Apart from this rice growing, the whole country—north, east, south, and west—is covered with the tea plant. At

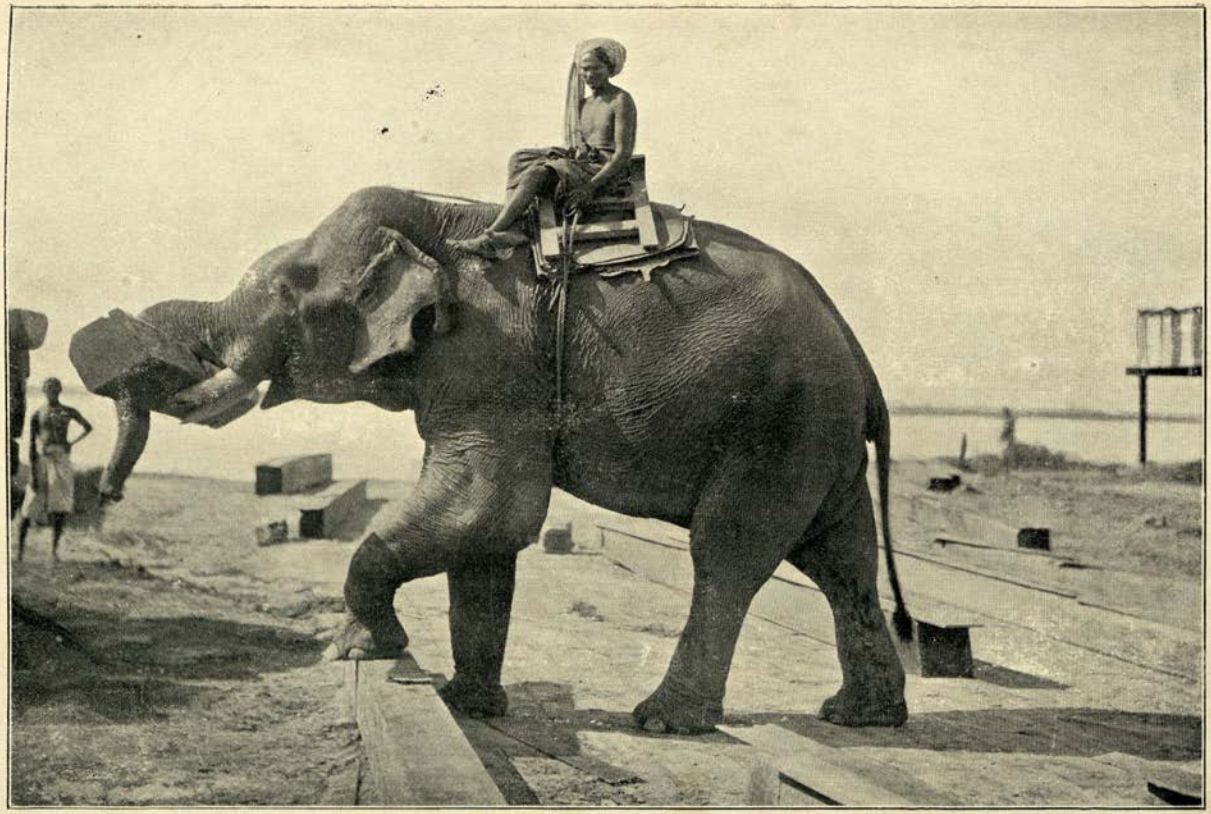
one place, driving beside these boundless fields of tea, we dismounted from our coach to overlook closely a large number of Indians (mostly girls and young women) of the race known as Tamils, picking the leaves of the tea plants. They all had a long deep basket attached to them, slung on their backs. They deftly and speedily picked about three of the smallest and youngest leaves from each shoot of the tea bush. The rapidity with which they do this is astonishing, throwing the green leaves, when a small accumulation is in their hands, over their shoulders into the basket. Their pay is 37½ cents., equal to 6d. each per day. The Cingalese are very fond of umbrellas. The native who can afford it will not be seen without one. The umbrellas are mostly very gaudy, and the man carrying one is, in his own opinion, of much increased importance. I have often looked from my bedroom at 5 a.m., before the sun has risen, and without a drop of rain falling, and seen the natives walking along majestically, each with his umbrella open over his head.

Before leaving Kandy we went to the pool to see the sacred elephants taking their daily bath. They are called white elephants, but it is only their heads, trunks, and ears that are at all white.

2nd to 7th June.—Getting back from Kandy to Colombo the next day, we entered upon the close of our delightful stay in Ceylon, which we occupied in making preparations for the next stage of our journey—Burma—and in various shopping expeditions. The temptations to the latter are great.

No less than sixteen different kinds of precious stones are found in Ceylon, and it is a most wonderful and attractive place for the purchase of jewellery. It is all made here with very skilful labour, and though there are many doubtful vendors, still I found jewellers mostly very confiding, and in several instances telling purchasers not to pay them until they returned to England and had had their stones valued at home. These terms were accepted by more than one of my friends. I know my own purchases in this line in Ceylon have been most successful.

And what, you may ask finally, about the trade of



ELEPHANT AT WORK IN A TIMBER YARD, RANGOON.

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Ceylon? It is nearly all comprised in the word "tea." This is simply everywhere. Lipton's are in evidence. Ceylon is, of course, an immense coaling station, which is divided between several large competing firms; and it is a recognised port of call for nearly all steamers going East. The tea planters of Ceylon are, by education and birth, a very superior class of men to those engaged in the farming and agricultural interests in Australia and New Zealand. The Ceylon planters are very frequently university men. They are always men of education, younger sons of good families from both India and Great Britain, who develop a sturdiness, determination, and energy quite equal to that of their ruder and rougher brothers in Australasia.

By the light of my West African experience, I must, in conclusion, give one hint which may, I hope, prove useful. It concerns the "jak," or "Jack" fruit (*artocarpus integrifolia*), which grows here in great abundance, each fruit usually weighing from 10 to 30 lbs. Now the Jack fruit is very, very cheap; a large article of food for the whole native population. The seeds inside are prepared in various ways, and are of a most sustaining and nourishing nature for natives of all ages. It is a fruit or food which should be extensively planted in West Africa. I cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the authorities there, as it would be a most valuable addition to the food products of that country. I know, as a fact, that the trees will grow and thrive well there, as I had a very large one, the only one I knew of in the country, and, I believe, imported originally from the West Indies.

CHAPTER XX

Rangoon, Mandalay, and Bhamo

8th June 1903.—We sailed from Colombo this morning in the fine steamer *Derbyshire*, to cross the Bay of Bengal to Burma. The voyage was hot, but pleasant enough.

9th to 12th June.—Yesterday, the fourth day out, we were passing close between the Andaman Islands, which are very little known save as the convict station for malefactors from India and the East generally. It was raining very heavily when, on the 12th, we arrived at Rangoon, the monsoon season having set in. We found very good quarters at the Strand Hotel, where we were greatly indebted for the enjoyment of our stay to the charming companionship of our friends Mr. and Mrs. W. Q. Rowett.

13th June.—We have been to the Royal Lakes, which are situated in Dalhousie Park, and were much surprised at their extent and beauty, and also at the large lovely villas and bungalows of the merchants of Rangoon, which we passed on Lake Road. We drove out to the great saw-mills belonging to Messrs. M'Gregor & Co., and were much struck with the highly-trained elephants shifting the timber about, displaying tact, judgment, and training almost superhuman. We observed that the crows were very numerous. They are the natural scavengers of the country, and, as they go almost entirely unmolested, they are exceedingly tame, and, I may say, impudent. They will fly into one's room and take the food, at times, off the table. It is positively dangerous to leave a ring or a lady's small watch about, as they have been known to take them, and also one's soap, if they can get hold of it.

14th June.—Our first move this morning was to East Rangoon, about two miles from our hotel, and the head-

BURMA.

90°
95°
25°
20°
15°
North Latitude
Longitude E. of Greenwich
BHUTAN
ASSAM
BENGAL
BAY OF BENGAL
Shillong
Jaintia Hills
Khasi Hills
Garo Hills
Cachar
Sylhet
Dacca
Comilla
Chittagong
Hill Tippera
Noakhali
Backergunge
Barasat
Nadiya
Rajshahi
Pubna
Bogra
Rungpur
Dinajpur
Maldah
Purnea
Purneah
Tezpur
Sibsagar
Lakhimpur
Dibrugarh
Jorhat
Sadiya
Debrugarh
Mishmi Hills
Lohit R.
Brahmaputra R.
Dihong R.
Dibong R.
Kalabong R.
Kalabong Pass
Patkoi Range
Naga Hills
Manipur
Thoungdhwot
Tamoo
Kamaing
Mogaung
Bhamo
Myitkyina
Sinkan
Kumon Mts.
Hukong Valley
Kachin Hills
Kachin Tribes
Kamaing
Mogaung
Kamti
Kamptee
Lashio
Mong Nai
Theinni
Mong Mit
Mong Yai
Mong Nawng
Mong Pawn
Mong Long
Mong Kung
Mong Hsu
Mong Pai
Mong Nai
Kengtung
Kemmarat
Monglaban
Mong Lem
Mong Yang
Mong Nai

quarters of the rice-milling industry. There we saw a Burmese mortuary Buddhist chapel. Thence we proceeded to the Shive Dajon Pagoda, which is the most venerable and finest of all places of worship in Indo-China. Pilgrims come to it from all parts of Burma, Cambodia, Siam, Ceylon, and even from the kingdom of Korea. The Pagoda is of great height and of large dimensions. It was erected in 588 B.C., and was then of small size, but was much enlarged in 1564. We observed tombstones within the upper terrace to the memory of some British officers who fell at the capture of the Pagoda during the second Burmese War, in 1852, when there were a great many British-Indian troops employed. There was much severe and stubborn fighting in and about Pegu. The first British war in Burma was in 1826, and, as I have just mentioned, the second in 1852, and the third in 1885, which terminated with the capture of Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, and the taking prisoners of King Theebaw and his wives, who, by the way, are still living as prisoners at a place in the Madras Presidency.

After this, for a complete change, we visited the nursing establishment of the British Military Hospital, where we were most courteously received by Miss Bartleet, the chief nursing sister of the staff of the British Military Hospital. We were also introduced to other nursing sisters, all looking uncommonly smart in their uniforms, which consist of a white dress with scarlet facings. They appeared to us to have quarters better in themselves, and better furnished in some instances, than those of the officers. We stayed two hours, and took tea with them. We regretted very much to find that there were over two hundred white soldiers in hospital with fever, dysentery, etc., and this representing no less than 25 per cent. of the total number of the troops stationed in Rangoon. One young officer and five soldiers have succumbed to these diseases within the first fourteen days of the month.

15*th June*.—We next visited the various bazaars and markets. No one at home can imagine the extent of the bazaars in the East. The people are numbered in them by thousands, and the value of the goods collectively must

be enormous. We took a ticca gharry (*i.e.* a hired cab) and drove out to Government House. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hugh Barnes, was absent travelling through Upper Burma. We entered our names in the visitors' book, and were very courteously shown over the establishment.

Jinrickishas, unfortunately, are not in vogue here. Some were imported for sale, and were bought up by the Chinese. After having made a fairly good start (some few years ago) by plying for hire, exactly as in Ceylon, Singapore, and other places, they have unfortunately become extinct, owing to the imposition of an objectionable wheel-tax, which the municipality here attempted to levy. In the bazaars are large quantities of silk, but most particularly the Mandalay hand-made silk. This is of the heaviest and most lasting quality of any made in the world, and after being washed fifty or a hundred times it is much softer and better than at first. The principal export of Burma is rice. Last year 2,200,000 tons of rice were exported across the seas. Five millions of tons were grown throughout the country, and out of this the remaining 2,800,000 tons were consumed by the population of Upper and Lower Burma. The revenue of the country is very great, as rice is subject to an export duty of 5 rupees per ton, and on the import of salt, which is enormous, the duty is equal to 30s. per ton.

16th to 19th June.—This is indeed justly called the land of the peacocks and golden pagodas. The thousands of these latter that we see remind us how diversified are the forms of religion, each with its millions of followers, which confront us in the course of our travels. They suggest to us the lines which have the ring of "In Memoriam," but are, I fancy, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox—

> "So many Gods, so many creeds,
> So many paths that wind and wind,
> And yet the art of being kind
> Is all this sad world needs."

The Burmese are a very hospitable race. I cannot speak too highly of the women. They are gay, light-hearted, well-behaved, and very hardworking, without any excitability of temper or passion. In fact, I do not think

I am going too far when I call them inborn ladies. I cannot say so much for the men, who like to sit down and see their spouses do the work whilst they lounge about smoking. Nearly the whole work of the country is performed by labour imported from almost every part and place of the East, particularly Madras and Calcutta, and though I do not look for the extinction of the Burmese race, this huge importation will more or less affect their future in the country.

20th June.—By the paddle-steamer *Ramapoora* we left the Mogul Street jetty, Rangoon, at 6.45 a.m. to cross the Gulf of Martaban for Moulmein, where, in one way or another, there is a good deal to see. We arrived at 6 p.m. and put up for a couple of days at a boarding-house, the Sunnyside, as the place boasts no hotel of any kind. Moulmein was famous in the early part of last century for the number of stout teak-built ships which were constructed there. All the well-known sailing shipowners of that period were proud to own these teak-built ships of Moulmein. Ships having risen in size from 500 to 1000 tons of that date to 5000 or 10,000 tons of to-day, the shipbuilding industry has died out entirely. Moulmein is, however, very much to the fore in its large export of teak wood, which is in great request by the British Admiralty and shipbuilders in Great Britain for laying decks. The forest industry is well cared for by the Government. For every teak tree cut down it is compulsory to plant two more, and only those of Government-approved size can be felled.

21st June.—At the Gymkhana Club of Moulmein I ascertained from Captain Todd, who lives in the neighbourhood, some interesting facts concerning the cultivation of the *Hevea Braziliensis* or Para rubber of commerce, introduced here and in the Malay Peninsula from plants sent from Kew to those botanical gardens which we have just visited near Kandy. It seems that, roughly speaking, some four million trees of this variety have been planted in the East within the past decade; and my informant, who started his rubber planting near Moulmein in 1899, now has 50 acres planted with fine young trees. In another three years these trees should begin to be very

profitable, as they can supply Europe with nearly pure rubber, which has been proved in Ceylon to lose in the washing only one per cent. Another variety successfully introduced in Burma is the *Castilloa Elastica* from Mexico. Its seed, though believed to lose its vitality very quickly, is in great demand, as the plant is found to thrive on a wider range of country than does the Para rubber.

Moulmein is rather famous for ivory carving. Maung Hpa Hla, ivory carver, is the leading workman, and as fast as he makes finished ivory carvings, with the aid of numerous skilful assistants, he sells them to jewellers and others in Rangoon. It is impossible to purchase specimens except by leaving an order, which I did.

Moulmein boasts, like most of the large towns and cities both in Upper and Lower Burma, of a large and important bazaar. We found many things—cottons and silks—remarkably cheap, and in many instances lower in price than they would be in Liverpool.

22*nd June.*—We drove to-day to a large timber-yard some little distance out of the town, and, having a letter of introduction to the manager, we were shown all over the sawmills. But the one great feature here again was the employment of the elephants, which were hauling and moving timber (huge logs and small ones) in every position possible. These, like their brethren in Rangoon, have an intelligence which is absolutely human. They can haul huge logs of teak up to the slips from the water. Later, with a piece of stout rope and a chain, they pick the timber up, putting the rope in their mouths and twisting the chain round their trunks, and place the timber wherever required. With their trunks and their feet (hind and fore) they push immense pieces into the exact position required, and can lay a log of timber on the saw-bench. It is one of the most wonderful sights in the world. The mahouts, who sit perched up stolidly on their backs, direct all their movements with judgment, combined with a certain amount of kindness. The pay of the mahout ranges from 15 to 30 rupees per month, those getting the higher pay having the handling and management of the elephants that are in any way intractable or of uncertain temper. The

Burmese Native Cart.

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elephants know as well as any of the employees the time for "tiffin" (*i.e.* luncheon), and are not to be imposed upon in the absence of any bell or steam-whistle announcing the time to knock off. Their time up for the customary long mid-day spell, they then become uncontrollable and make off for the water to plunge in, and then away for their usual meal, which consists of a quantity of paddy, *i.e.* rough rice, or rice with the husk on. The animals are of very large proportions, and are caught by the natives in Upper Burma and broken in and trained by them. The price of a really good trained elephant ranges in value from £200 to £300 sterling, and they are every year rising somewhat in value.

The last great "Kheddah" drive in the early part of this year secured no less than 250 elephants; and the subject of the importation, training, and employment of African elephants has been much discussed here of late. Unfortunately, as I knew from my own experience only too well, the elephant in West Africa is in danger, through unrestricted slaughter, of becoming extinct, though in East Africa he is properly protected. In an interview, much quoted at the time in the local papers of Burma, I explained my views in a sense which may be gathered from the *Englishman* of 29th July 1903: "Though in Burma the domestication of the African pachyderm is not attempted there is no reason why this state of affairs should obtain longer, seeing that we have in Africa an animal very much superior to the Indian elephant, and equally tractable. The African elephant is larger in size than its Indian brother, with enormously large ears overlapping its withers, and there are several minor points of divergence between the two; for instance the African elephant has three nails on its hind feet, whereas the Asiatic specimen has four. . . . The country round the Zambesi and Congo also contains large herds of them, and there is no reason why the tame Indian elephant should not succeed in persuading his big brother to become amenable to the state of domesticity. The trial will be worth the trouble and expense involved in undertaking it. We think the Government might do well to arrange for the Superintendent of Kheddahs to

consult Mr. Pinnock on the subject of the best places in which to establish operations prior to submitting his reply to the Secretary of State. Mr. Pinnock has seen the Kheddah operations in Burma, and is under the impression that they will work well in Africa."

I should of course have been very pleased to give the Superintendent of Kheddahs, Mr. Dalrymple Clark, my views of the matter for what they might be worth; but I had to leave Burma for India, and we did not chance to meet.

Later on in the day, on the strength of an order from Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, the superintendent, we visited the Moulmein Prison, and on arriving there were informed by the assistant gaoler that he had just received a telephonic message to show us every attention, so he took us over the whole establishment. In one building we found a number of men engaged in wood carving, in which the Burmese excel. Many of them had been engaged in such work before their incarceration. Elsewhere were a large number of convicts engaged in weaving various cloths for the prisoners, bedticking, etc.—all in the very primitive fashion of hand-looms with the throwing of shuttles. Others were breaking stones and employed variously. In one building we were shown a large quantity of very pretty carved work, furniture, etc., of all descriptions, for sale at exceedingly reasonable prices, and all made by the prisoners whilst undergoing their sentences. They mostly wore very light leg irons attached by a small chain to the waist. We were very much struck with the marvellous way in which nearly all the men were tatooed, from the small of the back or upper part of the hips downwards to both knees, absolutely and entirely covered as to the whole of that portion of their bodies. There were 496 prisoners in this gaol at the time of our visit. It has been reduced from a first-class to a second-class prison. The prisoners were mostly in for theft and burglary—only three of them females.

Before leaving Moulmein of course we went to see Kyaikthanian Pagoda, which is the largest in the place. It is 152 feet high and 377 feet in circumference, and was erected one thousand years ago.

ELEPHANT AT WORK, RANGOON.

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23rd to 25th June.—After spending all day on the 23rd June recrossing the Gulf of Martaban to Rangoon, we have been seeing some more of the life of the latter city in spite of constant showers of exceedingly heavy rain. The fruit known as the mango is in great abundance and variety here, as, in addition to that grown in Burma, steamers also bring other varieties from Bombay and Calcutta. That delicious fruit the mangosteen is just coming into season. They are plentiful at Moulmein, and were lavishly supplied to us on board the *Ramapoora*, both coming and going, as also in Rangoon. Pineapples are in great abundance, and are to be obtained at about one halfpenny each. There is also the durian, which is regarded by the Burmans as the most delicious fruit grown in Burma. It consequently fetches a high price. The trees are very extensively grown in Moulmein, and enormous quantities of the fruit are annually brought across from this port for sale in the Rangoon markets. Oranges and sugarcane are also largely cultivated in Moulmein, which, with the beautiful plantains which it produces, is much better off in this respect than Rangoon. As an instance of the Burmese partiality for the durian fruit, it will be interesting to learn that King Theebaw was, and is still, most partial to it; and his friends in Burma frequently send some across for him and his queens to Ratnagiri. The Jack fruit is also in great evidence here. The mangosteens are largely imported into Rangoon from Singapore and Penang.

26th and 27th June.—We left Rangoon to-day for Upper Burma, our destination being Mandalay. We proceeded by the noon express, and engaged a sleeping carriage. We stopped some time at Pegu for refreshments. Here we saw the very large pagoda which is said to contain two hairs of Buddha, and is a shrine of great sanctity. It is 288 feet high and 1350 feet in circumference at its base. The enormous recumbent figure of Gaudama is beside the railway station, and is 181 feet long and 46 feet high at the shoulder. Paddy fields (of great interest to strangers) are passed during nearly the whole route. We observed large numbers of buffaloes

wading up to their necks in the water, all of the humpback Burmese breed. The same evening we arrived at Toungoo. Here we stayed some time for dinner. Shortly after leaving this town we crossed the old British frontier town into Upper Burma, and passed many freight-trains bringing the products of the interior to Rangoon. We travelled on during the whole night, and arrived at 5.30 a.m. at Kyaukse, which is only a few miles from Mandalay. Here we stayed a few minutes to take chota hazree (*i.e.* small breakfast). We passed during our many hours in the train countless numbers of pagodas, some large with golden tops, others of red lacquer, and some white. At 6.30 a.m. we arrived to the minute at Mandalay, and found awaiting us there a guide and interpreter from the Salween Hotel—the only one in the city of Mandalay. We obtained there large rooms opening on to a broad and spacious verandah.

Oh, the luxury of a bath after eighteen hours' railway journey through Upper and Lower Burma! Then a complete change into a suit of white clothes and one feels oneself again. In passing from Lower to Upper Burma one leaves a very damp heat for a very much drier one. After breakfast we took a hired carriage and native guide, and drove to King Theebaw's Palace, now called Fort Dufferin. It is surrounded by a most picturesque machicolated wall, which was built to serve as loopholes for the defenders to fire from. Each of the four sides of the fort is exactly 1¼ miles long, making in all 5 miles of circumference. Standing at equal distances on the top of the red brick walls, which are 26 feet high, are thirteen charmingly pretty and elegant watch-towers of Burmese design, built entirely of teak, and covered in with rich gold leaf. The moat, which entirely surrounds the building. is unlike other moats I have seen, inasmuch as this one is remarkably well kept and at all times full of water. It is exactly 100 yards wide at every point, and covered in most places with pink and white lotus plants; the water is very clear, and contains a great quantity of fish. The moat is crossed by five well-built bridges, which are still in a perfect state of preservation. On the water, at the

time of the King's residence in his own palace, many State barges were kept for the use of King Theebaw and the Burmese royal family. Each boat was propelled by sixty rowers. There are twelve gates through the fort wall, three on each side at equal distances.

We then passed into the Great Hall of Audience, which is now used as a church for the military stationed at Mandalay. There is a brass plate attached to King Theebaw's Royal Garden Pavilion, with the following inscription, of which I took a note: "King Theebaw sat at this opening with his two Queens and the Queen-Mother when he gave himself up to General Prendergast on the 30th of November 1885."

We next passed through the private audience hall of the deposed king. This, with some surrounding royal chambers, is now used as a building to accommodate the present Upper Burma Club. Our attention was next directed to the many golden apartments, every side of which was lavishly covered with gold leaf. These rooms were specially set apart for the wives and princesses belonging to King Theebaw. From these apartments we ascended a look-out tower, still within the King's grounds, from which we obtained a magnificent view of the whole of the surrounding country. We counted the number of steps, which amounted to 160.

Lord Curzon, visiting Mandalay during his Burma tour in 1901, expressed a desire that the whole of this beautiful palace and grounds should be maintained in good order, and that those portions now occupied by the Upper Burma Club and a church for the military should be evacuated as soon as other quarters could be found for them in the city. It is a most happy circumstance, as well as a subject of great gratification, that the whole place surrendered without a shot being fired. Consequently it is seen now to as great advantage as it would have been at any time before the annexation of Upper Burma.

Passing from this magnificent scene of former regal state and wealth—it must be remembered that the British only took it on the 28th of November 1885—we went on to inspect the Mandalay Gaol, and having obtained an

order from the Surgeon-Superintendent, Captain Dee, we were at once admitted to this scene of trouble. A deputy took charge of us and showed us the whole working in detail. The roll number of prisoners on the morning of our visit was 667. Sixty-seven of them were pointed out to us as "lifers" (*i.e.* serving a term of imprisonment for life), and upon making inquiries I found they were all murderers, but looking as mild, amiable, and harmless as any men who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. They were all at work at various trades, many, as usual, carving teak, as only the Burmans can, into a variety of articles, from photo-frames to beautiful specimens of sideboards, and almost every article of artistically-carved and made furniture; some spinning and weaving in a most primitive fashion with hand-shuttles, others making very substantial cocoanut matting from the first process of beating out the cocoanut husk. There was also a capital blacksmith's shed, with a large number of small furnaces, forges, etc. Amongst the prisoners there were only 23 women, who were employed in cleaning raw cotton by hand. One man in for hard labour was engaged in that terribly severe ordeal, shot-drill. A blind boy was in for burglary. All the men were most elaborately tattooed from the waist to the knee, many from the pit of the stomach, all the intervening space being covered with most fanciful designs.

28*th June*.—Our Mandalay guides conducted us to-day to the lesser of the two homes for lepers. In the one I am now about to describe there were 171 inmates, 63 of whom were women. The patients differ very considerably as to the extent of the disease. Some are terribly afflicted, many with their fingers and toes entirely gone, these having fallen off during the progress of the awful disease. Others, again, appear to be in the first stage of the malady. We observed particularly one family consisting of a father, mother, and four young children, all with the fell disease upon them. The whole thing was too distressing for words. All those Europeans who have made money, either during their time, or their father's or grandfather's, in connection with India, should, I think, liberally sub-

scribe for the relief of these outcasts. The British have now possessed themselves of the country, from which they are receiving enormous revenues, far beyond what is expended there.

29*th June*.—We inspected this afternoon the site of the new bazaar or Mandalay Market, which is evidently going to be one of the largest and most substantial in the world. It is to be 1000 feet long by 750 feet wide, and as three of its predecessors have been destroyed by fire, the building, which is to be of brick, is to have nothing inflammable about it.

30*th June to* 4*th July*.—Determined to go still farther north, and if possible to make our way from Mandalay to Western China, we embarked on the *Momein*, a paddle-steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Co., for a voyage some 300 miles up the river to Katha and Bhamo. Miss Bates and I each had an excellent cabin with its own bath and lavatory attached; and the voyage was very interesting indeed. We passed all the country adjacent to the ruby mines. The mines are situated at an elevation of 5000 feet. Cornish miners who are brought out to work in connection with them are paid at the rate of 20s. per day. On leaving Katha we passed through a grand and mighty gorge. The river narrows to 250 yards, and the water rushes through with great velocity. One rock rises straight out of the water to a height of 900 feet. The defiles of this part of the river are very grand. Ultimately we arrived at Bhamo, which is situated only 25 miles from the western boundary of China. Here we made the acquaintance of Captain Faichnie, I.M.S., and Mrs. Faichnie. The latter, by the way, is the only European lady here. Captain Faichnie is the medical officer in charge of the military, and it was fortunate for me that he was here, as I chanced to be suffering from a touch of jungle fever, and benefited much from his kind and courteous treatment. He repeatedly took my temperature, which was over 102, supplied me with milk, and after giving the best possible advice and even visiting me on board the ship, he refused to accept any honorarium.

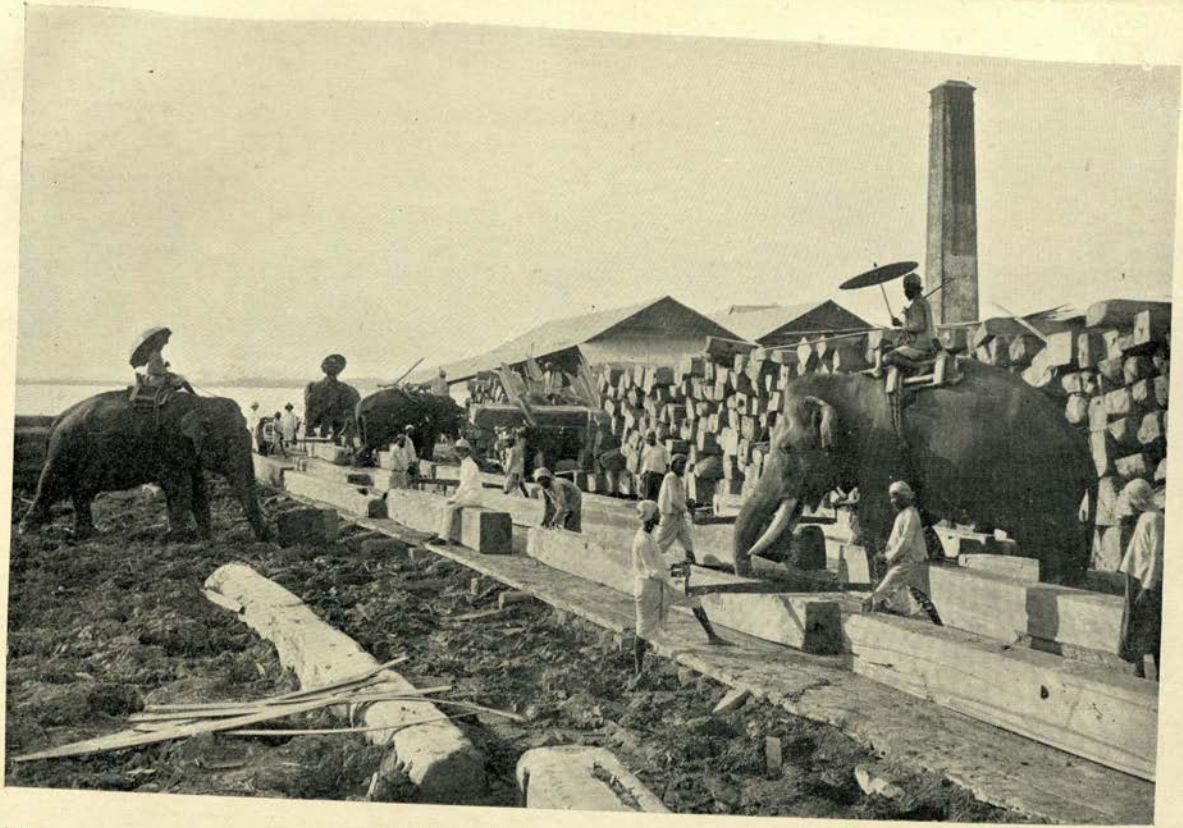
Even at this far away place I found people playing

polo, having to avail themselves of the small Chinese ponies, which do not exceed 12½ hands.

The garrison here is comparatively large, as is deemed by the Government absolutely necessary owing to the turbulent folk in the immediate vicinity—viz. the Chin Hill tribes, some of whom are reported to be head-hunters and a very lawless race; then there are the whole of the inhabitants of the northern and southern Shan States. Considerable trade comes across the border of the adjacent Chinese territory during certain months of the year. It consists mostly of raw silk, and this is woven in Mandalay into some of the heaviest and most durable piece-silks made anywhere. Finding it impossible to work our way at the present season of the year into the western part of China, or into the distant Chin Hills or the Shan States, the monsoon being in full force, we retraced our steps to Mandalay.

6th to 13th July.—After two days' rest at the Salween Hotel, Mandalay, we determined to continue our journey thence back to Rangoon by water. So on the 8th July we started down the river in the *Hindustan*, where we each had a nice large square state-room and were very comfortable indeed. The pleasant trip came to an end on the morning of the 13th July when we landed at Rangoon—1020 miles from Bhamo—and took up our quarters again at the Strand Hotel.

4th to 19th July.—The most noteworthy of our doings during our last few days in Burma was a visit, sad but very instructive, which we paid to the St. John's Leper Asylum, presided over by Father J. Wehinger, who modestly calls himself the superintendent. Here we found no less than twenty-one white nurses and sisters, who are devoting their whole lives to the service of the inmates of this leper hospital. They (the nurses) are of various nationalities. One, with whom I conversed a long time, was from Bristol, in England. Another was from Ireland, and another was a French-Canadian, the remainder being made up of Austrians, Italians, French, etc. There were 300 leper inmates, and, very sad to relate, 400 out-patients, an arrangement which should never be permitted in a country



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ELEPHANTS STACKING TIMBER, LOWER BURMA.

under British rule, as this is. These nursing white sisters receive no emolument whatever, and, notwithstanding the heat of this country, they do all the cooking, washing, dressing of wounds, etc. They have a most beautiful chapel in connection with the asylum, which would be a credit to any country in Europe. And this large and important place owes everything to the almost superhuman efforts of Father Wehinger, who visited nearly every capital in Europe to obtain subscriptions for this great and praiseworthy object. The people of Great Britain have almost forgotten what leprosy means, but I would remind them that St. James's Palace, London, was built by Henry VIII. on the site of St. James's Lazar House, and that this was only one of the hundreds that were then scattered throughout Great Britain. In the fourteenth century there were 19,000 lazarettos on the Continent for lepers. We spent three hours in this depressing atmosphere. We found the worthy Father most interesting, and all the sisters as happy, bright, and jolly as they could have been anywhere. The Father later gave us the pleasure of his company at breakfast at our hotel.

I learnt before quitting the shores of Burma that large quantities of tobacco were grown in the province. I carefully inspected it, and, though not myself an absolute expert, yet I know something of tobacco, having bought some hundreds of tons during my life for barter in Western Africa. In my opinion this tobacco is remarkably good, very short in the leaf, being totally unlike Virginia, Maryland, and Louisville tobacco, which, in fact, is almost double the length. This Burma tobacco has a beautiful aroma, with a very fine stalk, and I believe there is a very great future for a large production of it in the country. But considerable improvement is necessary in preparing, drying, and curing it.

I must not omit to acknowledge the great courtesy, kindness, and hospitality shown to us by the Countess Calderari, the wife of the well-known Engineer of Mandalay, during our visit.

CHAPTER XXI

Calcutta, Darjeeling, and Benares

20th July 1903.—Our next destination was Calcutta, for which we sailed to-day in the *Bangala* of the British India Steam Co. After a rather wet and stormy passage across the Bay of Bengal, a distance of about 800 miles, we arrived at Calcutta on the

23rd July.—It struck me as we landed, after proceeding slowly all day up the Hooghly River, that the city of Calcutta should be supplied with a good stone jetty to enable many ships to come alongside with every facility, as in the case at European seaports. Alighting, we took a carriage to the Grand Hotel, which, by the way, is in course of very considerable alterations and improvements.

24th July.—Our first expedition in Calcutta was to the site of that infamous Black Hole, the horrors of which must for ever blacken the page of Indian history.

Arriving at the place, which is in the centre of the town, we found a beautiful memorial tablet containing a record of the affair. There was also another monument of marble in large octagonal form near by. We visited St. John's Church, which was formerly the Cathedral of Calcutta. Outside the church, within its compound, is a large dome pavilion 50 feet high, with twelve pillars. This was erected in commemoration of those who fell in the Rohilla war. The Rohilla chiefs were defeated by the British in 1774.

25th July.—This morning we visited the New Bazaar, which is a large market in the neighbourhood of the Grand Hotel; and I must here unhesitatingly pronounce it the finest market I have seen in all my travels. Nearly every trade was represented there. The poultry and bird market

Our Excellent Indian Servant (a Native of Calcutta),
a Mohammedan who served us well during our six months in India.

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was stocked with poultry, which were all living. Nothing dead was for sale, owing to the extreme heat of the climate. There were many hundreds of guinea-fowls, ducks, geese, fowls, pigeons, and quails, together with many fancy birds for aviaries—rice-birds and wax-bills, as well as live squirrels and green parrots. The fruit and vegetable market presented a grand variety and stock of pretty nearly everything. Large pineapples were to be had at from one halfpenny to one penny each. There were peaches from Kashmir, pears from Afghanistan, custard apples and other fruits, and almost every vegetable known to the world, together with an unlimited supply for salads of tomatoes, radishes, lettuce, etc. The flowers were in abundance, and looked very beautiful. The butchers' market was very clean, and fitted with marble slabs. Meat was sold under different classes—first, second, and third. I should say the mutton was good; the beef somewhat indifferent. In the cheese market there were supplies from all countries, and of every description. The sweetmeat section comprised a very large variety of sweets, and in great quantities. Lace, embroidery, cottons, etc., were very fully supplied, and, to our European notions, very cheap.

26th to 28th July.—By walking and—chiefly—by driving, we fairly exhausted the sights of Calcutta before pushing on to Darjeeling. I found that in Calcutta there are three classes of carriages for hire, all distinctly marked first, second, and third, the prices of which are fixed separately by the authorities. The highest, or first class, is equal to 1s. 4d., or 1 rupee for the first hour, with 12 annas or 12 pence for the second hour, the rates for the other two classes being proportionately lower. In the afternoon we drove out to the very important Botanical Gardens, which are situated a few miles from the town, and contain an area of 272 acres, with a river frontage of a mile in length. These gardens were commenced as long ago as 1786, and have been well cared for, improved, extended, and kept up ever since. There is here a very celebrated and world-renowned banyan tree (*Ficus indica* or *F. bengalensis*), which covers 1000 feet in circumference.

It is the pride and glory of the gardens, and resembles a small forest rather than a single tree. The main trunk is 52 feet in girth, and the aërial roots, which have already reached the ground, number nearly 500. The many avenues of palms are about the finest in the world. We also paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens, which has one of the finest collections of animals in the East.

Calcutta does an immense business in jute, and we took the opportunity of visiting one of Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot, & Co.'s factories, where we found no less than 4000 men, women, and children employed. We were shown the many processes of treating raw jute, until it is finally turned out in the shape of sacks and bags, which are exported to various parts of the world, Western Africa, for instance, dealing largely in palm kernel bags. On inquiry we found that the mill turned out no less than 50 tons of finished sacks a-day. We subsequently visited the very excellent docks, full of steamers, both British and those of the other Great Powers. The coal industry is a noted one, and the commodity can be supplied for steamship purposes at about 7s. per ton.

It is a pretty sight to see the Indian mounted police in their very picturesque headgear, all well equipped and mounted on good horses, and, in my opinion, surpassing anything of the kind seen in England. In the city they are employed in controlling the traffic in the congested thoroughfares. The population of Calcutta rather exceeds 1,000,000, including the city and suburbs, the natives literally swarming in their closely packed residential quarters. There are some very fashionable gardens in the centre of the city, known as the Eden Gardens, for which the city is indebted to the Misses Eden, sisters of the late Lord Auckland. A full brass band plays here every evening, and innumerable well-equipped carriages surround the gardens in order that their fashionable occupants may listen to the music. The equipages, if not equal to those to be seen in the season in Hyde Park, very nearly approach them. To my astonishment, I found horses—Arabs and Walers—standing 16 hands high and upwards. Two men in Indian attire are generally seated

on the box, and two others stand behind. A little outside the precincts of the city, in the fashionable quarter, is what we should term in England a park, but is here called the "maidan." This is a grand open space, 1½ mile in diameter, and as green—at least at the time of my visit—and as well kept as Hyde Park when the latter is at its very best. Calcutta abounds in fine statues in and around its beautiful gardens and maidans—rich, I should say, in monuments to the memory of good and great men, past and present, who have made their names household words throughout not only India but the whole of the British Empire.

The great trade of the place is in salt and European goods, and the exports are mainly rice, tea, indigo, and jute (manufactured and unmanufactured). Needless to say, apart from trade with the United Kingdom and all the European ports, there is an immense trade with Burma, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements. A splendid system of new electric tramways runs to all the suburbs and outlying places of the city. The municipality have also a great water and drainage scheme in hand, which will eventually cost many lakhs of rupees. Calcutta is the capital of India, and the winter residence of the Viceroy. It is also the headquarters of the Bengal Government, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor being at Belvedere.

Without any very specially morbid tastes, we were desirous of visiting the Burning Ghat, and, having arrived there, we were shown many bodies in the course of burning and others just about to be burnt, and saw the ceremony of pouring oil and making offerings over the dead bodies, it being the custom of all Hindus here to be cremated. To do away with the need for publicly burning individual bodies, I inquired why the Government did not build a crematorium, such as we have at home. The answer was that such an undertaking would not be in accordance with the religious rites and observances of the Hindus, and would consequently receive no support.

29th July.—We left Calcutta this afternoon for a trip to Darjeeling, the finest of all hill stations in India. The distance between the two places is about 400 miles.

The train was due to leave Calcutta at 4.30 p.m., but we found that the railway throughout the whole of this district works in accordance with Madras time, which is thirty-three minutes behind the time of this city. In my humble opinion, the time has arrived when one universal system should be adopted over at least a considerable area of the country, in accordance with our system in England, where we adopt the mean time of Greenwich, thereby doing away with the difficulties which occur from the change of time. At about 7.45 p.m. we arrived at Damukdia Ghat, which is 121 miles from Calcutta on the bank of the Ganges River. We here left the train, and embarked on the large Indian Government steamer *Crocodile*, where we found a first-class dinner laid for us on the upper deck, which was fitted with punkahs and every convenience, numerous servants being also in attendance. Arriving on the opposite side of the Ganges, at Sarah Ghat, we took another train for Siliguri, where we were supplied with the most comfortable sleeping carriages. The following morning we arrived at Siliguri, which is 51 miles from Darjeeling. We here joined the Darjeeling and Himalayan Railway, ascending over 7000 feet through dense forests and tea plantations. We crossed the Terai soon after leaving Siliguri. This is said to be the most unhealthy tract of country in India, and is known as the white man's grave. It is a dense, swampy, malarious jungle, inhabited by tigers, panthers, and leopards. A gentleman whom we met, Mr. G. H. Willinbaker, had made himself somewhat famous by performing the feat of shooting no fewer than five tigers in seven days within a few miles of this place.

After ascending to an altitude of 7500 feet to Ghoan, in the Himalayan Mountains, we then descended 500 feet to Darjeeling, 7000 feet above the sea-level. Here we took up our residence at the Rockville or Grand Hotel, a branch of the Grand of Calcutta, and under the same proprietorship.

30*th July to* 5*th August.*—We were fortunate enough to secure two very nice cobs, and rode for at least six hours daily over the mountains. The horses were in the most perfect condition, together with the saddles and

bridles, and would be a credit to the best livery stables in England. We visited a large college for boys, known as St. Joseph's, which, being situated in such a very healthy and cool district, is much patronised by parents residing in the plains.

We visited Jelapahar Barracks, which are at an elevation far above Darjeeling. Here we found some of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. From there we rode to Senchal, a site 9610 feet high, where, a quarter of a century ago, stood some British barracks. But the place was found so desolate and so dispiriting, and so many of our British soldiers committed suicide by reason of the depressing surroundings, that the barracks were abandoned for some in a more salubrious position. From the highest point of Tiger Hill we were fortunate to obtain a very clear and distinct view of Kinchinjanga, which is 28,156 feet high, and near Mount Everest, 29,002 feet high. Our syces (*i.e.* horses' servants or grooms), as is the universal custom, ran and walked the whole way with us to the top of Senchal and Tiger Hill, and thence back home.

At one time we were near the border of Thibet, and only 19 miles from the independent State of Sikkim. A number of the Intelligence Department officers, with troops, are on an important mission to Thibet. They are assembled at present at Guntak. Major Younghusband and Captain Claud White, together with Major Bretherton, are amongst those there. A gentleman well known in literary circles (Mr. Talbot Clifford) has been making strenuous efforts to force his way into Thibet, but in doing so came into collision with the authorities, and was escorted back to Darjeeling. The rides and drives around Darjeeling surpass almost anything I have experienced, and far exceed in point of beauty the views to be had in rides which I have taken over the mountains of Madeira or the Canary Islands.

It was from this borderland of Thibet that I bought the very curious rosary said to have been taken from the temple in Lhassa, and now presented by me to the Liverpool Museum, where it is to be seen with one or two other

interesting mementoes of my travels. This rosary was held in its own land to be a most sacred and precious relic, inasmuch as each of its 113 beads is a ring made from the skull of a famous high priest, so that in its entirety the rosary concentrates the ossified piety of 113 holy men.

The women here mostly wear rings of very varying size through the cartilage of the nose, and have a hole also pierced from the left side of the nostril, where they affix another gold ornament like a round brooch fastened with a small screw inside. I induced some of them to take these off to show me. They are otherwise loaded with bangles on their ankles, rings on their toes, heavy necklaces, and enormous earrings, disfiguring and dragging down to an alarming extent the lobes of the ear. We visited the neighbouring military station of Lebong, where are located upwards of 1000 British troops, consisting almost entirely of the West Riding Regiment. We found the catering at the hotel about equal to that of the best ordinary hotel in England. Rising early one beautiful clear morning (unusual at this time of the year), from the hotel grounds we obtained another view of the mountain of Kinchinjanga, and, as far as the eye could reach, we saw very distinctly snow-clad peaks to the east and west, making a most gorgeous panorama. The rising sun at the time bathed the scene with its brilliancy. We stood, as in a dream, gazing at the unsurpassed glory and grandeur of the highest peaks in the world covered with their eternal snow.

The tea produce of Darjeeling now amounts to an enormous quantity, and constitutes one of the best appreciated of Indian teas in the English market.

6th and 7th August.—After these delightful days, all too few, spent in the matchless mountain scenery of the Himalayas, we made our way back to Calcutta. The journey was a singularly comfortable one, thanks partly to the excellence of the rolling-stock of the Eastern Bengal State Railway, and partly to its officials' extreme courtesy.

8th August to 12th August.—We are putting up this time in Calcutta at the Great Eastern Hotel as the Grand

is undergoing extensive repairs. In many respects we have changed distinctly for the better. Our further stay was pleasantly occupied with the entertainments which we exchanged with our numerous Calcutta friends.

13th and 14th August.—Leaving Calcutta by the night-mail on the 13th August, we reached Benares, which is 479 miles distant, the following evening. There was little of interest to remark by the way, the country being nearly on a dead level, and I may say almost entirely confined to rice growing. Nearly the whole of Bengal—a province which, by the way, is about the size of France—is under cultivation. After a journey of sixteen hours we arrived at Benares, two hours behind time, owing to an obstruction, caused by some carriages ahead of us having got off the line. We drove 2 or 3 miles into the country to the very comfortable Hotel de Paris.

15th August.—Benares has been the religious capital of India from time immemorial. The past history of this —one of the most ancient cities of India—is involved in obscurity; but it is a well-known fact that it was a most flourishing and important place six centuries before the Christian era. In 1194 A.D., Jaychand, Rajah of Benares, whose army was said to be as numerous as the sands of the sea, was defeated and killed by Kutb-ud-din, general of Shahab-ud-din Ghori.

This General Kutb destroyed a thousand Hindu temples, and built mosques on their site. We visited the Durga Temple, known to Europeans as the Monkey Temple, from the immense number of monkeys in and around it. These animals take up their quarters in the precincts of the temple, and although the sacred edifice is situated in a densely populated part of the town, the monkeys do as they please, and are quite unmolested. They are regularly fed by the priests, and it was a grotesque sight to see many of the mother-monkeys with their offspring clinging to them.

In Benares we found residing Mrs. Annie Besant, the well-known theosophist and disciple of Madame Blavatsky. She lives in the city during the greater part of the year, visiting in the interval both the United States and Europe.

We attended a lecture which she gave on "The Aryan Race." We paid a visit to the Golden Temple, which is dedicated to Bisheshwar, the poison god, or Shiva. The expense of gilding was defrayed by the Maharajah Ranjit Singh. We were not favourably impressed with this holy place. In an adjoining building we saw a number of sacred white bulls and cows, which also we failed to appreciate. The approach to these places on all sides is by very narrow streets, or rather alleys and passages, extremely foul-smelling and swarming with low-class Hindus and natives. We had a native policeman to guide and guard us through the motley and unsavoury crowd.

Benares has a population of 500,000. Ornamental brasswork, which is now so well known all over the world, is the principal industry and *specialité* of Benares. In the outskirts of the town we drove over a grand old stone bridge of great length, called the Barna. This was commenced in 1795, and completed in 1797, and does great credit to the engineering talent and skilled labour of that distant date.

16*th August*.—We drove this morning to the Man-Mandir Ghat, where we hired a sort of small houseboat with eight men, who took us some distance up the Ganges River to view the many palaces and temples up the stream, the water at the time running at the rate of 5 miles per hour. We later turned our head down-stream, and saw more temples of every shape, many in all stages of dilapidation, and at all angles, the swift-flowing river having undermined the walls, a process which has been going on for from one to two thousand years. These once stately and massive edifices are fearfully out of the perpendicular, their mighty walls of granite, in many cases 6, 8, and 10 feet thick, having been washed into the river. At the same time there are many temples and palaces of more recent date, and looking much like some of the best and most artistic houses on the canal at Venice. We proceeded farther down-stream to the "Burning Ghat" (the Hindus, as I have said before, always burning the bodies of their dead). Four corpses were brought on

primitive native stretchers whilst we were there—two men, a woman, and a girl. They were placed first with their feet in the water of the sacred Ganges, and their heads and bodies reclining inshore, and were then lifted into, or upon, their respective primitive funeral pyres, which were prepared close beside them. We did not wait to see the light applied and the flames arise, as we had so recently shuddered over the same weird, ghastly sight at Calcutta.

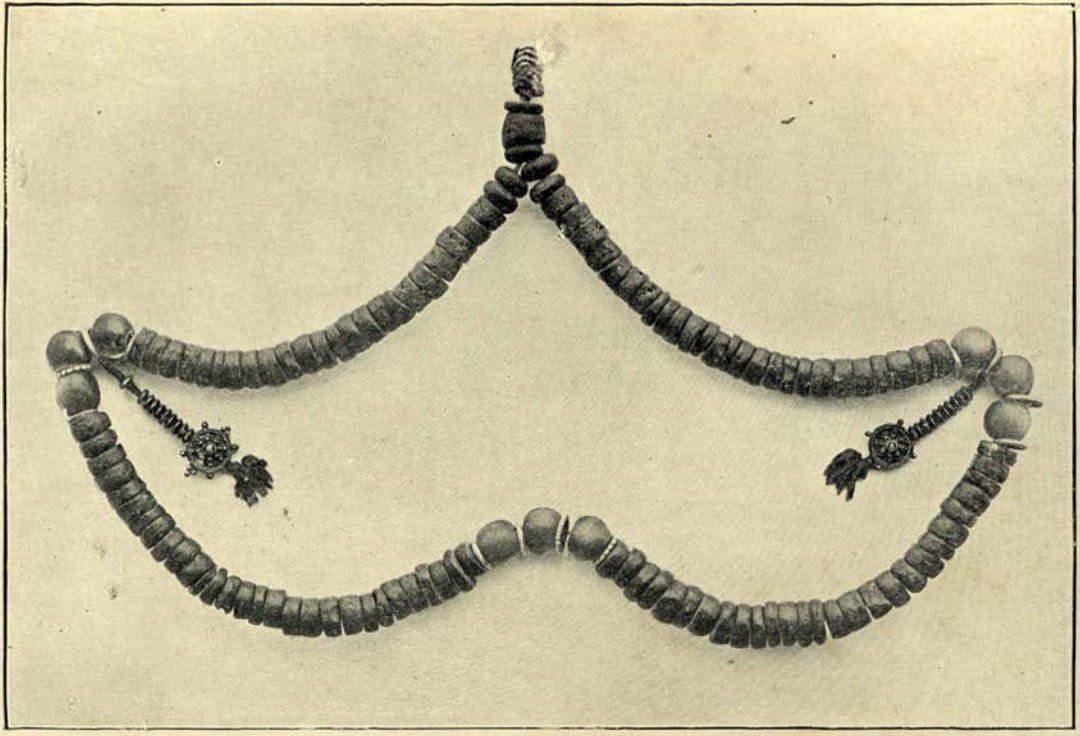
17*th August.*—This morning we hired the same boat again, this time with a crew of fourteen men and boys. We were bound for the palace, on the other side of the Ganges, to pay a visit to the Maharajah of Benares. The river was very wide, and the water running swiftly, so we hoisted a large sail, which must have come out of Noah's Ark, and have been a nest for succeeding generations of rats ever since, it was so full of holes. On arriving at the palace we sent in our cards to the Maharajah's secretary, and were welcomed to view every part of the building. On our leaving, the Maharajah drove out in his large open carriage with his two children, four servants, and two mounted lancers of his own, dressed in khaki *à l'Anglais.* He was attended from the palace to the carriage, which was drawn up outside the palace grounds, by many courtiers and a numerous bodyguard, and drove off amid a wild burst of barbaric music. We saw a large full-grown tiger attached to the Maharajah's palace, which had been kept in confinement, they told us, for twenty years. Many young children were putting their hands through the bars to stroke and play with this dangerous animal. At the riverside near the palace, which, by the way, is built on the very edge of, and overlooking the Ganges, we saw eight or ten of the Maharajah's large elephants having their evening bath, lying down in the water, first on one side and then on the other, and being most vigorously scrubbed by men and boys with highly-burnt black bricks, which attention the elephants seemed mightily to enjoy.

18*th August.*—This morning we took a drive of 5 miles to the beautiful palace and grounds of the Haible Munshi Madholall, who is a banker, and a very large landed proprietor. He was not at home, but his son-in-

law, Munshi Das, received us, and showed us all he could, inviting us to take tea, cigars, etc. There is being built at the back of the house an immense tank for swimming and bathing for the family, and to beautify the grounds. It is equal in size to one of our best reservoirs in England, with grand steps, 50 feet in width, in the centres of the four sides, and leading down to a considerable depth, as the water may rise and fall. The tank will, when completed, cost close on a lakh (100,000) of rupees. Munshi Das caused to be brought out to us to the front doorstep a very large tame elephant. The animal is a pet. It was walked up and down at its best speed to show us its paces. Of course, it was being ridden and attended to at the time by its own special mahout.

Munshi Das is a B.A., educated at the Queen's College, Benares. He has never been in Europe, but speaks the most perfect English, and has polished manners. He is now studying Sanskrit and Arabic. He is married and has two children. He invited us to go again and visit them should we ever return to Benares.

The drive out for 5 miles, along a very nice Government road of great width, and kept in capital order, was lined the whole way with large well-grown mango trees, giving a lovely shade in the afternoon. The trees produce many tons of mangoes in the season, which Government sell to the natives. Unfortunately, we got caught in a perfect deluge of rain on our drive home.



SACRED RELIC FROM TIBET.

Rosary of Rings made from Skulls of 113 High Priests of Lhasa.

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CHAPTER XXII

Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Agra

19th August 1903.—From Benares we moved on to-day to Lucknow, associated for ever in the minds of Englishmen with the Indian Mutiny. Our train left at 11 a.m., and we, fortunately, obtained a most comfortable first-class carriage to ourselves. This, unlike our English ones, was fitted with full-length reclining couches on either side, and long, low windows running the full length of the carriage, which have glass sliding sashes inside, next venetians, and the outer ones fitted with open wire gauze to keep out large insects and flies, either being used independently of the other. It was our good fortune to require neither, as we encountered no dust, flies, or rain. There was nothing special to remark on the country we passed through. The land was all well cultivated, principally with rice, and all cleared, without any underbush or jungle. We observed a large number of working buffaloes, and the ordinary hump-backed Indian cattle, besides, here and there, large numbers of hairy-coated Indian sheep, with occasional herds of goats. At Partabgarh, which is 90 miles distant from our starting-point (Benares) and 100 miles from Lucknow, a dining-car was attached provided with punkahs. We changed over to it, and enjoyed a capital lunch.

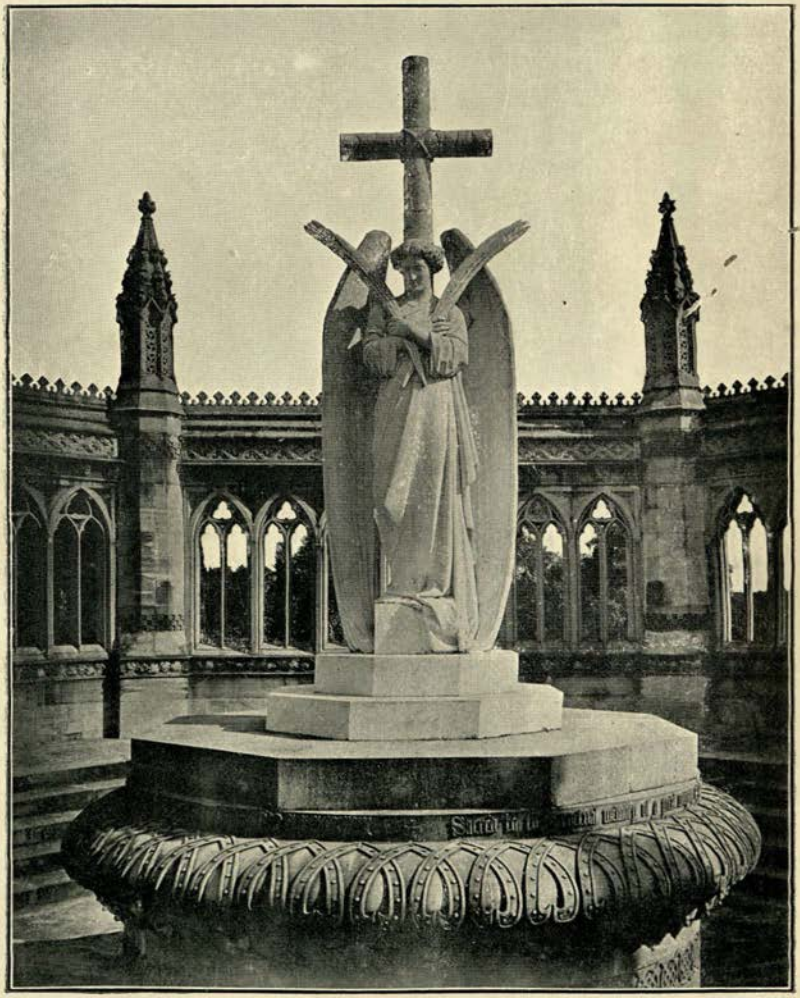
Our train was timed to arrive at Lucknow at 5 p.m., and we pulled up at the station to the minute. From there we drove to the very comfortable and well-known Civil and Military Hotel.

20th August.—At Lucknow we had expected, I am not quite sure why, to see dry, barren plains, as well as buildings shattered by the terrible conflict of 1857. In place of this we find a splendid town, with first-class roads

everywhere, the most beautiful green trees, splendidly grown, and almost equal to our finest English oaks, avenues miles in length, the greenest grass and verdure to be met with anywhere, and fine palaces, kept in perfect order by the Indian Government. There are several beautiful parks and gardens, the principal being Wingfield Park, the Dilkusha and Victoria Parks, as well as the Horticultural Gardens. Lucknow is styled the "Garden of India," on account of its wealth of flowers, and I can well believe it justifies this name, judging from the splendid display of flowers at the *table d'hôte* of our hotel.

On this, our first day, we paid a visit to the great Imambara, first passing through the Constantinople Gate, an imitation of the gate of the same name at Constantinople, from which the Turkish Government derives its name, "Sublime Porte."

Entering the arch leading to this magnificent building, which words fail me to describe or picture to my readers, we found a large mosque on the right. This building cost £1,000,000 sterling, and was built in 1784 A.D., the year of the great famine, with a view to giving relief to many of the starving thousands. We drove to the Dilkusha Villa, built by Sa'adat Ali Khan, which is surrounded by extensive grounds. This place was captured by the British on the 12th of November 1857. It was here that General Havelock expired. The building, once so exceedingly handsome, is now a grand ruin, but very carefully tended and cared for by the Indian Government. We next went to see the great Martinière College, which was founded by Major-General Claude Martin, whose tomb is in a crypt of the chapel. There are at present 240 boys being educated in this college. We then proceeded to the Sikandra Bagh (*i.e.* the "Alexander Garden"). Although very extensive, this was entirely surrounded at the time of the siege by a high massive wall, and, as many have little or no recollection of the doughty deeds of that date, I may recall a small incident in connection with the capture of the garden by the British. A body of Sepoys retreated to this garden thinking to find an outlet at another point, but finding none. A small breech was



THE WELL AT CAWNPORE

Into which, during the terrible time in 1857, 200 English women and children were thrown by order of Nana Sahib. (*See page* 243).

ultimately made in the wall by a field-gun, when Lieutenant Cooper, of the 93rd Highlanders, struggled through head foremost, turning almost a complete somersault. A second party made for the gate, a Sikh corporal putting his right hand through a hole to lift the latch of the gate. It was chopped off by a rebel Sepoy, whereupon he immediately withdrew the stump and inserted his remaining hand. This was slashed also, but he lifted the bolt and the besieging party rushed in, followed by the whole regiment, when every Sepoy in the enclosure was bayonetted.

21st to 24th August.—This being the monsoon period, all those who can absent themselves have left the city and gone for their holidays to recruit at the neighbouring hill stations.

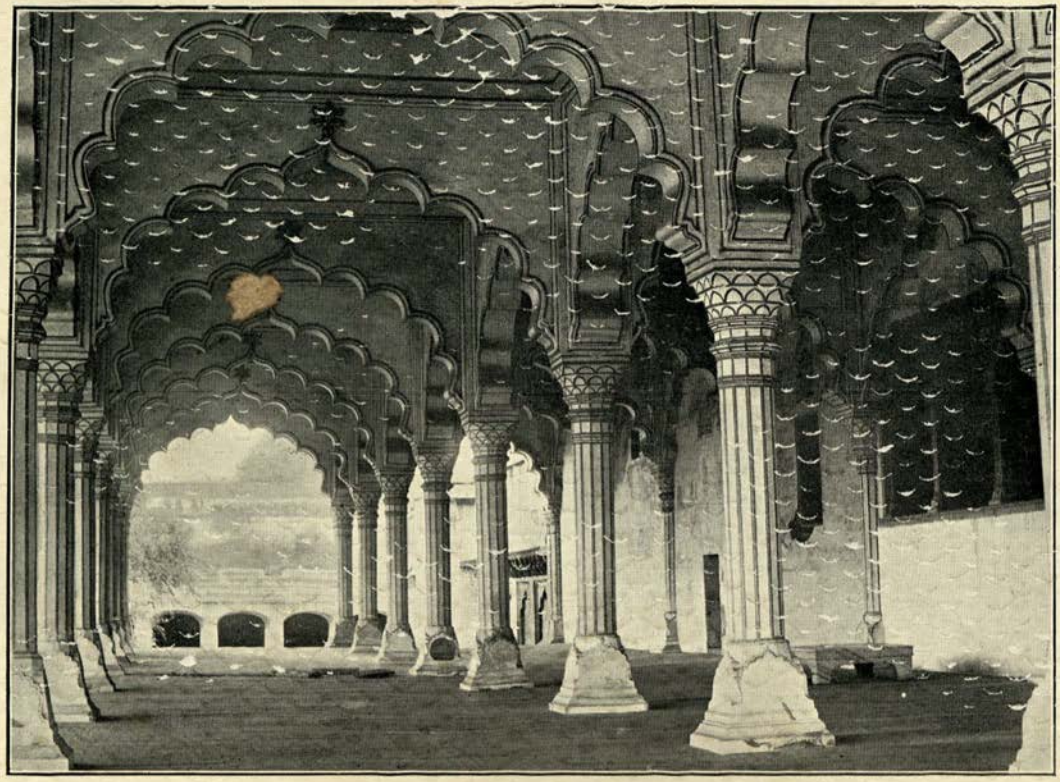
In the height of the season there are to be seen numbers of fashionable people driving in good equipages, well horsed, and usually attended by four servants to each, including the driver. We observed a four-in-hand coach with good horses (standing about 15½ hands) drive past us: it belonged to the regiment stationed here. Driving for several hours each day seeing all the sights of the place, we were constantly reminded of the many memorable, though sorrowful, incidents connected with the terrible scenes that were enacted here in 1857–58. We saw many monuments, tombs, and tablets to Britain's greatest heroes who fell here in the defence of the Residency. Amongst others I may mention the ever-memorable Sir Henry Havelock, who entered the besieged city with his gallant band of followers on the 23rd September 1857. We were shown into the room, now marked by a tablet, where this great hero expired on the 12th November 1857. We also saw the lofty monument erected to the memory of Sir Henry Lawrence, who was shot by a rebel Sepoy on the 2nd July, two days after the siege commenced. The Government has decided, with the approval of the members of the late Sir Henry Lawrence's family, to remove the mound on which the memorial stands, and re-erect it on level ground, as at present it obstructs the view of the Residency buildings. We also saw the resting-place and monument erected to Brigadier-General Neill,

who was shot by a rebel near the spot (now known as Neill's Gate) when entering with the relieving force. We were further shown the tombs and monuments to many hundreds of other gallant officers and men, the latter, I am safe in saying, amounting to thousands, all representing heroes of the Empire.

We visited the United Service Club, which was formerly the late King's palace. It is reported to be the finest club in the East. Both ladies and gentlemen are eligible as members. The people, white and coloured, are as keen on football and cricket as those of many other countries I have passed through. There is an exceedingly good race-course, and Lucknow being a large garrison town the races are well supported. Electric lighting and trams are conspicuous at present by their absence, though schemes for both are under consideration. But in my opinion, and that of many others, they would mar the beauty of this picturesque city. The total population of Lucknow is 300,000. In the season the Europeans, exclusive of British troops, number about 2000.

I have made many inquiries as to the export trade here, but I fail to find anything of note. The country is a purely agricultural one, and, with the population of the city and surrounding districts, it appears to me that the produce of the place must be considerable. Lucknow is noted for its silver work, and I am told that at the Indian Art Exhibition at the Delhi Durbar the local artificers carried away a number of the awards. I was fortunate in securing some silver boxes, etc., worked in very elaborate Indian designs, all, of course, handwork. Carriages for hire are very plentiful at very low rates.

25th August.—Leaving Lucknow for Agra to-day we naturally called a halt *en route* at Cawnpore, which is only 45 miles from the former city. Having made an early start, we got to Cawnpore at 9.35 a.m., and, depositing our luggage, went to the Civil and Military, a branch of the hotel which we have just left, for breakfast. After this, we engaged a carriage and pair, driven by a veteran who came here in '57 with Havelock's relief force, and with the exception of a temporary visit to England, has been here



Diwan-i-'Am (Hall of Public Audience), Agra.

To face page 243.

ever since. We drove first to the site of General Wheeler's entrenchment, and saw the well just outside the lines where 250 men, women, and children belonging to his camp were buried at night, so that they could not be seen by the enemy. These people succumbed during the time he was besieged. We next visited the Memorial Church, a very beautiful and costly building, where tablets are erected to the memory of over 2000 victims who perished here during the mutiny. From there we went on to the Massacre Ghat, on the banks of the Ganges, which remains in almost the identical state in which it was at the time of '57. Opposite, in a fair state of preservation, is the Fisherman's Temple, dedicated to Shiva, from whence Nana Sahib gave the prearranged signal to fire on the large fleeing body of men, women, and children, and sat watching the slaughter of the Europeans, who were ostensibly being conducted by him to a safe refuge. We inspected the beautiful Memorial Well. Herein some 200 women and children who had been barbarously murdered overnight in an adjoining kothi were flung, the dead and dying intermixed. The scenes around bring back all the horrors of that time, almost eclipsing anything ever known in history; and to stand on the site, surrounded as we were by all the monuments, tablets, and memorials of those so foully murdered by the order of Nana Sahib, would almost make a strong man weep. Even the memory of these things causes the English visitor to loathe for the moment the very sight of a native.

I find it was in Cawnpore that our present Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, first saw the light of day on September 30, 1832, and the house in which he was born was pointed out to me. Cawnpore is great commercially, and possesses numerous factories, scattered over a comparatively small radius, including woollen and cotton mills, boot, leather, and harness factories, tanneries, and sugar works, as well as flour and ginning mills. Wheat, in any quantity, appears to be available from the surrounding districts. A very great many visitors pass through here in the course of the year. I may add that our American friends do not seem to be so keen on visiting the scenes of

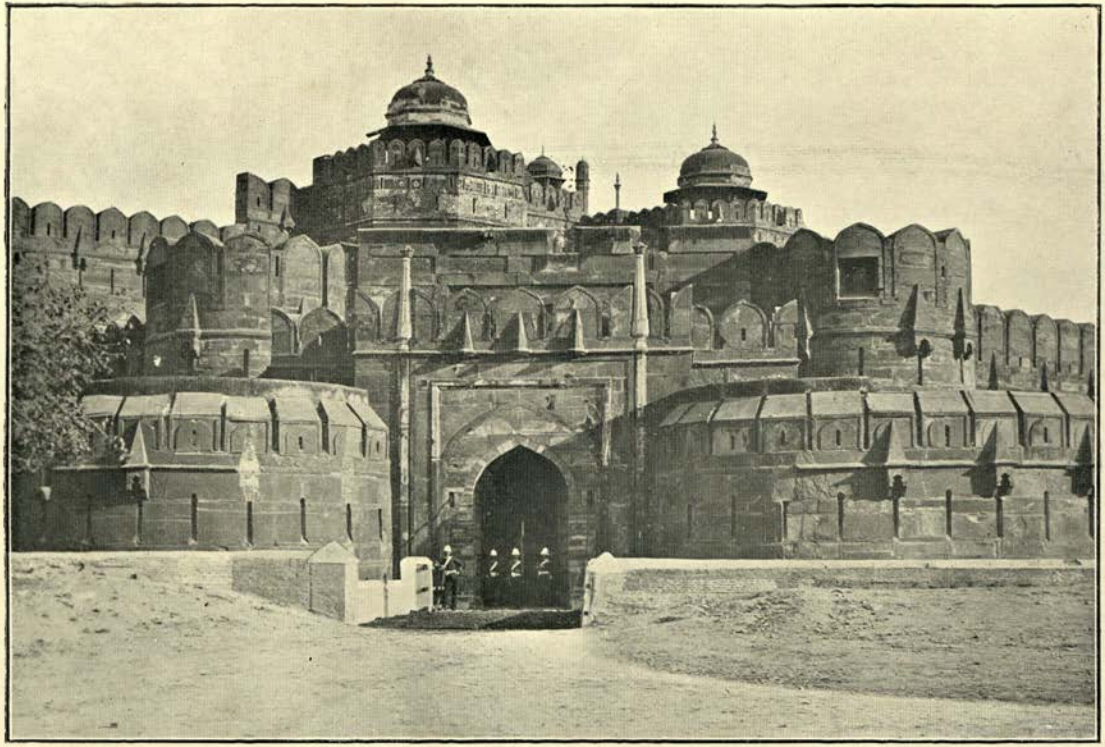
the tragedies at Cawnpore, the history of which is exclusively British, and does not introduce the name of a single citizen of the United States.

The European population of Cawnpore consists chiefly of civil and military officials. Having thus made acquaintance with all the prominent features of Cawnpore, we took train again for Agra at 5.20 p.m., where we arrived after a six hours' journey, and took up our quarters at the Metropole Hotel, Agra.

26th August.—We went this morning to the Jumna Musjid, a mosque which was constructed by the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1644 A.D., and is situated opposite the great fort of Agra. At the mosque we saw—I might almost say as a matter of course—large numbers of Mohammedans occupied in prayer.

We next went to the fort, driving in by the Elephant Gate. The walls of the fort are 70 feet high, and in a perfect state of preservation, almost as sound as when they were built. The surrounding wall is 1¼ miles in circumference. Outside the wall is a moat 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep. Upon our entering, the first object to claim our attention was the Moti Musjid, or Pearl Mosque. The effect of its courtyard as we entered was surpassingly beautiful. We next went to the Machichi Bhavan or Fish-square, where the ladies comprising the emperor's harem formerly amused themselves by fishing, seated within the inner terrace. It is now an absolutely dry space. From here we entered the mosque Naginah Musjid (Gem Mosque), overlooking the site where the contests between elephants and tigers were carried on. Probably these contests resembled kindred performances years before in the Roman Coliseum.

We went over the adjoining Golden Pavilion, in which were all the beautiful marble bedrooms used by the ladies belonging to the emperor's harem. In each of them are many holes in the marble, 14 inches in depth, and only large enough to admit of a woman's hand, into which the ladies used to put their jewels on retiring to rest. This Pearl Mosque or Moti Musjid with its pure Saracenic art has all the severity and utter simplicity of Doric architecture. It



ELEPHANT GATE OF AGRA FORT.

To face page 241.

INSIDE THE GATEWAY TO AKBAR'S TOMB, AGRA.

To face page 245.

is the purest of sanctuaries, and one feels that the religion to which it is dedicated, and by which it is inspired, must be a noble one whoever may have been its prophet.

27*th August*.—This morning we took an early drive, starting at 6 a.m., to visit the great Akbar's tomb. This is too magnificent and mighty for adequate verbal description. It must be seen to be realised and understood. A tomb in this part of India is beyond the conception of the ordinary Englishman. It took us at least two hours to walk over and around it, and see its many beautiful gates and grounds.

Later on we drove out a few miles to some public gardens on the banks of the Jumna River to view an annual large water festival. We were fortunate to be allowed to see it from one of the Government Dak bungalows, in the best possible position, immediately overlooking the gay scene on the river. Here were thousands of people swimming for a distance of one or two miles, or floating with their water-bottles (chatties) with a view to obtaining a slight rest. Thronging all the pleasure-grounds and banks were a large multitude of natives in holiday attire, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. There were nautch girls dancing to the customary native music, and jugglers, besides many hundreds of natives jumping every moment from a great height into the water to join the other throng of merry swimmers coming down with the stream. We crossed the river by the pontoon bridge, but on our return so many thousands of people were congregated on it that it was totally impassable for our carriage. We therefore recrossed the Jumna by a carriage-way, made in the form of an elevated bridge above that portion used by the trains.

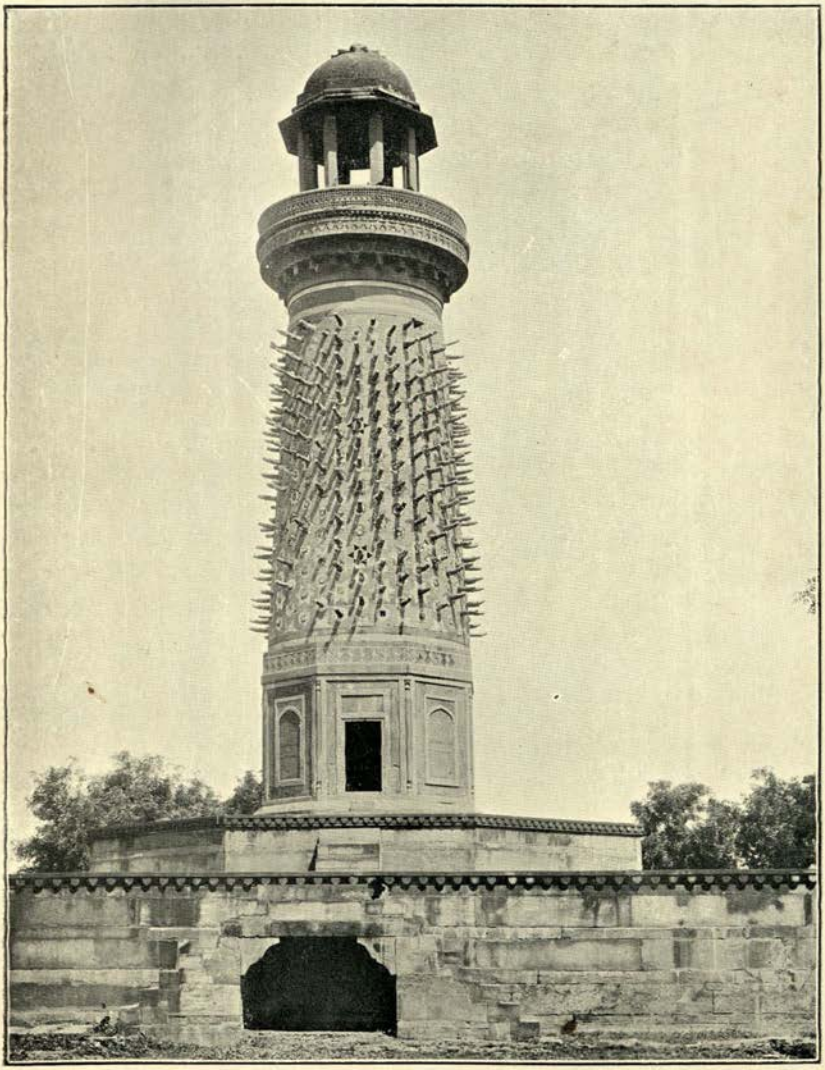
28*th August*.—Our first expedition to-day was to the tomb of Itimadu-daulah, who was the High Treasurer of Jahangir. This man was known as Ghayas Beg. The mausoleum is entirely encased externally with white marble, and partly so internally, being inlaid with pietra-dura work. On each side of the entrances are large window recesses filled with exquisite marble lattice work. This building is considered to be one of the finest of the

many superb works in Agra; it is only excelled by the Taj Mahal.

In the evening we drove to the Taj Mahal, acknowledged by nearly everyone to be the finest building in all India. It is situated on the brink of the Jumna River; there is a good road leading to it, made in the famine year of 1838. The Taj Mahal cost over £2,000,000 sterling; 20,000 workmen were always at work on it, and it took them 17 years to build. It was commenced in 1730 A.D. by the Emperor Shah Jahan, as a tomb for his favourite queen, Asman-bano, the "Chosen of the Palace," or "Pride of the Palace." It is properly named Taj Bibi ke Roza, or the "Crown Lady's Tomb." No words can express its dignity, or adequately describe its supreme loveliness.

It is a dream realised in marble by the most exquisite architecture imaginable, and during even a short stay at Agra one finds oneself visiting it again and again for its own sake and for that of its surroundings and suggestions.

29th August.—Early to-day we started for Fatehpur-Sikri, which is 22½ miles from Agra; we had sent on the previous evening, a spare pair of horses 10 miles ahead, to change by the way. The road is remarkably good and well kept, with its broad, level, shady avenue the whole length. It is undoubtedly the same road as was formerly used by the great Akbar himself. The royal, but now deserted, city of Fatehpur-Sikri belonged to Akbar, together with the fort and palace, and was commenced by him in 1570, and completed during his reign, which commenced in 1556 and continued till 1605, when he died, and was buried in the magnificent mausoleum at Sikandra, 5 miles outside Agra. We completed the journey from Agra with our relay of horses in two and three-quarter hours. We saw innumerable squirrels and ringdoves on all sides of us the whole way. On our arrival at the old city we found a massive and extensive Dak bungalow, which is provided by the Indian Government; it is completely fitted with furniture, linen, cutlery, and plated articles for travellers. We constantly met large numbers of cattle passing to and fro



THE ELEPHANT TOMB, FATHIPUR-SIKRI, AGRA.

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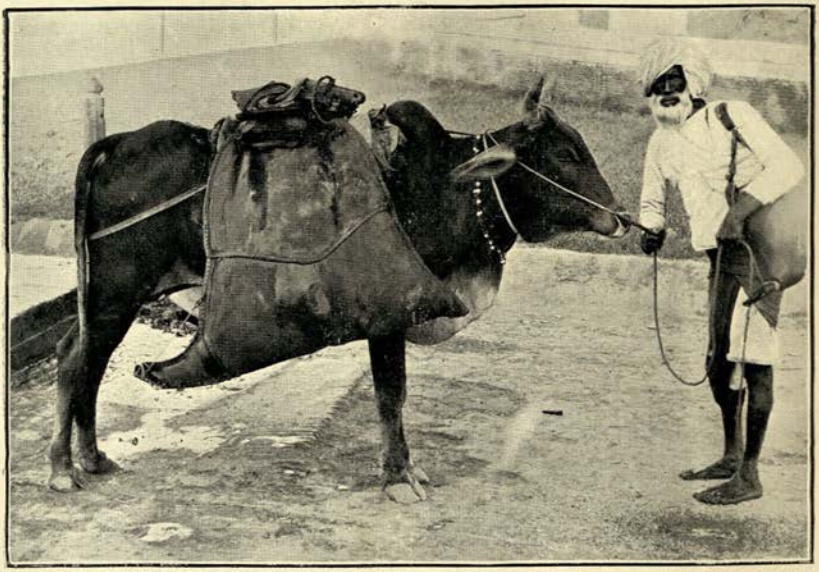
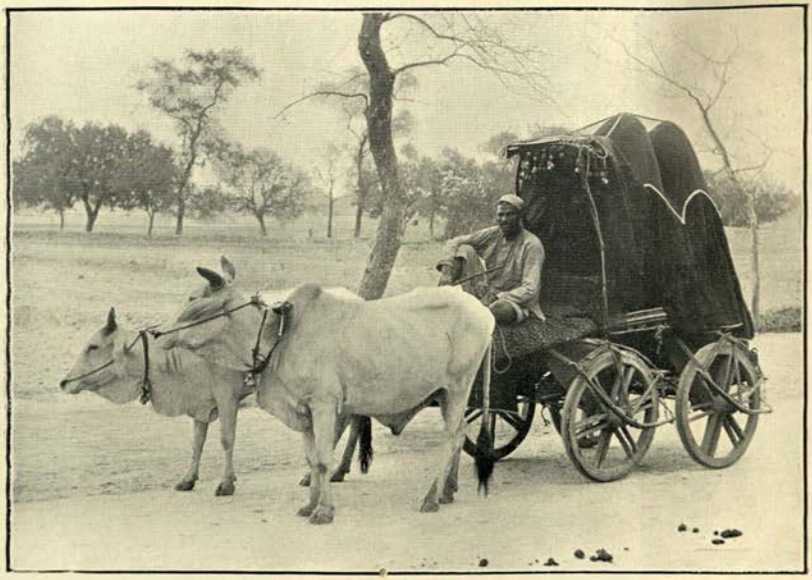


INDIAN HUMPED-BACK OX CARRYING WATER.



EKKA CART, NORTHERN INDIA.

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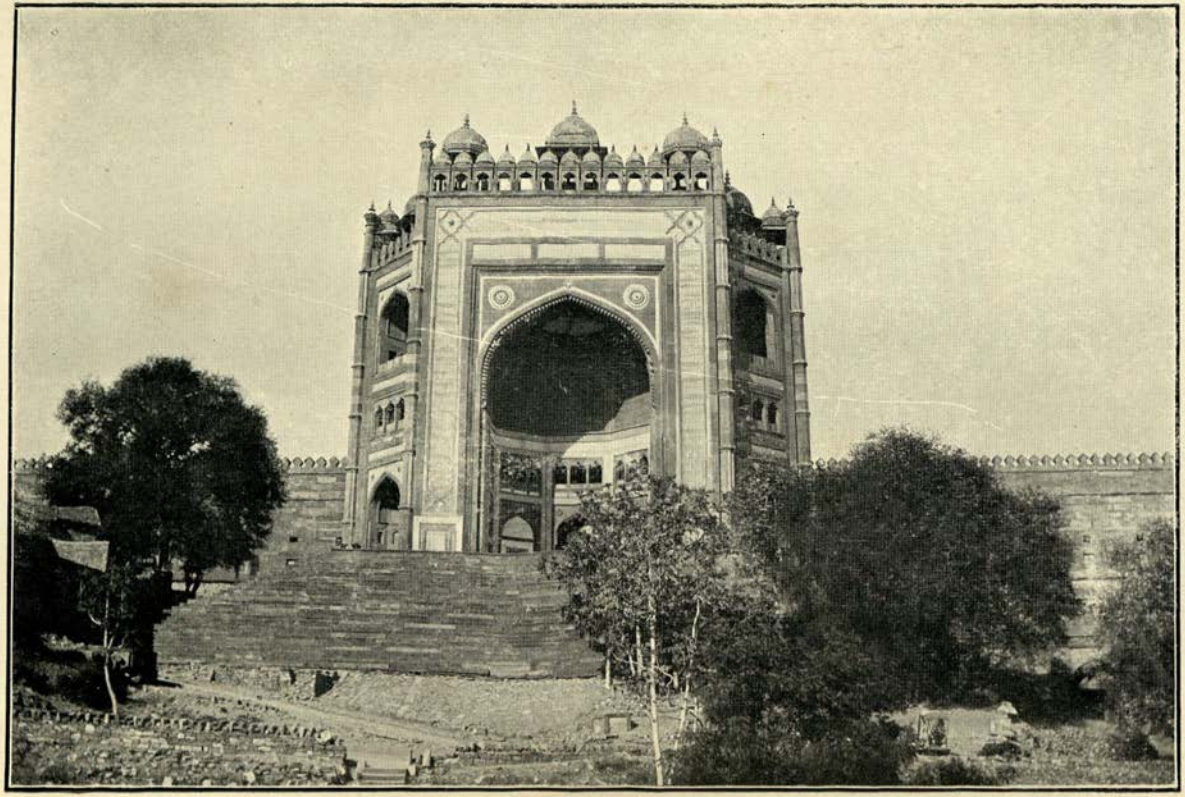
between the city and the country. Everywhere are to be seen black buffaloes; huge numbers of cows of this breed supply milk to the Indians, of which they use large quantities to drink and to make their food, for milk really forms the staple food of the poorer classes.

The male buffalo is very extensively used for ploughing and every description of work on the roads. There are no draught horses in the country, the reason being that horses would cost ten times the money, and could not exist on the coarse food upon which these buffaloes thrive. Whenever we came to a large pond or body of water we usually saw one or two dozen of these black buffaloes immersed in the water, remaining quite still, with their noses and a very small portion of their heads showing above. Their horns do not stand erect as in Europe, but curve backwards, and are of great size. There are large numbers of very fine cattle all over the country, which are called oxen in contra-distinction to the buffalo breed. They are very handsome and hardworking, and are of a pure Indian or Burmese type of breed. They are very tractable, and make good pack-animals with natives riding on their backs. They are largely used, over nearly the whole of India, by the dhobis (*i.e.* washermen), carrying huge bundles of clothes balanced on either side, with the dhobi mounted above. They all have reins or a sort of double halter, which passes through the cartilage of their noses. Peacocks abound in what may be termed the wild state. No one thinks of killing either them or the doves or squirrels, the religion of the Hindus making them averse from taking life in any shape or form. Hence doves, squirrels, etc., increase and multiply to a great extent, and are met with everywhere, even in the heart of the towns and cities. The European soldiers form now and again an exception to the non-killing rule, though the Government observes a strict close season for deer and other game.

30*th August to* 2*nd September.*—The little ekka carts used here, and also in the neighbouring towns and cities, for the conveyance of the lower order of people, are very quaint, and like nothing to be seen in any other part of the world. Passengers, usually 3 or 4 in number, sit in

the most uncomfortable and cramped position without any place to put their legs and feet. The charge is 1 anna (*i.e.* 1d.) per mile. One afternoon we drove to the large open ground where the British officers stationed here play polo, and I was very much struck with the really first-class ponies which they had—many imported, and mostly of pure Arab breed, at least on the side of the sire. The officers, with whom we were totally unacquainted, were most courteous and polite to us. A snake-charmer and conjuring man came to the hotel, and with him, besides the inevitable mongoose, etc., he had a snake 3 feet long, double-headed (*i.e.* a head with mouth, eyes, etc., at both ends). It is commonly known amongst the natives as "Dumoi," *i.e.* interpreted, du—two, and moi—mouth. The regiment stationed here is the Staffordshire, and all (officers and men) appeared to be enjoying good health. This is the very hottest time of the year in India, when no tourist or visitor from any part of the world ever thinks of doing the country. It might be asked why are we here? For the simple reason that we could not help ourselves. Journeying so far and wide as we do, we are obliged to take each country in succession, regardless of finding it in or out of season. Here in Agra, amongst other missions, is a branch of the Zenana Mission. Some of the ladies representing it called at our hotel, and took Miss Bates to visit some zenanas or native harems, one being Hindu and the other a Cashmiri household; also to native schools for girls, all of the Hindu religion.

Agra has a large trade in sugar, cotton, tobacco, salt, timber, grain, oil seeds, stone, indigo, and other produce, and is celebrated for the manufacture of inlaid mosaic, gold lace, shoes, and cotton carpets. The history of Agra is connected principally with the reigns of the various Mogul emperors, several of whom held it as their capital. We again drove to the magnificent Agra fort, the home and seat of government of the above-mentioned emperors. I had a special object in this second visit, which was to see the cells connected with the fort, situated on a level with or beneath the foundation. On descending to the very lowest part of the vaults of this beautiful structure, a



THE GATE OF VICTORY, BULAND DARWAZAH (*i.e.*, High Gate), AGRA, towering to the height of 130 feet.

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particular cell was pointed out to me, which had a massive carved, hard wood beam placed across the upper part, near the roof, of this vaulted dungeon. In the centre, beneath the beam, was a well of water communicating direct with the Jumna River. This spot, we were assured by guides, and by the European military warrant officer in charge, was used, besides many others, for hanging refractory wives of one or other of the emperors—those wives who had committed themselves. Their bodies were later cut down and allowed to fall down the well and float into the Jumna; but, as the place was built in the great Akbar's time, and commenced with the foundation of the fort (Akbar is always reported as having been one of the greatest and best emperors who ever lived), I think the cell I have described was more probably originally intended for the execution, as well as the confinement, of malefactors, there having always been some thousands of employees in and about the fort.

CHAPTER XXIII

Delhi, Simla, and Lahore

3rd September 1903.—We left at half-past seven this morning for Delhi, which is 954 miles from Calcutta and 140 from Agra. The journey occupied eight hours, including one change at Tundla. On arrival at Delhi we found a landau and pair of good horses sent from the Civil and Military Hotel to meet us. At 5 p.m. we had a carriage,—the best we have yet had in India,—the coachman and our own man on the box, and the customary syce standing behind. We drove to the Jumna Musjid, said to be the largest mosque in the world. It has fifteen marble domes, the spire of each one being tipped with gold. Five thousand workmen were employed six years in building it. There are to be seen, in safe keeping in the mosque, some very old manuscripts written many centuries ago. Amongst them is a copy of the Koran written in the seventh century of our era; also a hair of the Prophet's moustaches and several other sacred relics, which were shown to us. We drove through the bazaar or market-place, which was crowded with many strange Oriental sights. Among them we noticed holy men, and white bulls and monkeys, both sacred to the Hindu religion.

4th September.—Very early this morning we drove to the "Ridge," which is about one mile outside the city, and overlooks it. This is the spot where the British, in 1857, took up their position when besieging Delhi, then in the hands of the rebellious Sepoys. The Mutiny Memorial, as it is called, stands here. It is in the form of an octagonal Gothic spire, and has a long winding stone staircase to the summit, from whence we obtained a capital view of the Delhi Fort and the surrounding country. It was

erected to commemorate the leading events of this most tragic siege. We here read the names on tablets of all the regiments and batteries which were engaged in the recapture of the city, and the names of the leading officers who were killed are plainly recorded. From the inscription we read that, as nearly as possible, 200 officers and 2000 men lost their lives near to this spot during the siege. We next visited the general cemetery, which is outside the Kashmir Gate, where we saw the tomb of Brigadier-General John Nicholson, one of the greatest and most dauntless heroes known in British or Indian history. I copied the following inscription: "To the memory of General Nicholson, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died on the 23rd of September 1857, aged 35 years."

5th September.—To-day we went to the Black Mosque, called the "Kalan" Musjid, near the Turkuman Gate, which gate is named after a saint, Shah Turkuman, who died 1240 A.D. It is a sombre-looking edifice, without any adornment, but of the most solid construction, and exactly on the lines of an original Arabian mosque. We paid a visit to some of the leading shops, where we saw very exquisite embroideries, table centres of the most artistic designs, embroidered silver fronts and bodice trimmings for evening dresses, which would gladden the eyes of Regent Street and Bond Street shopkeepers.

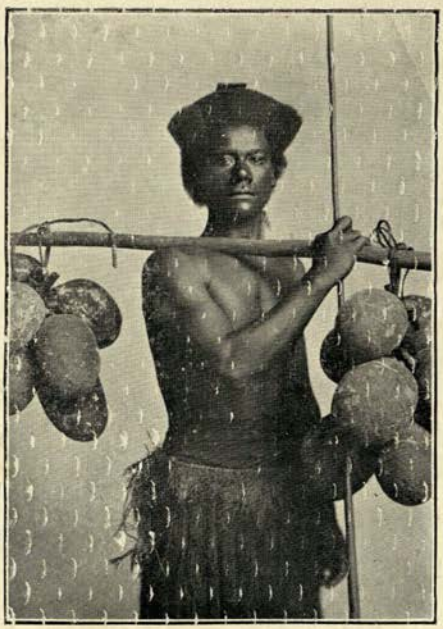
6th to 8th September.—The chief of our later sight-seeing here was in an expedition to Indrapat or Purana Killa (*i.e.* "Old Fort"), 4 miles from our hotel, or 2 miles south of the Delhi Gate. This is one of the sites of the numerous former cities of Delhi, the position of the city having been several times changed. The walls of this old fort are fast falling into decay, and the time of its erection is unknown.

This city—or city that was—is now in total ruin, many poor miserable houses, forming narrow lanes, having been built out of the fallen débris of its once former greatness. Only one gate remains, which, totally unlike the city, is still grand and noble, and in a fair state of preservation, as it has probably had the attention of the

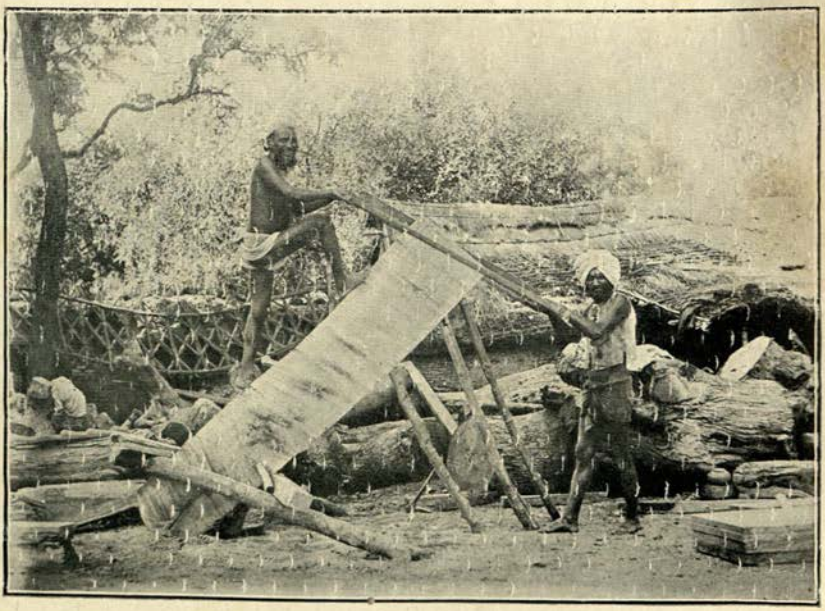
Indian Government's repairing hand. I may here add that some lakhs (a lakh is 100,000) of rupees are voted every year by the Indian Government for repairing these grand old forts, palaces, and tombs, of bygone ages. I must, however, mention that inside this old fort is the Killa Kona Mosque, built by Sher Shah, 1541 A.D. This, too, has been kept in fair repair. We found it well worth a visit, and, from an architectural point of view, to have much to recommend it. It was here that, in 1555 A.D., the Emperor Humayan had his library, in ascending the stairs of which he fell down, dying a few days afterwards of the injuries he had received.

The name of Delhi dates back to the first century B.C. The modern city dates from 1638 A.D., the year in which the Emperor Shan Jehan commenced building the present fort. Delhi was captured by the Persians under Nadir Shah in 1739 A.D. When Nadir left Delhi he carried away with him, as the result of his sacking the city, treasure valued at 40 to 50 millions of pounds sterling, including the famous Peacock Throne, with the lifesize figure of a peacock on either side, the whole of the head and feathers of which were composed of the finest and most valuable precious stones ever known to the world. Nadir also carried away with him as part of his loot the famous Koh-i-nur diamond, now the property of King Edward VII.

This Peacock Throne stood in the "Diwan-i-Khas," or Private Hall of Audience, in the palace inside the fort, which is of white marble, open on all sides, and richly ornamented with gold and pietra-dura work. Over the arches is written in Persian: "If on earth be an Eden of bliss, it is this, it is this, none but this." We thought it only second to the Taj Mahal (Agra), with its beautiful marble lattice screens and delicate inlaid work. One of the features in India that strike a stranger is the persistency of the various vendors of silks, embroideries, and silver. They crowd the verandahs of one's hotel, and will even penetrate into one's bedroom in their eagerness to sell their wares. It is unsafe to offer them one-half of what they ask, as in all probability the article is only



INDIAN CARRYING BREAD-FRUIT.



NATIVES SAWING WOOD AT DELHI.

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worth a quarter: but before accepting what is offered they will return day after day for a week, and usually only conclude the bargain on the eve of your departure. Delhi has a population of 200,000. There are a great many European residents, though at this season, the hottest time of the year, everyone who is able to leave goes to one of the hill stations, *i.e.* Simla, Missoree, or Darjeeling. Delhi is of growing importance. It is a great railway centre, being the junction of no less than seven lines. There are several mills of cotton and flour, great quantities of wheat being grown in the Punjaub.

9th and 10th September. — From Delhi we started by train on the evening of 9th September for Simla by way of Umballa, where we made but a short stay. The cantonments or military stations there date back from 1843, cover nearly 8000 acres, and boast of good roads and fine avenues of trees. As in so many other Indian towns, there are parks, called here "maidans," particularly Paget Park, which has a very good racecourse, a remarkably fine Gothic church (built in 1857, one of the best in India), a Presbyterian church, a hospital for lepers, and other institutions. We made but a short stay there, and proceeded next by train to Kalka, the terminus of the Indian Railway at the foot of the Himalaya Hills. This place, Kalka, is 2400 feet above sea-level. We spent the night in sleeping carriages travelling from Umballa to Kalka, on the East Indian Railway, which is leased to an English company. We only travelled slowly—at an average speed of but twenty miles per hour—having a considerable ascent to make. The total distance from Delhi to the terminus at Kalka is 162 miles. We arrived there exactly at our due time (5.10 a.m.), and had at the railway refreshment-room a capital early breakfast (called in India "chota hazri"). We left a portion of our luggage at the station until such time as we should return from Simla and resume our journey for Lahore.

I had taken the precaution to write some days prior to our arrival to the stationmaster here to secure a "tonga," a two-wheeled vehicle, to do the journey to Simla. The Government run a great many of these,

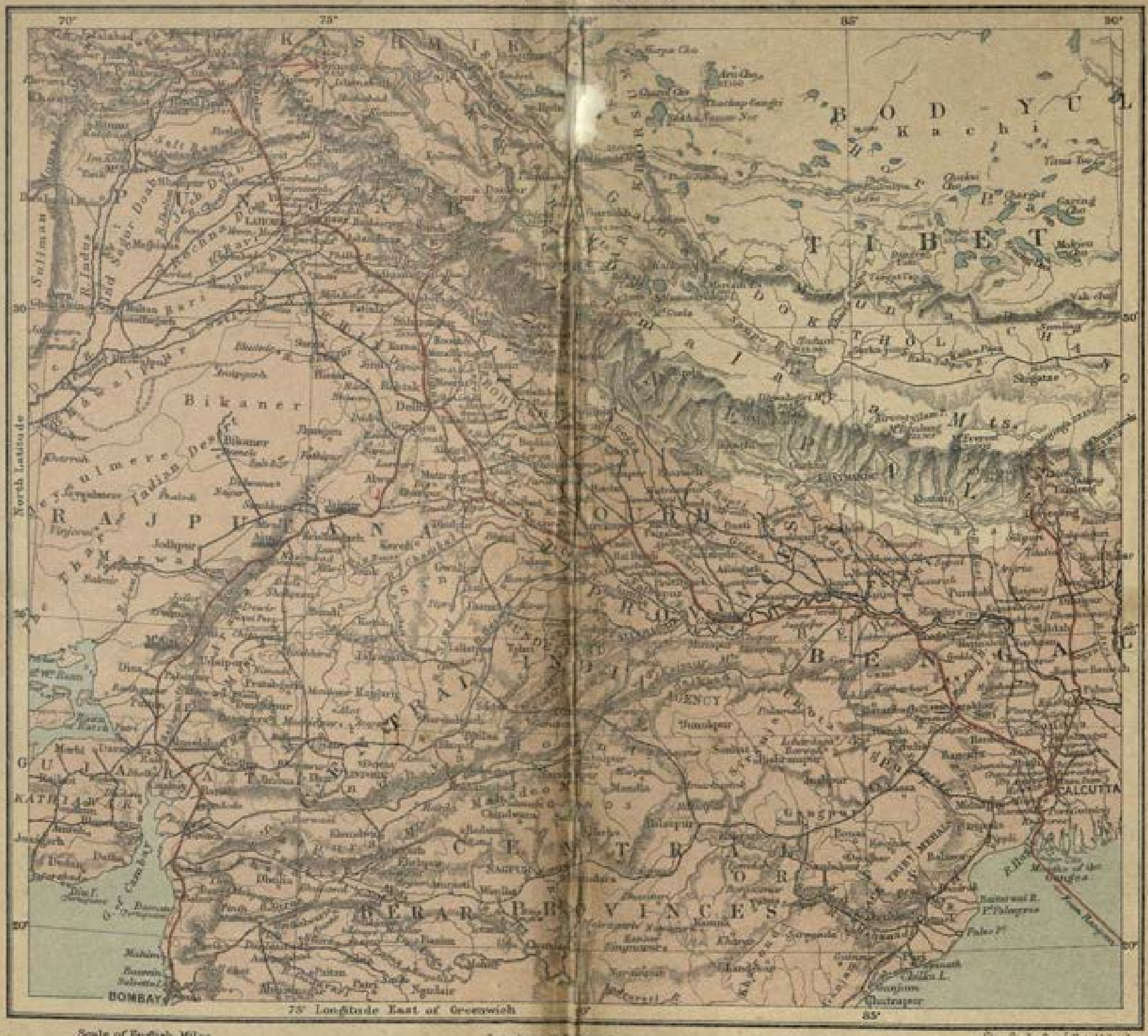
employing some 200 horses. The distance is only 57 miles, but the climb up the Himalayas again to Simla is great, as the town stands at an elevation of 7116 feet, a little higher than Darjeeling, at which hill station we recently spent a week or two, as I have already described. On this short journey we changed horses no fewer than fifteen times, travelling at a good pace. At every stage of 4 miles we found a fresh pair waiting, ready harnessed, and only three to four minutes were occupied in changing. Indian labour being so cheap — usually only 4 annas (equal to 4d.) per man per day—there are always several syces (*i.e.* grooms) in attendance, one accompanying the tonga, standing on the projecting step behind, and changing at each stage with the horses.

There is a good Dak bungalow at Solon, which is half-way between Kalka (the railway terminus) and Simla. For the information of those uninitiated in Indian customs, I may mention that a Dak bungalow is a rest-house, somewhat similar and equal to an English country hostelry, for the accommodation of travellers, built by and belonging to the Indian Government. We pulled up at this house, and found a capital meal of three or four courses waiting our arrival. To this we did ample justice, having been driving fast over the mountains in the most glorious air for six hours.

On our arrival at Simla we found we could not have the rooms we wanted at the Grand Hotel, so we put up for the night at Lowrie's Hotel.

11th and 12th September.—As we did not at all care for our quarters at Lowrie's we moved to the fine new Cecil Hotel, which is some 2 miles out. There we were luxuriously comfortable, having large rooms overlooking most exquisite mountain scenery, range upon range, until they melted in the far distance into a blue haze. The proprietress was one of the kindest and most courteous hostesses to be met with. Simla has been a British Government sanatorium since 1815, and since 1864 the summer capital of India and the residence of the Viceroy. No one is allowed under any pretence to drive in a carriage of any description, with three exceptions — the

NORTHERN INDIA.



Viceroy (Lord Curzon), the Commander-in-Chief (now Lord Kitchener), and Sir Charles Rivaz, the Lieutenant-Governor. This strikes me as a very arbitrary and unjust law, which should be abolished. It is true the roads are somewhat narrow, but they are everywhere wide enough for carriages of all kinds to pass. Substantial fences for protection should be erected on both sides. Labour is very cheap and plentiful. The roads at present are beautifully macadamised and kept up; stone is limitless, and natives (men and women) are experts in breaking them for macadamising. True, Lord Kitchener's empty carriage went over a steep declivity a few days since, and was smashed up, but this goes to prove nothing, except that the sides of the road should have been protected. It might, in the dangerous state of the road, have happened to anyone. At present all travellers are compelled to alight at least one mile before reaching Simla, even the largest family, with a ton of heavy luggage, which then requires coolies to carry it on their heads to its destination. The only method of locomotion for anyone outside the three officials named is on horseback or in rickshas, and I found saddle-horses in the season totally inadequate to the demand.

Rickshas are plentiful and very cheap. Ladies of position here, not being able to make a show of carriages with driving horses, well-equipped coachman and groom, as in London, have to be content with their own private rickshas. To make an impression, they vie with each other in the dress and equipment of their cheap native servants, each lady trying a new form of dress for her coolie runners to eclipse her neighbours. Two or three good men might do the work, but to indulge in a little extra show and extravagance five or six are kept. To the north and east of my windows I see a magnificent crescent of snowy peaks. The nearest of these is Cheru, which is 16,000 feet in height, and distant 27 miles in a straight line from Simla. It is wonderful to think in a couple of days we have come from the scorching plains of India below, often with the thermometer at 140° to 150° in the sun (this being the very hottest time of the year, when no tourist or visitor ever thinks of doing

India), to a cool, not to say cold, place such as this, with the thermometer, even at this season, frequently down to 40°, making it as healthy as any place in England.

13th September.—What a change is here, after the customary huge punkah going all night just over one as one tries to sleep, in the cities of the plains below! We took rickshas to-day to Monkey Hill, which stands at an elevation of 8000 feet (1000 feet above Simla). Of course, we had to walk or climb a considerable portion of the distance, as it was too steep for the coolies to push us. At the summit we found a small, dirty Hindu temple, and all round for a distance of a few miles the surrounding country was covered with hundreds, I might almost say thousands, of unpleasant-looking large monkeys, comparatively tame, running about in all directions. Being sacred, they are unmolested, which accounts for their temerity.

On our approaching the temple, a dirty-looking old man, who is I hear no longer living, came out and fed them with some corn (we giving him a few annas), when they gathered around him in legions, though this was absolutely in the open country, unfenced and not enclosed in any way. The old fakir, who resides here amidst such sordid surroundings, appears to have little occupation other than feeding the monkeys. They come marching up from all sides in countless numbers at the call of this wretched-looking fakir. They were headed by a sort of chieftain, among them called the "Maharajah." They can hear the call at a long distance, and they know quite well that the reward for their attendance is a native grain, to which they are very partial. They respond very freely to the call, and come trooping up in hundreds. The temple which the fakir has charge of is dedicated to Hunuman, the monkey god, and this man profits by the visits of wealthy and prominent Hindus to the temple, reaping also a fair revenue of backshish from other visitors to the shrine of the holy monkey god.

14th to 17th September.—In the course of our stay we naturally called at the Viceregal Lodge, the residence

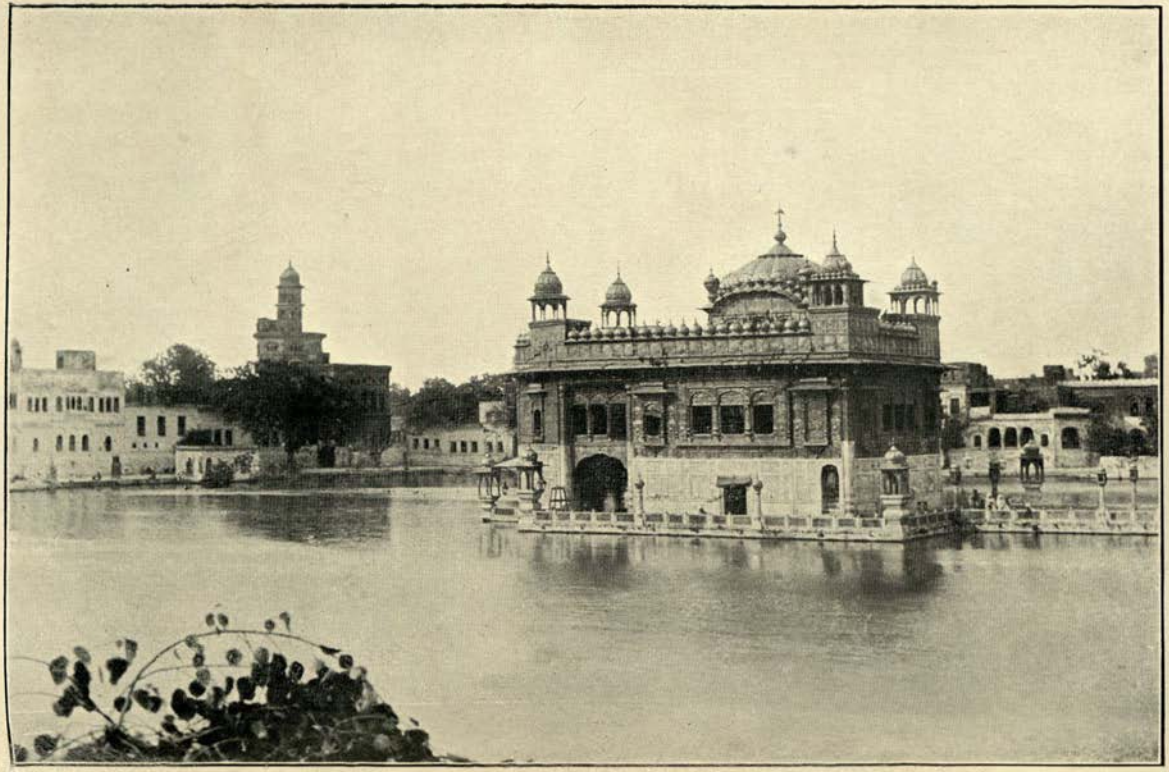
of Lord Curzon, left our cards on both Lord and Lady Curzon, and recorded our names in their respective visitors' books. We had an interview with Lord Curzon's private secretary, Sir Walter Lawrence, K.C.I.E. We paid a visit to the Gaiety Theatre, Simla, supported by the Amateur Dramatic Company, which is entirely composed of British military and civil officers stationed here. The acting was equal to that of the best amateurs in England, notably in the case of Captain R. G. T. Baker-Carr, aide-de-camp to the Viceroy; Colonel G. S. Ommanney, and Mrs. Rimington. The piece was the comedy in four acts, "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." Of course, all the élite of Simla were there, consisting, by the way, entirely of members or representatives of the military and civil services.

In the season, as this is, the whole of the chiefs and heads of departments are concentrated in Simla, bringing their wives and families, and making it for some months the most fashionable place in the whole of our Indian Empire. Those who are not here in an official position have fled, as they always do during the hottest season in the plains, to this cool centre, the Whitehall and Belgravia of India. We went to Annandale, a pretty valley about 2 or 3 miles distant, to see a football match between the teams of the Black Watch and the Royal Irish Rifles. This is a beautiful spot, where the Gymkhana Club hold all their amusements. The grounds are surrounded to a height of many hundreds of feet with a forest of pines and deodars, which form a beautiful background, and make a fine piece of scenery. The Black Watch and Irish Rifles were playing in the Simla football tournament for the "Durand Challenge Cup," which is presented by Sir Mortimer Durand, K.C.S.I. and K.C.I.E.

The tonga service, which was originally inaugurated in 1873, is evidently doomed to early extinction, as a railway from Kalka to Simla is nearly completed, and will possibly be working before this is in print. It is known as the Kalka-Simla Railway, and it will be run as an independent concern, apart from the East Indian Railway. It has cost what appears the fabulous sum (seeing the stone is all on the immediate spot, and unskilled labour

plentiful), of 160 lakhs of rupees, equivalent to £1,000,000 sterling; but the difficulties to overcome have been very many, and great credit is due to Mr. H. S. Harrington, the chief engineer and agent. His Excellency the Viceroy has already travelled over half the distance—namely, from Kalka to Solon, whence he drove the remaining half of the way in a phaeton. After his departure, Mr. Harrington rode in a construction train, and took it very slowly on to Simla safely. Notwithstanding the great cost of the line, the company seems confident of earning a 4 per cent. dividend, as it will receive a large subsidy from the Indian Government for the conveyance of the mails. The military department of India will move down from Simla to Bombay on the 18th of November. The customs of the Hindus in the Simla district and neighbouring hills are very primitive, not to say loose, as regards marriage ties; amongst them polygamy is the order of the day, and sometimes polyandry is met with. Marriage here with the Hindu native is hardly a tie, as a husband very frequently sells his wife to another man for 100 to 200 rupees, equal to from £6, 13s. 4d. upwards. The population is very migratory, as the Europeans, both civil and military, return to the plains when the cooler season sets in. The white population is usually about 2500 when the season is in full swing, and there are besides some 500 to 700 Eurasians. The native population, including the surrounding villages, is 36,500. Polo is in evidence, also cricket. There are two race meetings during the year, spring and summer; one in June, and the other early in October, prior to the exodus of officers owing to the commencement of the annual drill season on the 15th of October, when all have to return to their various regiments.

In the thick woods surrounding Simla, large white monkeys are very common. These animals move about in great numbers, some being larger than the others, and evidently the leaders of the troops. They seem ever on the move. They are usually harmless if unmolested, but quite able and ready to defend themselves if any onslaught is made upon them. The forest extends nearly to the



GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

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peak of "Jako" Mountain, which is 8130 feet high. The rainy season commences about the middle of June, and the rainfall is considerably greater than in the plains below.

Of fruits, I may mention apricots, bird-cherries, apples, etc., all grown here. There are four large dairy farms under European direction, yielding plenty of good milk, cream, butter, and also cream cheeses. Milk is also further supplied by the natives.

Jams are, I may note, a special industry in Simla, the regimental messes and clubs being considerable purchasers. A very excellent jelly is made from the petals of rhododendron blossoms. A confection is also made out of the petals of violets.

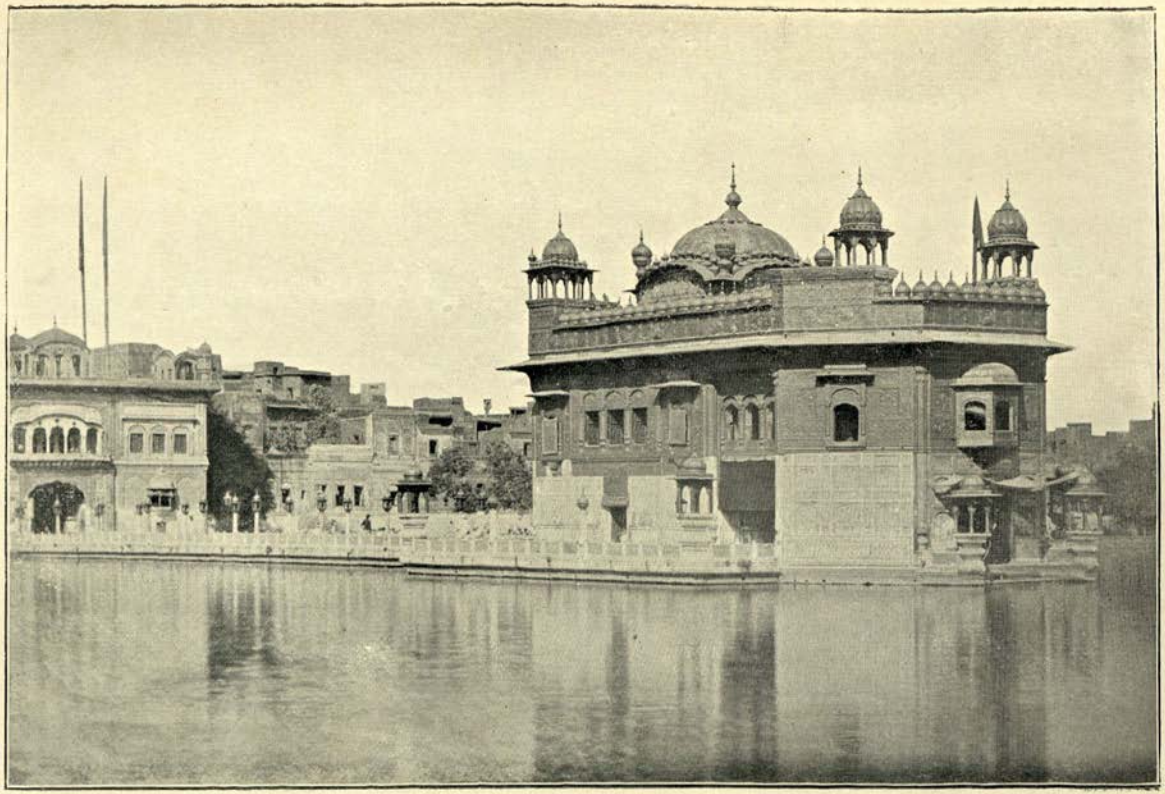
There are several dealers in astrachan, silver fox, snow and other leopard skins, besides the skins of bears and other animals. There is very little tea grown in the neighbourhood. In fact, I may say there is nothing whatever to report in the way of any produce for exportation. Everything that is raised in or about Simla is consumed by those living there.

18*th and* 19*th September*.—There is nothing particular to be said concerning our journey down from Simla to Kalka, as it was over the route of which I wrote a few days ago. We had the same number of horses—namely, thirty, in couples, with fifteen changes. From the terminal station at Kalka we took train for Lahore, and after an all-night journey, we reached Lahore early the next morning, and at once proceeded to Nedou's Hotel, the leading one of the city.

20*th and* 21*st September*.—During our stay in Lahore we visited what is known as the Montgomery Hall, built in 1886 to the memory of Sir R. Montgomery, a former Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub. The hall faces a central avenue of the Lawrence Gardens. On the north side, adjoining the Montgomery Hall, is the Lawrence Hall, which was built in memory of Sir J. Lawrence in 1862. He was known as the "Saviour of the Punjaub," owing to his dauntless courage and activity during the Mutiny of 1857. Needless to say, Sir J. Lawrence was

Viceroy of India from 1864 to 1869. I saw a bronze statue of that statesman erected in a prominent part of the Mall, bearing only the following words: "Will you be governed by sword or by pen?" The statue bears a sword in one hand, and a quill in the other. The above-mentioned halls combined are used as a first-class club, and a covered corridor connects them. Both Miss Bates and I were most cordially and courteously admitted, the club being for ladies as well as for the stronger sex. Later, we drove out to visit the Shalamar Gardens, situated 6 miles outside the city. These beautiful grounds were laid out in 1637 A.D., by order of Shah Jehan, the great Mogul Emperor of that period. They are divided into three parts, in terraces of three levels, and cover a space of 80 acres, surrounded still with a good and lofty wall, with large gateways and pavilions at each corner. Inside were very many decorative channels or canals traversing the garden, contained in which were a hundred small fountains in the first garden, and two hundred in the second. We were very much pleased and delighted with all we saw. The garden must originally have been of the most regal splendour and magnificence. The next site was that of the railway workshops of Lahore, which gave employment to upwards of 2000 men, the space occupied being 130 acres. The railway company provide within their grounds a swimming-bath, recreation ground, and a theatre for the use of their employees.

We visited the Fort, Major Addison, the officer in command here at the moment, being one of my oldest friends, whom I have known since his boyhood. He is now a major of the South Wales Borderers. This fort is occupied by the British, and many years ago it was enlarged and repaired by that greatest of Mogul Emperors, Akbar. On entering, we passed through a marvellously massive gateway. We first saw the Palace of Mirrors, which consists of inlaid glass, with very decorative art work on the ceilings and walls. The next place to arrest our attention was the Armoury. Here we found large quantities of arms taken from the Sikhs when the British were unfortunately at war with that fine race, also camel guns



GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR. (Another view.)

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and other useful ones worked on swivels. On one I found the words "Fath ya Shahid, 1815"—*i.e.* "Victory or death." The Ravi River flows beside the fort on the west, and many years ago washed the walls of the city. We paid a visit to the tomb of the Emperor Jehangir, son of the Great Akbar. The site is at a distance of 5½ miles from the city. An archway of white marble, 50 feet high, leads into the court of the mausoleum, which stands in a large garden. From here we drove to the tomb of "Anarkali"—pomegranate blossom (a name given to a favourite lady in the harem of Akbar). It is an octagon surmounted by a dome. The date is 1599, and as Akbar died on the 13th November 1605, this tomb was erected by him five years before his death. The cathedral is a cruciform building of brick, occupying a very central site. North of this cathedral are the Mayo Hospital, the Medical School (the largest in India), the Lady Aitchison Hospital, and the Training Home for Nurses. Half a mile before reaching the Shalamar Gardens is the Gulabi Bagh or rose garden, laid out in 1655 by Sultan Beg, Admiral of the Fleet to Shah Jehan. On the gateway is inscribed in Persian—

"Sweet is the garden, through envy of which the tulip is spotted.
The rose of the sun and the moon forms its beautiful lamp."

The Punjaub, of which Lahore is the capital, is a very large wheat-growing country, and with a failure of the crops in Southern Russia, and a more or less ruined harvest in England owing to the abnormal rainfall, the Indian wheat cultivator is looking forward with confidence to a great demand for his wheat a very few months hence, notwithstanding the competition of Canada, the United States, and the Argentine. Fortunately for the Indian grower in the Punjaub, the season here has been a good one, and there will be bumper crops in the wheat areas in various parts of this country. The wheat trade of India is subject to the most extraordinary fluctuations and vicissitudes, as in one year the export of this cereal rose as high as 1,500,000 tons, whilst in another year it has fallen almost to zero. Karachi

and Bombay are the two ports from whence these immense exports are made, and the shipping interest generally at those places is looking forward to this large prospective homeward freight with great pleasure. There are many flour-mills spread over India, and we have had capital bread wherever we have been.

CHAPTER XXIV

Kashmir, Srinagar, and Gulmurg

22nd September 1903.—We started at a quarter past three this afternoon by train for Rawalpindi, which is an important station on the North-Western Railway, and is the first stage of our journey to the valley of Kashmir. To this journey I confess that I had looked forward with exceptional eagerness, for although, as an old traveller, I knew that the places of which most is expected most often prove disappointing, I had always read of Kashmir as the one land which never disappoints even those whose hopes are highest. We had a comfortable carriage all to ourselves, and, after stopping at Jhemun for dinner at a quarter to eight, we got into Rawalpindi punctually at midnight. We spent the night at the station on long cane settees provided for us by the railway company.

23rd September.—The rest of our mountain journey to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, and ultimately to the hill station of Gulmurg, is, of course, by tonga. To begin with, one has about 60 miles, all uphill, from Rawalpindi to Murree, and then another 28 miles to Kohala, where there is a bridge over the Jhelum. Between Rawalpindi and Murree we changed horses nine times, and we stayed for a while at the Sunnybank Hotel—a very poor one—at Murree before proceeding to Kohala, where we reached the Government Dak bungalow at 5 p.m. There it was very refreshing to have a good bath before dressing for dinner; and we thoroughly enjoyed our night's rest at Kohala, which lies 2050 ft. above the level of the sea.

24th September.—Shortly before 7 a.m. we moved on from Kohala, crossing the iron bridge which here joins the Punjaub to Kashmir, and paying 1 rupee by way of toll.

Our first halt was at Garhi (34 miles), where, at the very well-appointed Dak bungalow, we had luncheon, and later on we stayed for twenty minutes at Chakoti, reaching Uri, a distance of 69 miles from Kohala, at half-past six. During the whole day we had been meeting and passing long strings of camels plodding their picturesque way through the country, sometimes known as "the Land where three Empires meet." We put up for the night at the Dak bungalow of Uri.

25th September.—Our journey to-day, beginning at 6 a.m. and ending at 6 p.m., was in all respects similar to those of the two previous days. We travelled the 79 miles or so from Uri to Srinagar, stopping *en route* for luncheon at Patan, and employing no less than twenty-two horses. Our total number of horses between Rawalpindi and Srinagar, not including any that our ekka-cart may have used, has been eighty.

26th September.—Here at Srinagar, which is 5235 feet above sea-level, we are in the heart of Kashmir, in which, surrounded by an almost interminable chain of the loftiest mountains, there lies embosomed a lovely valley surpassing in beauty and fertility all of its Central Asian rivals.

The lord of all the land is Maharajah Pratap Singh, whose influence, with that of the British Resident at Srinagar, extends to Kashgar, to Leh, to Gilghit, and to Chitral. The Maharajah's province covers an area of 68,000 square miles, and his dwelling in the summer is here at Srinagar, "the City of the Sun," which is beautifully situated on both banks of the Jhelum River, and has a population of 121,000. The Jhelum is crossed by quaint wooden bridges, many of which, however, were swept away by the disastrous flood of last July. By its placid waters, and by those of Lake Wulur, as far as Baramulla, the latter part of the journey from Rawalpindi used to be taken by boat, until the road by which we have come was completed, and the more picturesque, if more dilatory, method of travel was superseded.

But floods are by no means the only disaster which has been suffered by the inhabitants of this exquisite

region. In 1877–79 the scourge of famine destroyed something like a fifth of the population, which had managed to survive the harsh despotism of successive generations of foreign rulers—Pathan, and Sikh, and Mogul. Since 1887 all these grosser abuses of official tyranny have happily disappeared. Forced labour has been gradually abolished, and the law-abiding race, which is, perhaps, historically older than any other in Northern India, and is pretty generally believed to represent, together with the Afghans, the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, is allowed to enjoy well-deserved prosperity and content in the cultivation of its richly productive soil.

Then, again, Kashmir has suffered sadly from earthquakes, notably in 1885, when whole villages and over 3000 inhabitants were swallowed up near Srinagar and Baramulla. Moreover, in 1892, there was a visitation of cholera, which was supposed to have destroyed between 11,000 and 12,000 people. Truly, as Sir T. H. Holdrich, K.C.I.E., writes, in an authoritative article on this country, "if Kashmir is the land of Oriental ideal around which have been woven endless tales in prose and song—a theme for romance, offering wide fields for revels of imagination, or for the exercise of vivid description—it is a land of calamity also; a land of grim, grey catastrophe and horror, such as are hardly known in countries less fair. But a brighter dawn has already broken, and the chequered light and shadow of her late history are rapidly yielding to the broad day of contentment and prosperity."

At Srinagar we are staying at another Nedou's Hotel, which is opposite the Jhelum River. At eleven o'clock this morning, having packed our luncheon, we went down to the river with our man-servant Chotoo, and hired a very light longboat, of local build, and with an extremely narrow bow. Four stout boatmen, with paddles, then took us on a water expedition to the Dhal Lake, round which there have sprung up, since the establishment of the British Residency, a number of distinctly pretty English villas, together with gardens devoted to the cultivation of fruit and vines and hops. We called first at Goup Kar, in order to visit a distillery for the manufacture of

wine, etc., which belongs to the Maharajah Pratap Singh, and is managed for him by a French expert, who came here from Bordeaux twenty years ago. The Frenchman received us most courteously, showed us everything, and gave us some of the wine made from grapes grown in the Maharajah's vineyard on the opposite side of the river.

After this we crossed Lake Dahl, and paid a visit to the old Nishat Bagh, or garden. This was constructed over three hundred years ago by one of the Mogul Emperors, by whom Kashmir was captured, and to whom for a time it belonged. Nishat Bagh is still in a very fair state of preservation, and is well worth seeing.

Nearly all visitors to this Happy Valley live in large houseboats, fitted with dining, drawing, and sleeping rooms, a second smaller boat being also engaged for the convenience of servants, cooking, etc. There can be no more enjoyable life than that thus spent on the Dhal Lake, which is of great extent; and these floating houses are as comfortable as the finest houseboats on the upper reaches of the Thames in the height of the river season.

Visitors also travel with their boats up and down the Jhelum River as far as Baramulla, making varied excursions up side valleys and to numerous lakes. Other travellers, and particularly officers on leave, live to a great extent in tents, accompanied by their servants, and hardy mountain ponies, which require no shelter, very little food, and can climb anywhere. These folk are usually bent upon the slaughter of black Himalayan bears, and ibex, and other wild animals.

27th September.—The recent floods have certainly wrought sad mischief here. Taking a boat after breakfast, with a couple of men to paddle us, we made our way by stream or canal through the very heart of the city. The houses of merchants or shopkeepers on both banks had had to be propped up to prevent their sharing the fate of the many which had been washed into the water. Indeed, we are told that the hotel in which we are staying was entirely surrounded by the floods, the water rising in it to a height of 18 feet.

In the evening, again accompanied by our worthy Chotoo,

our native servant travelling with us all through India, we had a landau and pair and drove to the Bazaar, where the same tale of disastrous flooding was repeated with still more striking illustrations. Here in the most crowded part of the city, closely packed with small shops and humble dwellings, the poor people had evidently suffered most severely. The sight, indeed, was a most pitiable one, the houses slanting and threatening to topple down in all directions, sloping at all imaginable angles and often separated from one another by huge gaps and piles of ruins.

28*th September*.—The climate here is most enjoyable. In the mornings when one wakes the ground is covered with light hoar frost, which, however, disappears directly the sun exerts its kindly influence upon the clear, crisp air, which at this season of the year is about 7 a.m. Of course, we take our "chota hazri," or Indian *petit déjeûner*, on the broad verandah outside our rooms, and a more enjoyable early meal it would be impossible to imagine. Directly after it this morning Miss Bates went round to Messrs. Dhanjibhoy & Son to arrange for a tonga to come round to-morrow at 5 a.m. and take us to Gulmurg, or rather to Tangmurg, whence we shall have to complete the journey on ponies. For this she paid 15 rupees.

In the forenoon we took a large landau and drove to the Shalimar Gardens, which lie on the opposite side of the Dahl Lake. These gardens are constructed in the form of four terraces, each of which is flanked by a waterfall and a summer-house. They were made by the Mogul Emperor Jehangir, about the year 1600 A.D., and the fine hall on the upper terrace entirely surrounded by fountains was used by him for his zenana, and was called "The Abode of Love." A somewhat sombre feature of this hall is its verandah, the roof of which is supported by huge pillars of polished black marble.

29*th September*.—We made our very early start on our mountain trip quite successfully, leaving our heavier luggage behind at Srinagar, but being careful to take with us our padded bed-quilts and warmer clothing for use in the cooler latitudes of Gulmurg. They managed to serve us our tea and toast and eggs in our rooms, and we got off

quite comfortably by our tonga at 5.30 a.m. Perhaps, by the way, I ought to have described more exactly what this tonga really is. It is a small two-wheeled vehicle with a light iron frame-work above, which is covered with canvas. It has springs, its body is very near the ground, and over the wheels it has strong side-projections to which we bind our trunks. It generally has a pair of horses, which, as I have already mentioned, are changed very frequently on these hilly roads. Thus in the short journey of 24 miles to Tangmurg, where we arrived at 9 a.m., the services of no less than six pairs of horses were employed.

At Tangmurg the driving portion of our journey came to an end, and Miss Bates and I each mounted a pony for the remaining 4 miles to Gulmurg, which lies 1500 feet higher up. Our luggage was carried by three coolies for the large sum of 4½ annas, or 4½d., each. We put up at Nedou's Hotel, this being the third house under the Nedou management at which we have stayed.

30th September.—Gulmurg, which must, I should think, be a magnificently healthy hill station, is situated in a glade on the northern slope of the Pir Panjal. It is a cool plateau in the midst of pine forests, and is 8500 feet above the level of the sea. On a clear day the noble snowy peak of Nanga Parbat, 27,000 feet high, may be seen resplendent in the distance; and the mountain views all round are very fine indeed. As to the air, brisk and bracing in the light hoar frost, and with a genial sun to warm it without deadening its freshness, it is indescribably exhilarating. Early this morning it was almost cold; but the sun soon made it as warm as the chilliest of mortals could have desired. It is no wonder that the European visitors to Srinagar should be anxious to follow the British Resident in his summer migration to this mountain paradise, a luxury in which they will indulge quite comfortably, since the Maharajah is now permitting and even encouraging the erection of temporary dwellings in the hills of Gulmurg.

At 7 a.m. we started off from the hotel, with a "Dandy," or carrying-chair, and four native carriers, to go right round what is known as the Circular Road, Miss

Bates taking it in turn with me to ride and walk for the 5 or 6 miles of the delightful circuit.

Not very long after our return our two ponies came up from Tangmurg to take us back there on our way homeward to Srinagar; and at 11 a.m. we left Gulmurg with feelings of very real regret. Arrived at Tangmurg we found our tonga and pair awaiting us, and having stowed ourselves and our man-servant and our baggage upon it as before, we proceeded on our way. As the journey to Srinagar is nearly all downhill we changed horses only at every other stage, and we reached our destination easily enough at 4 p.m.

1*st October.*—It is just as well that we made our descent from the higher mountains when we did, for last night there broke over Srinagar a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. Such a thing is, we are told, very unusual at this season of the year, and indeed it is evident that little provision for it has been thought necessary. There seems to be no system of surface drainage, the consequence being that the beautiful green sward extending for many acres in front of the hotel is covered with water.

The really bad weather, however, only lasted for some twenty-four hours, during which one had leisure for reading some of the history and the various appreciations of this fascinating district. The first European, it seems, who is known to have explored Kashmir is the famous Jesuit Xavier, who was here in the time of the great Emperor Akbar. The well-known French physician, Dr. Bernier, came here in 1665 with the Mogul Emperor Aurungzébé, the grandson of Jehangir and the descendant of Akbar. A good general impression of Kashmir was given by Vigne when he wrote: "Softness mantling over the sublime and snugness generally incompatible with extent, are the prevailing characteristics. Verdure and the forest appear to have deserted the countries on the northward in order to embellish the slopes from its snowy mountains, to give additional richness to its plains, and to combine with its delightful climate to render it as attractive as any place on earth." It is a fertile, alluvial valley in the midst of rocks

and mountains, from which flow streams of the purest water; and its produce is beyond the dreams of those who cultivate the sun-scorched plains of India.

2nd October.—We called to-day on the wife of the Civil Engineer for the State of Kashmir, whom we met in Gulmurg, where she and her daughters have been living for three months in tents with boarded floors. Here at Srinagar they are in a houseboat, a very pretty one and thoroughly well fitted up. In the evening we had a large ball at Nedou's Hotel, where for a couple of days an army of coolies has been busy polishing the floor of the drawing-room—for the dance—with the butt-ends of black wine bottles.

3rd October.—The mountains look lovely this morning with the sun glistening on the snow which has evidently fallen so copiously in the night. I am ordering in advance some horses for use during the rest of our stay. The transport service, by the way, which is carried out by Messrs. Dhanjibhoy of Rawalpindi, is on a huge scale, as may be judged from the fact that it employs no less than 1200 horses, 150 drivers, 600 syces or grooms, 500 bullocks, 250 bullock-drivers, and 25 guards.

4th to 9th October.—Our remaining days of sojourn at Nedou's Hotel, Srinagar, were passed very pleasantly indeed. We rode in the mornings and afternoons, and on Sunday Miss Bates went to church, or rather to the large tent in which the service was held, as the building had been rendered by the recent floods too damp to be safely used.

One afternoon we rode entirely through the camp of the troops belonging to the Maharajah. They wore a khaki uniform and looked very much like some of our own native soldiers, to whom, however, they were distinctly inferior.

I found that good large-game shooting is to be had in the surrounding country, where one hears of black Himalayan bears in considerable numbers, of a few brown bears, of big deer of various descriptions, of ibex, and of an occasional tiger. Over a certain track of land, however, surrounding the Dahl' Lake all shooting by visitors is forbidden.

Of course, we paid a second visit to that wonderful old Nishat Bagh, which, lying as it does on sloping ground at the base of a crescent of mountains, has what is perhaps the finest site of any garden in the world. It was in the Shalimar Gardens, "Abode of the Goddess of Love," that the Emperor Jehangir and his beautiful wife, Nur Mahal, the "Light of the Harem," enjoyed the experiences of reconciliation, immortalised by Tom Moore in the lines closing

> "And well do vanished frowns enhance
> The charms of every brightened glance,
> And dearer seems each dawning smile
> For having lost its light awhile;
> And happier now for all her sighs,
> As on his arm her head reposes,
> She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
> 'Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!'"

Picnic parties here, where all are freely admitted and no vandalism is either feared or practised, were most enjoyable, and we shall not soon forget the pleasant hours in Shalimar Gardens brought to a close by a moonlight drive home on a warm summer evening.

Armed with an order from Dr. Mitra, Chief Medical State Officer and Superintendent of the State Prison, we rode out some few miles to inspect the latter establishment, where we found that the 200 prisoners included 30 murderers. These were all eating their suppers complacently enough, though several of them were to be hanged in a day or two. An attendant was sent with us the whole way there and back, as a guide through the desolate region, in which the floods have left nearly every house roofless, and have destroyed 30 per cent. of the rice crop.

We went over the Kashmir State Silk Factory, where silk is made from the cocoon and exported in its raw state to the brokers in London. The manufacture is a State monopoly managed for the Maharajah by an Englishman, who showed us very courteously over the mill. It employs some 3000 to 4000 male hands at from 2d. to 4d. a-day, turning out £100,000 worth of silk yearly at 50 per cent. profit; and there has lately been started an annexe for

teaching the work to women and girls, who are to be paid from 1d. to 2d. a-day according to their proficiency. It has hitherto been impossible to enlist the Hindu women in the service, as they refuse to show their faces, and hold it against their religion to undertake any kind of public or factory labour.

We left cards on His Highness the Maharajah, and were duly shown round his palace and grounds before leaving his dominions, which, like Gilghit, its most northern outpost, is sometimes described as "the roof of the world."

CHAPTER XXV

Peshawar, Khyber Pass, and Afghan Border

10th to 12th October 1903.—We brought our delightful stay in the valley of Kashmir to an end to-day, when we started back to Rawalpindi by the way we came, using the same number of horses—80—on the journey, and depending for them upon the Imperial Carrying Co. The journey is one of some 200 miles, down and round the Himalayan Mountains; and our average rate of travel should be about 70 miles a-day. From Rawalpindi we push straight on to Peshawar.

The first night after leaving Kashmir we spent at the Government Dak bungalow at Uri, having completed 66 miles during the day over gigantic mountain passes. The following morning at daylight we started for Kohala, 69 miles distant. We stayed by the way at two intermediate Government Dak bungalows for breakfast and luncheon.

We arrived at Kohala tired and weary after the fearful shaking we had encountered on our long journey, only to find they had no rooms for us, though we had written to reserve accommodation days before. The "khansamah" (a name given to the chief servant or butler in charge) informed us that the house was full, the law being that the first to arrive has the preference over any written request sent in advance. Nothing was left for us but to get fresh horses and drive on, although it was now dark, a further 30 miles to the next station, which was Murree. The first half of our road led us over a tremendous ascent, and our syce or groom stood on the front step beside the driver lashing the poor horses unmercifully to urge them on. We had no lights of any kind, neither had the scores of ox-waggons which we were continually passing on the

way. It was altogether what the Americans would call a "tall" drive, attended with considerable risk. Of course we changed many times by the way, and close on midnight safely reached our haven of rest at Murree.

We had accomplished exactly 99 miles since leaving Uri in the morning, and I may leave my readers to imagine what such a distance means over the Himalayan Mountains. On the following day we had only 37 miles to complete our journey to Rawalpindi: this we did with a considerable amount of comfort, changing horses every 4½ miles. We drove up to the railway station and had as good a lunch and dinner combined, in the well-appointed railway refreshment-rooms, as could be obtained anywhere in England. I may note that the curry was superlatively good and the ice limitless.

Later we went for a drive through the native city, in some streets of which we found only one house in twenty with any occupant: the residents or owners had all been cleared out owing to the ravages of the Plague.

Rawalpindi is the largest military station in India, and is surrounded by a chain of forts, separate one from the other. It has a population of 40,000, and most of the people are Mohammedans. There is a large public garden or park, of 40 acres, well kept up. Altogether, in and about this district 16,000 troops are stationed. There is nothing whatever remarkable about Rawalpindi; our stay, therefore, was but brief, and we left by the mail-train at 9 p.m. After a long night-journey we arrived punctually at Peshawar at 7 a.m., and found a servant from the Alexandra Hotel at the station waiting for us, with two smart little "tum-tums" as they are called here (*i.e.* natty little dog-carts), one to take our luggage and man-servant and the other for ourselves.

13th to 25th October.—We find this Alexandra Hotel, built on the bungalow system, a most comfortable one; its proprietress is, however, building a much larger one, which she expects to open shortly. Peshawar is one of the very prettiest places we have been to; it has many charming residences, all detached, with good grounds well laid out, looking like mansions, their huge verandahs being faced

(as is the custom in India) with large round white pillars for several yards from the entrance, supporting a covered way or the roof of the large verandah. There are flowers in abundance, hedgerows of roses and, in the cold season, quantities of violets. In the best parts of the town the very broad roads are beautifully laid out with avenues of trees and flowering shrubs on both sides.

We drove through the bazaars, which we found wider, cleaner, and better in every way than those in any other towns or cantonments we have yet visited in India. The whole of the streets comprising the bazaar are densely filled with mixed races, consisting of Pathans, Afridis, Afghans, Punjabis, with many other representatives of the various surrounding hill tribes.

At one point here I watched a very large black Indian draft buffalo being shod with iron shoes, as is the general custom in nearly all parts of India. The animal is first thrown on its side, its feet are then tied together, and several natives assist in keeping it quiet. Needless to say, the hoof of the oxen being divided, the shoe (or iron plates) is in two parts, one being put on either side, right and left. There are thousands of these Indian buffaloes, which in most instances are, with natives, as tractable as an English donkey, and are being extensively used everywhere as pack animals, laden with goods of every description. These animals are the largest and heaviest beasts of burden in the world, after the elephant. The black buffalo-cows are numberless all over India. They give a very large quantity of rich milk, which is a staple article of food with the peasant classes. They delight in water or mud swamps, and when they find either they immediately make for it, and may be seen in hundreds everywhere wallowing, with only their muzzles peeping above the surface, and with the whole of their huge bodies submerged. Here they will remain for hours during the heat of the sun.

It has, by the way, recently come under my notice that the Government of Southern Nigeria is obtaining a number of cows from the West Indies to improve the breed and milk-giving qualities of those in the Nigerian district of the West Coast of Africa. It would be a thousand

times better in every way if they introduced these Indian buffaloes of which I have been writing, and one of which would be worth any half-dozen of the West Indian breed, male or female. I have been a long time in the midst of both, and had every opportunity of judging, whereas I fear that those interested in the shipment to Southern Nigeria can have only a limited experience of the animals of the one country. Another interesting object which we saw while driving through the bazaar here, was a grandly developed ram, of large size, kept and trained solely for fighting purposes. We also saw several Afghan sheep with most marvellous tails, quite as broad as their hind-quarters, called in Indian language "dumbas"; these tails, I was informed, consist entirely of immense lumps of fat. Of this breed I have no recollection of seeing any specimens in our Zoological Gardens at home.

On Sunday evening we went to church, an exceedingly nice one. There were very many private soldiers, all Europeans, in fact the whole congregation was British. The soldiers looked very well in their all-white uniforms. Extensive grounds, nicely laid out, surround the church, and it is with feelings of sorrow that we read engraved upon a large memorial obelisk erected within them, words to the following effect: "Erected to the memory of a hundred non-commissioned officers, men, women, and children, who succumbed in three months, namely from September till December 1869, owing to the effects of an epidemic of cholera, all of whom were connected with one European Regiment—the 104th Bengal Fusiliers." The town is fortunately far healthier now than it was many years ago, owing to the great improvement in sanitary affairs and the good water-supply. The weather during our two or three weeks' residence was simply superb, but very dusty indeed. In the suburbs and outskirts of the town no rain had fallen for several weeks.

There are no less than 10,000 troops stationed here (English and native regiments, with some artillery), and the barrack squares and grounds being unenclosed, it was a pleasant sight of an evening while driving for miles round the cantonment to see the many regiments enjoying

themselves, engaged in their various sports and amusements. One regiment would be playing football, others hockey, etc. It was new to me to see officers and men of both native and white regiments playing together in the same games. Others, again, we saw going through their gymnastic exercises, which form part of their military training. We also saw many native mountain recruits continually drilling. A speciality of dress with native women (nearly all of whom wear rings in their noses, varying in size from 1 to 5 in. in diameter, the latter being large enough to put one's arm through) are bright coloured scarves, called "lungies." Many also wear "burkas," which are large white flowing cotton robes covering the whole of the body from the crown of the head to the feet, gathered in, and close fitting to the shape of the head, with drawn thread-work across the eyes. I am almost afraid to mention the nether garments; but these consist of trousers, at least six times as voluminous as any I have ever seen in my several visits to Turkey. I brought away with me several specimens of the best native dresses, which may possibly come in at some future date for fancy-dress balls.

Peshawar is the ancient capital of the Gandara Province, and dates back to the sixth century, and has always held an important place in history. Recently the British Government have named it the North-West Frontier Province of India.

A very considerable trade is carried on between Peshawar and Kabul, and also with Bokhara, the capital of Turkistan, and other parts of Asia. We saw, twice a week (the only days on which the Khyber Pass is opened) many hundreds of camels, dromedaries, pack-buffaloes, oxen, mules, and donkeys, passing to and fro between Afghanistan and the neighbouring countries. It is one of the most picturesque and interesting spectacles to see them winding their way over the tremendous hill on the extreme border of Afghanistan. They are welcome, for they bring quantities of fruits, particularly large melons, grapes, and pears from Kabul. There is a handsome park in Peshawar called the Queen's Gardens, where we fre-

quently enjoyed a pleasant evening drive. In the grounds adjoining we usually saw a purely native team of Pathans playing football.

We are in the neighbourhood of the Chitral country, otherwise known as "Kashkar," ruled over by the "Khan of Dir." He receives a large subsidy from the Indian Government, amounting to 2 lakhs (*i.e.* 200,000) of rupees annually, which is paid to him for political purposes,—mainly to keep the roads open and to preserve peace in the country. At present we have stationed at Chitral one regiment of Gurkhas, 710 strong. It is 240 miles from Peshawar, and our troops, who march only 12 miles per day, take twenty days to cover the distance.

Of course we paid a visit to the old fort of the city, which is situated in very close proximity to the Queen's Gardens. We found the walls of the fort were no less than 92 feet in height, and were made of sun-dried bricks. It was built in 1839 by the then ruling native powers. The citadel is kept in good condition, and now, of course, occupied by British troops. It is a square formation, which to my non-military mind looks as though it would crumble to pieces in a few hours, in the event of heavy modern artillery being brought to bear upon it. Some of my friends differ from me on this point very much, and are of opinion that very thick mud walls would resist an attack by artillery better than the best brick or stone. The main roads all around Peshawar are lined with avenues of well-grown trees.

I previously mentioned that there are 10,000 troops in Peshawar, but if I include all that are stationed in the whole of the district, it will amount to 14,000; and with 16,000 in the Rawalpindi district, which is within less than twelve hours' railway journey, and with an additional 70,000 European and native cavalry, infantry, and gunners in the Punjab, we have, in the event of trouble with Russia or Afghanistan, 100,000 good troops available on the spot in a few hours. It is, I suppose, well known that no Europeans are allowed within the Afghan territory. There are one or two exceptions. Mr. Fleisher, for instance, a German, who is manager and superintendent of the gun-

factory at Kabul, which belongs to the Amir of Afghanistan, has his wife with him there. They paid a visit to England twelve months since, when the Amir gave him a donation equivalent to £4000 sterling to spend on his holiday. His pay is 1000 rupees per month, besides which he receives other large emoluments and remuneration. A third exception is an aged German woman who went out as Mrs. Fleisher's servant, and has since married a Pathan coolie; and the other European residing in Kabul is a lady doctor in the Amir's family. Polo is very much indulged in by the many officers stationed here. We saw one or two capital matches. The Mall is the most fashionable part, and is kept well watered every evening, together with all the plants, shrubs and trees which are planted on either side. A good view is obtained of the grounds attached to all the best bungalows, as they have only a low, open, decorative wall facing the road. Here we saw an obelisk erected in the centre of the Mall, to mark a spot where Lieutenant-Colonel Mackeson, C.B., is buried. He was Commissioner of Peshawar, and was murdered by a fanatical Afghan, being unfortunately one of many similar victims. We were invited to the "Garrison Theatre" to see a play on what is called Staff Night, performed by soldiers. A great number of officers were present in uniform together with their wives. The piece was "British Born." We saw no natives present, and the back of the theatre was completely filled with the "Tommies."

By far the most important expedition that we made while at Peshawar, was that to the famous Khyber Pass. I first had to apply to the Political Agent at Lundi Kotal. He most politely replied by a long wire, telling me I would obtain passes at the entrance gate to the Jamrud Fort, which would be furnished to me by the Officer Commanding the Khyber Rifles. On my communicating with the latter, he wired me that a pass should be made out for two ladies and myself, and should await me at the gate of the "pass" the next morning. We made an early start the following day and drove out 12 miles in our "tum-tum" or dog-cart with two smart fast

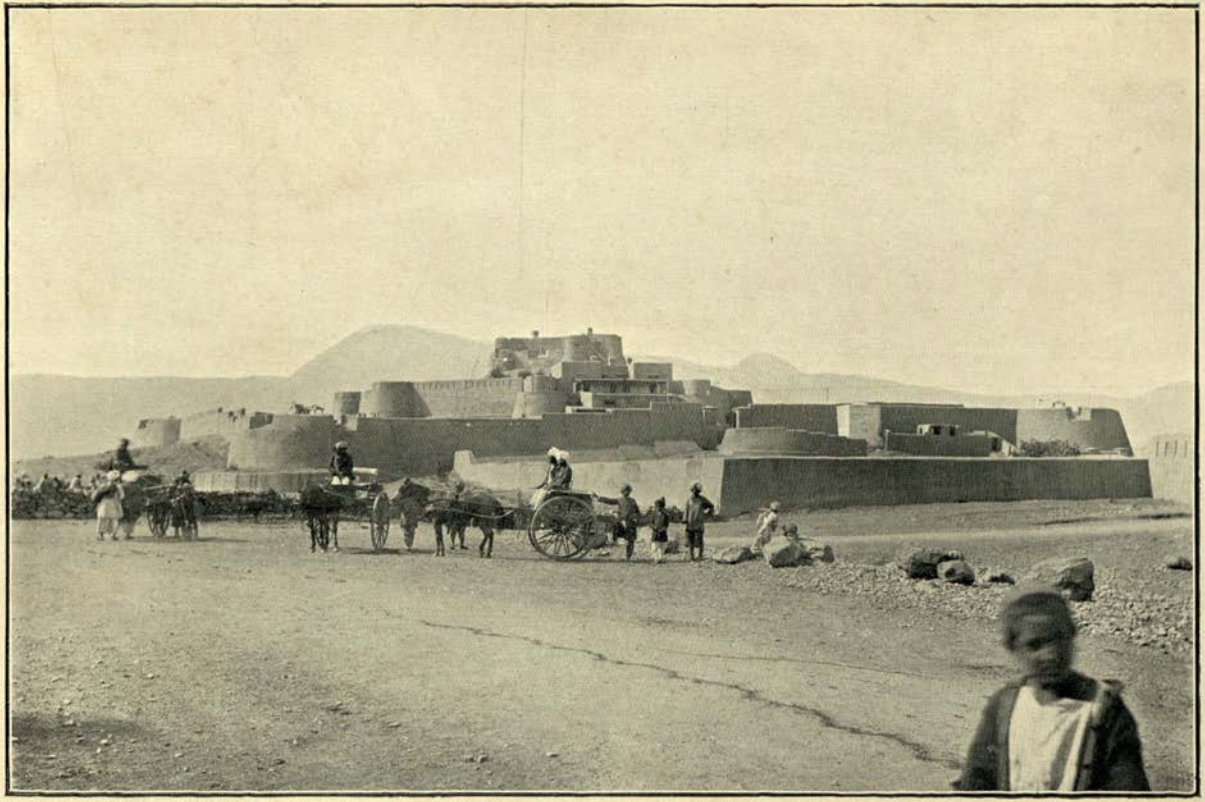
trotting ponies. On arrival at the gate near the Jamrud Fort I was shown into the office, and duly signed the book for the ladies and myself, when there was handed over to me my "pass," of which this is a copy:—

"James Pinnock, Esquire, and two ladies have permission to proceed up the Khyber Pass as far as Ali Musjid on Friday the 16th instant.

"(Sd.) A. G. THOMPSON, *Captain*,
"*Officer Commanding 1st Khyber Rifles.*
"JAMRUD, *15th October* 1903.

"*Note.*—It is strictly forbidden to enter any of the Forts or Block-Houses in the 'Pass.'"

This very famous and historical pass extends for a great many miles until it overlooks the "forbidden" city of Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, which country no European is, except under extraordinary and special permission, allowed to enter, with the exceptions I mentioned. Our resident or diplomatic representative there is a native. I learn that a British Commissioner is about to visit the Amir on political business, with, of course, a strong native escort. The "pass" is a wide, winding defile between huge mountains of shale and limestone rock, rising in places over 1000 ft. in height. After a drive of 23 miles by the side of many yawning precipices, totally unprotected by any kind of fence, we arrived at Ali Musjid, where the native British soldiers dogged our every step, and neither the ladies nor myself were allowed to move more than 3 or 4 feet away from them, as some stray Pathan or Afridi mountaineer might take a sly shot at one from behind a rock, since many of them are still wild, fierce, and, by a sort of natural instinct, hostile to all Europeans. On inquiry I found that the very close attention and watchful care over us of these native soldiers belonging to the regiment of the Khyber Rifles, was owing to the fact that, if either of us chanced to be "potted" by an unseen Afridi, and the soldiers not to be near us at the time, these latter would immediately be charged with being in league with the man



JAMRUD FORT—THE ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

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firing on us. This is one of the most desolate and inhospitable regions imaginable, without a tree, shrub, or blade of grass, and studded with British forts or block-houses everywhere. So depressing is it to reside in such a territory that the men are changed from the station every month.

We had taken the precaution to bring luncheon with us, as nothing could possibly be purchased, there not being a soul throughout the whole pass but the soldiery, with the exception of one man who came to our assistance, and who is in charge of a small Government Dak bungalow for the use of one or two British officers, situated at the top of a stupendous hill, with a declivity very nearly perpendicular, beside one of our many forts. On our attacking our luncheon, our watchful guardians never left us for a moment, till they announced to us that it was time for our departure, the hour being 2.30 p.m., beyond which hour, by military orders, no one was permitted to remain.

Lundi Kotal is 10 miles farther on, at the extreme verge and termination of the pass. Ali Musjid has many historical records, as it was the scene of the trouble in 1842, and during the second Afghan war in 1879 it was the spot where the great fight took place between the British and the Khaiberees. Our time being up, we called our fast and clever ponies into requisition again, and wended our way back to the frontier cantonment at Peshawar. On our way one marvellously picturesque scene passed before our eyes. This was a string of camels, pack-oxen, and buffaloes, mules, donkeys, and dromedaries, extending for over a mile in length, in a straggling, irregular manner, descending a mountain facing us, on their way home from Peshawar and elsewhere, to Kabul and Afghanistan generally.

It was a brilliantly clear, warm day, and we pulled up to watch them. I really think it was about the most attractive scene I have ever witnessed, the wild, fierce-looking men, with their strange garments, of various tribes from the neighbourhood of Afghanistan and the frontier; the women, in their scarlet and bright orange

dresses; and the children, of all ages, perched up on their huge Indian buffaloes or on camels. I wish I had the power of giving an adequate description of it, as it was truly wonderful. What a subject for an artist to portray! Nothing in any way approaching it have I ever seen painted.

CHAPTER XXVI

DELHI REVISITED, JAIPUR

26th October 1903.—We left Peshawar this evening by train for Delhi, by way of Lahore, when we picked up the luggage which we had left there. We slept in the train, and the next day, after dining at Umballa, *en route*, we arrived at our destination at 11.18 p.m., and put up once more at the Civil and Military Hotel.

27th October to 18th November.—During this, our second stay at Delhi, we made several very interesting excursions, some of them with Major Addison of the South Wales Borderers, who was our guest for a few days. Amongst these was one to the Tomb of Humayun, built by his widow in 1555 A.D., at a cost of 15 lakhs (or 1,500,000) of rupees. Humayun was the father of the great Akbar, and this fine mausoleum is a mile from Indraput.

Another day we drove to Kutab Minar, about 11 miles from the Ajmere Gate of the city, and on the site of the ancient Hindu Delhi. Kutab Minar is a magnificent Tower of Victory in a state of perfect preservation, though it was built in 1052 A.D. The height is 95 feet to the first gallery and 238 feet to the top, to which latter we all ascended by 379 steps. The view from the summit is a splendid one.

Adjacent to the Temple of Victory is the Mosque of Kuth ul Islam, noble even in its ruins. In the courtyard is a very noted iron pillar, dating from the sixth century of our era. There are many other interesting buildings round Kutab Minar, and there is a wonderful tank, into which native divers drop from an immense height. We had a capital lunch at the Government Dak bungalow, and drove back to Delhi in the cool of the evening.

We paid more than one visit to the Jumna Musjid, which is the largest mosque in the world; and on a Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday, we saw the vast edifice crowded with worshippers.

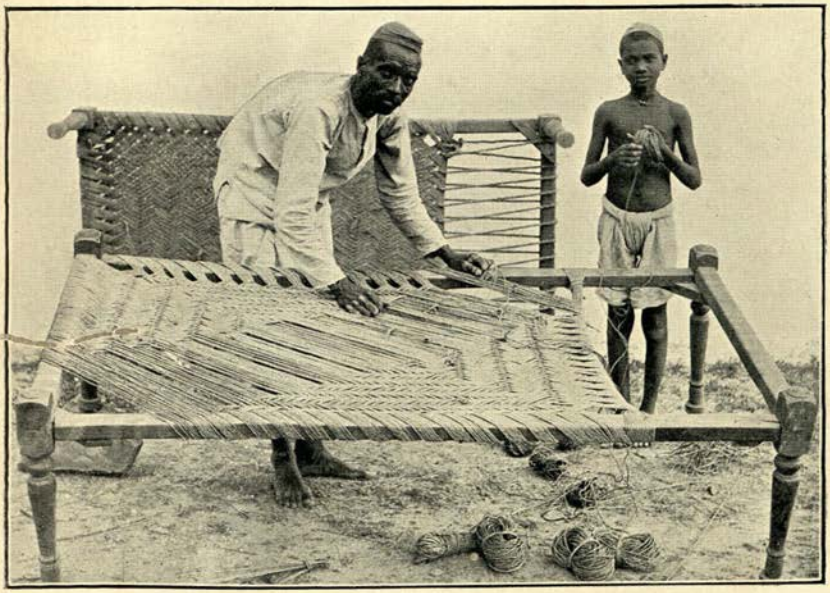
Another spot which well repaid us for more than one visit was the Tomb of Nizamu-din, a structure of white marble 18 feet square, with a marble verandah 8 feet broad. The saint of the seventeenth century who is buried here, blessed a deep well which is hard by, and promised that no one diving into it shall ever be drowned. At our approach to the sacred well, which has stone galleries and terraces all round it, a number of men jumped from the domes of the adjacent mosques, a drop of some 50 feet, into the water, which, as it was stagnant, smelt very offensive. The object of the divers, I fear, was backshish rather than obedience to the saintly command.

Not far off is the beautifully carved marble tomb of the poet Amir Khusran, who died in 1315 A.D., after perpetrating ninety-eight works. There is also near here the Hall of Sixty-four Pillars, the noble resting-place of the great Emperor Akbar's foster-brother. The pure white marble pillars, groined arches, and screens are of exquisite design and workmanship.

From a different point of view we were much interested in the Jumna cotton spinning mills of Saran & Co. These employ 400 hands, not one being of European nationality, even the engines being run absolutely and entirely by Indian labour.

We were invited by Sultan Singh, said to be the second wealthiest man in Delhi, to a garden-party in the grounds of his mansion, which, on the occasion of the Durbar, he lent to the all-important Maharaja of [illegible]. Sultan Singh sent a driver and syce in gorgeous livery to take us there and back in his smart [illegible], everything was done in princely style, though of course our host, being a Hindu, had to serve us our refreshments at tables separate from his own. The native musicians gave a quaintly characteristic touch to the proceedings. We returned the courtesy of Sultan Singh at an afternoon reception at our hotel, which, by the way, is next

NATIVES SPINNING, DELHI.



NATIVES MAKING BEDSTEADS, DELHI.

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door to the Delhi Club, where I am an honorary member.

19*th November.*—We brought our very pleasant stay at Delhi to a close this evening, when we left by train for the journey of 191 miles to Jaipur, the modern capital of the independent native state of Rajputana. We reached Jaipur at 4.30 a.m. on the next day.

20*th November.*—A two-horse carriage at the station was awaiting our arrival, also a brake for our luggage and Indian man-servant. We drove about a mile to Rustom's Hotel, found our rooms ready for us, and having "chota hazri" we retired from 5 a.m. to 9 a.m. for a siesta.

Jaipur is, as we soon found, one of the most beautiful and interesting cities to be visited in India. Having obtained a written permit, through the British Government Resident, by permission of His Highness the Maharajah of Jaipur, we visited his State stables, which contained no less than 350 horses, with 700 syces or grooms to attend upon them. The stables cover a large piece of ground, oblong in shape, with the horses stabled on all sides; the whole of the centre being a large open space 250 yards wide, kept in good order for riding and exercising. At one end is a handsome pavilion, erected for His Highness the Maharajah to witness the jumping of his horses, ridden by the syces. The horses, when not at exercise, are tethered by long ropes, several yards in length, by each hind fetlock, and with shorter ropes to each foreleg, one side of the stables being entirely unenclosed. Everything was as scrupulously clean as in a training or racing stable in England. These horses are principally used for hunting travelling, and hacking, and are by no means of our English thoroughbred type.

We next paid a visit to the Maharajah's elephants. With these we were disappointed—there were only a very few, the majority being absent at various out-stations.

At a distant but enclosed part of the royal gardens we came upon a large sheet of water, at least 3 acres in extent, forming a lake or large pond. In this were many large, sacred crocodiles, looking much more hideous and repulsive than the many I have seen in the waters

of the rivers and creeks of their more natural homes and haunts. The whole of this stagnant water was entirely covered with slimy, green, floating grass. These crocodiles are of great age, as the native attendant, a man of middle age, assured us that his father and grandfather both held the same office as himself in looking after them, and he was certain that many of them could not be under fifty years old, as he had never taken out a dead one. He produced a quantity of very unsavoury meat, and calling to the hideous monsters, his non-melodious voice rolling sonorously over the large sheet of water, the voracious brutes responded to his call, and came swimming fast along the top and beneath the surface of the water to some stone steps upon which he stood a very little above their level. Being accustomed to the keeper they came close beside where he stood, and putting some one foot and others two, on the lower steps, they threw open their tongueless capacious jaws for him to throw in the offal—jaws that would only too readily have closed on a human being. I questioned the man on the subject, and he told me that on one occasion a man went to the edge of the water to bathe, having first climbed over the wall which enclosed the lake, and at another time a woman. They were drawn under, and, needless to say, were lost for ever.

Leaving this by no means inviting or pleasant spot, with such sad memories and such superstitions attaching to it, we came upon much brighter and more pleasant places. We rambled through the gardens, which are surrounded by high embattled walls, and found them planted with a large variety of beautiful palms, cypresses, and an endless variety of flowering shrubs, with a succession of imposing terraces and almost innumerable fountains. We next turned our attention to the palace. The front is seven stories high. We entered the hall of audience, which is set apart for the nobles only, then the Dewan-i-am or public hall of audience, and also a third, which was beautifully redecorated three years ago. The palace stands in the centre of the city, and the buildings and grounds extend half a mile in length.

The independent native state of Rajputana, which, as

everyone is aware, is situated in Central India, covers 15,000 square miles, and contains a population of 2,500,000 people. Jaipur is the most prosperous of the independent states of Rajputana.

21st November.—Our chief visit to-day was to the Albert Hall or Jaipur Museum. This would afford a striking surprise to those who regard museums as matters too familiar to need detailed description in a book of travels.

Imagine first a most gloriously warm July or August day in England, with a perfect blue sky, not the speck of a cloud anywhere, and this Albert Hall in the midst of an exquisitely kept and well-watered garden of no less than 70 acres in extent, laid out at an expense of 400,000 rupees. In these grounds are the most extensive aviaries, entirely in the open, with innumerable large water birds, pelicans, cranes, flamingoes, etc., provided with water to dive in and space for flight. There is also a good menagerie with animals here and there. In the centre of all this stands the superb modern building—in its style of architecture in keeping with the beautiful domed buildings of India—of which our King, then Prince of Wales, laid the foundation-stone. It contains a most highly polished and carved Durbar Hall. The art collections, both modern and ancient, are more or less a replica of South Kensington. There is, at a short distance from this noble hall, a very handsome bandstand, where the Maharajah's State band (composed entirely of native Indians) plays at fixed times remarkably well. The bandmaster is a German, who has been many years training them, and I had a chat with him in the interlude, when he expressed himself highly satisfied in every way with his office, and added that his father preceded him in the same position. Every part of these beautiful gardens, together with the hall, is free to all comers. In the hall is a fine statue of the late Lord Mayo. The Maharajah keeps the place up from his private purse at an annual cost of 30,000 rupees—labour, of course, being ridiculously low, only from three to four annas (pence) each man per day. They are, as the Maha-

rajah intended they should be, probably the finest gardens in India. From the outside promenade at the top or above the roof of this beautiful Albert Hall, is a capital view of all the surrounding hills, temples, and broad, well-kept streets. I know I fail to do anything like justice to the extreme beauty of it all; but I would ask you to compare the picture with the sombre, uninspiriting surroundings of our Liverpool Museum or of the British Museum in London. The very thought of them during our winter months of gloom and fog gives me, in this land of sunshine and cloudless skies, a shudder. In the very middle of the city we saw a number of cages, each containing a tiger —remarkably well-kept specimens. These are known as the Maharajah's "Fighting Tigers." How often they do battle I cannot say, and I did not have an opportunity of witnessing a combat during our visit.

22*nd November*.—For to-day we obtained a permit from the British Resident, by sanction of His Highness the Maharajah (as in the case of visiting the Palace stables and grounds in the city), to visit the Palace of Amber. Amber is the ancient capital of Rajuputana. It is situated about 5 miles from our hotel. Surrounded by hills, it is now, apart from the palace, in ruins, but most interesting.

We took our carriage and drove 5 miles to Chandra-bagh, where, the hill being too steep for a carriage, we had ordered the previous day, in advance, an elephant to meet us, with its mahout and second attendant. Miss Bates and another lady with us, our Indian servant, and myself mounted and took our seats on the howdah, two on either side, and our mahout was, as usual, astride on the foremost part of the animal's shoulders or neck. We started at a stately pace, ascended the hill, and passing through the outer gate of the city made our way to the Maharajah's former palace, the interior of which is still kept in perfect order. At the immediate entrance we were shown a Hindu temple where a goat is daily sacrificed to "Kali," to preserve the tradition of human sacrifices in earlier times. Having brought our luncheon with us (which had been carried by a native woman on her head the whole distance from where we left our carriage to mount our elephant),

we enjoyed it in our very romantic surroundings in the magnificent public Hall of Audience, which is entirely composed of marble, and situated within the palace.

The entrance to the Rajah's own apartments is through a splendid gateway covered with mosaics, passing through which we came on a beautiful garden with fountains, surrounded by palaces. We entered first the "Jey Mandir," or "Hall of Victory," which has panels of inlaid alabaster, the roof glittering with the mirrored and spangled work for which Jaipur is famous. Above is the Jas Mandir, which is exquisite with inlaid work; and there are many other halls and rooms of a beauty such as words can hardly convey.

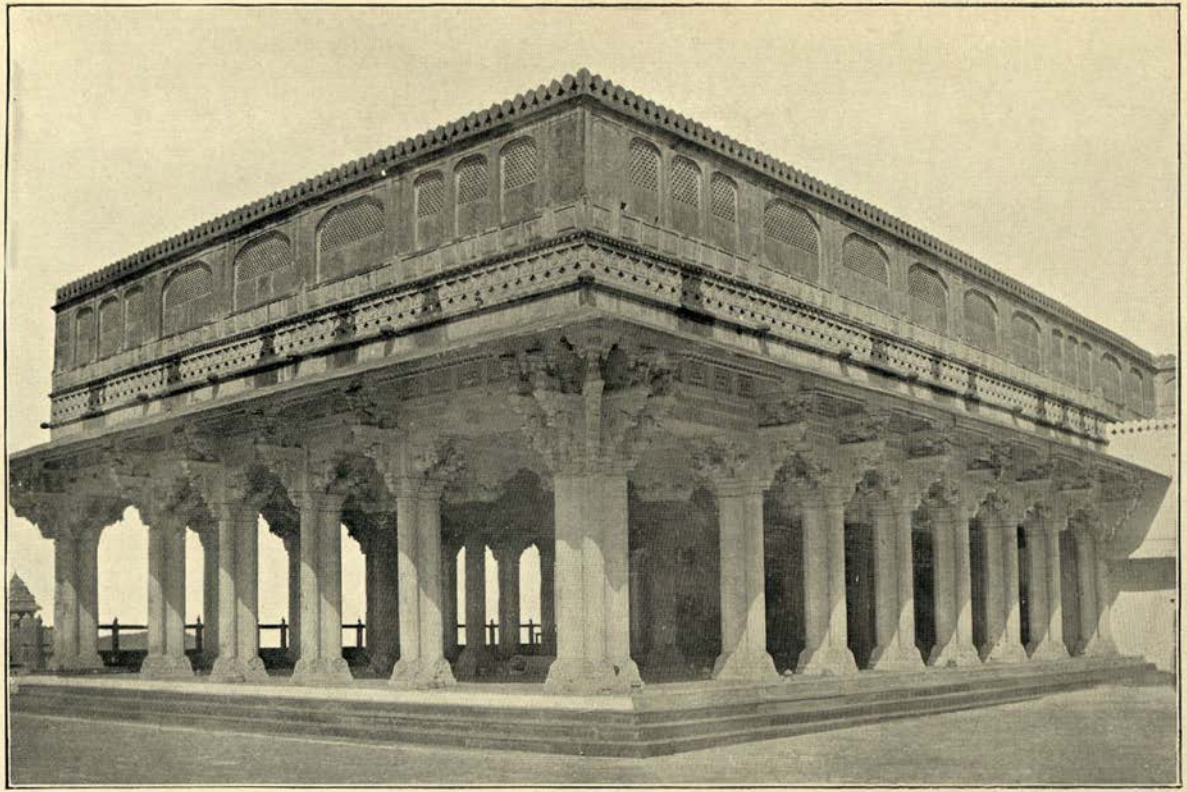
23rd to 25th November.—In Jaipur we drove daily through the streets, and constantly paid visits to the various merchants, bazaars, and carpet-making establishments. The latter are all worked by hand, and turn out real Persian carpets. Many single carpets take eight and ten months each to make. A large number of hands are employed, the most of them being little more than children. The cutting and polishing of garnets, amethysts, and other precious stones which are found in the neighbourhood, afford a great industry; also the manufacture of most beautiful brass and other Indian works of art, which we were never tired of watching. We bought many specimens as presents for our numerous friends, to all of whom it will be pleasant to give something after our long absence of nearly three years, spent in travelling pretty nearly over the whole universe. Many of our purchases of smaller articles we send off by parcel-post, such a boon and a blessing to travellers and others. The heavier things are sent forward to Bombay, consigned to our agents for shipment to England; and, for the good name and commercial integrity of the native traders and merchants in far distant cities and towns in India, not one of the many have ever failed us, although all have been paid in advance. Nearly all, indeed, beg not to be paid until the goods reach England and are found to be correct, no matter how many months may elapse. This speaks well for the Europeans with whom they have hitherto

had dealings, and I can assure my readers that it is being constantly dinned into us to remit on our arrival in England, as traders are overwhelmingly anxious to open an account with their visitors. May they never have cause to change their good opinion, and be taken in by unscrupulous persons!

I hope this writing of mine may not be the innocent cause of such a calamity. I found the same to be the custom with the native jewellers of Ceylon, as many of my friends can confirm. I also found, further, in these many distant Oriental places, that the native manufacturers and traders would quite as readily take my English cheque (though knowing nothing whatever of me) as notes, gold, silver, or coin of the country. This I several times put to the test.

Driving through the city, we once passed a native wedding procession; the happy couple were walking, the bride very young, indeed not more than twelve years of age, the bridegroom, in this case, being several years her senior. The bride was attached to her husband by a long ribbon, whilst he was marching at some distance with a drawn sword. I alighted from the carriage, and stopped the procession, for a close inspection and to offer my congratulations and salaams. In Delhi and other Oriental cities we have often seen the bridegroom much under twelve,—but in many cases marriages are arranged between children in their infancy.

Jaipur is very healthy, both for natives and Europeans, though during our visit, which closed at the end of November, the climate was at its very best. We thought it a lovely city, and hope to live to revisit it. It is a very busy place indeed, and is the centre of an extensive trade, dealing very largely in all colours of printed cloths and spangled muslin, and all kinds of Indian art manufactured goods. It has several banks, as well as commercial and manufacturing establishments. The main streets are considerably over 100 feet in width, and of perfect regularity, paved, well lighted with gas, and constantly swept and kept clean. The town or city of Jaipur itself has a population of 150,000. Its whole life seemed to us of the most picturesque description. The



At Jaipur, the Capital of the Native State of Rajputana.

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inhabitants in their brilliant and many-coloured native dress outvying the colours of the rainbow, or the historic multi-coloured coat of Joseph; the occasional tramp of a large elephant, handsomely caparisoned, with a large brass bell jingling on either side, the many camels passing up and down the street, the soldiers and servants of the Maharajah prancing along on well-groomed horses; the beautiful and well-kept roads for the few European visitors and residents to drive along,—all these, combined with the really exquisite climate, helped to make Jaipur the most attractive place imaginable.

Of course, no one in this part of India must kill an ox, cow, buffalo, calf, peacock, or monkey, all of these being sacred. Some few years since a European employed on the railway, residing in Jaipur, found an ox trespassing more than once in his compound and over his garden. Losing his temper, and, at the same time, his prudence, he took up his gun and shot it, thus totally violating the law and religious belief of the country. From his long residence he was fully cognisant of the law, so he was sentenced to seven months' imprisonment, with the knowledge and approval of the British Government representative.

We, of course, could indulge daily in beef, obtaining it from a long distance by rail, generally from Agra, where the slaughter of oxen, etc., is not against the religion of the people living there. Our hotel proprietor also obtained from the same source, ice and aërated water, and also a delicious dish, the corned hump of the Indian ox.

CHAPTER XXVII

Ajmere, Abu Mountain, and Ahmedabad

26th November 1903.—From Jaipur to Ajmere in Central India is 84 miles, and we arrived there early this morning, after travelling all night on the Bombay and Baroda Railway. Ajmere is a junction, and the railway company provides a few very nice bedrooms at the station, in connection with the refreshment-rooms. We were fortunate to obtain some, and made them our home during our stay here, where we were most comfortable.

Ajmere is the capital of a very isolated piece of British territory. It lies right in the centre of the immense independent State of Rajputana, and has a population of 70,000. Ajmere is of great antiquity, and was once a very famous place. It was founded as far back as 145 A.D. It was finally conquered by that great Mogul Emperor whom I am so frequently quoting, Akbar, in 1556. After passing through various vicissitudes, it was finally ceded to England by D. R. Sindia on the 25th of June 1818.

26th November and 27th November.—During our short stay here we—that is to say, Miss Bates, myself, the lady staying with us, and our Indian man-servant—drove out several times in a pair-horse carriage and visited the immediate vicinity and surroundings of the Residency, which is on the bank of a large and picturesque artificial lake, constructed in the middle of the eleventh century. It is in as good and as perfect condition as when made. The Emperor Shah Jehan erected a splendid range of marble pavilions beside the embankment, and, thanks to an Indian Government very liberal in such matters, these also are in a perfect state of preservation, the largest and most important one having been only a short time since restored

at great cost. A more delightful spot in which to take one's lunch, sitting beneath the shade of those exquisite marble halls, overlooking the vast expanse of the lake, backed by a range of fine mountains and sheltered from the heat of the weather, it would be impossible to find. Close beside this lovely retreat and on the opposite side of the bund (*i.e.* roadway beside the lake) are the Public Gardens. We visited the Dargah, a holy place, venerated alike by Mohammedans and Hindus. Of course, before traversing the inner courtyards, etc. (Christians are not permitted here to enter the mosques), we were requested to put on canvas or cotton socks over our boots in order not to defile the place. The tomb of the saint who died here (he succumbed to one continuous prayer which lasted till the sixth day) is of white marble, with a dome. There are two entrances, one of which is spanned by a silver arch. Here are also the tomb of a daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan, grandson of the great Akbar; and another mosque built by Akbar. On taking our departure, we were, as customary, presented with the necklaces of flowers which the Indians insist on putting round one's neck. Needless to add they look for the inevitable backshish. An object of great interest was the Mayo College, deriving its name from the late Governor-General of India, who, it will be remembered, was so regrettably and foully murdered by a fanatical convict whilst on a tour of inspection to the Convict Settlement of the Andaman Islands in 1872. Every kind of outdoor sport and amusement is provided during leisure hours, including, of course, riding, polo, tennis, and golf. The central hall and building are of white marble. I particularly observed two or three first-class, well-kept billiard tables for the use of the students. The college was opened by Lord Dufferin in 1875. There is a handsome European club near the Mayo College. We drove there one lovely cool evening, to hear the Native Volunteer Band play. There is a large mosque just outside the city gate with a very long unpronounceable name which I will not inflict on my readers. This name means, the "Hut of two and a half days," the name arising from a tradition that the mosque was built supernaturally in

two and a half days, though I may remark that the building must have taken several years. It was built in 1200 A.D. from the materials of a Jain temple, which was destroyed and transferred into what it is to-day, a Mohammedan mosque. It is supported by four rows, each of 13 columns carved in a most exquisite manner, the ornamentation of each one differing from the other. In the middle is a screen beautifully sculptured in hard sandstone and marble, rising to a height of 56 feet. It is pretty nearly in ruins, though some few Mohammedans are almost always to be found there at their devotions. We were rather fascinated with it, and though our time was limited we paid it two long visits. Ajmere is the headquarters of the railway officials. There are large administrative offices, locomotive, carriage, and waggon shops, distant 1 mile. It is the junction of the Malwa section of the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway system. We obtained permission from the authorities to visit the prison. In this, though, in a measure, a sad sight, we were very much interested by the labour carried on by the hundreds of inmates, who for the most part were engaged in weaving most beautiful Persian carpets of very fine designs and patterns. I asked to have some made, similar to some choice ones in hand; but they told me it was impossible, as those which I selected were orders from special persons of position who declined to allow duplicates of their own designs to be made.

We entered the prison kitchen, and saw some hundreds of "chupatties," a common article of diet amongst the lower orders of India, consisting of a native paste made in the form of large pancakes. I innocently took one in my hand to look at it and with a view of tasting a small portion. The prison warder rushed up to me and immediately took it from my hand and at once destroyed it, as, if the prisoners knew their food had been touched by a Christian, there would be almost an insurrection in the jail. The mere touch would mean pollution; in fact, so sensitive are these folk that even one's shadow falling across it is considered defiling to an article of their food.

There were several hundred prisoners confined here, and

among them some dacoits. Dacoit, as my readers are probably aware, is the name for the very worst possible form of highway robber, who, very frequently, murders the victims he waylays. One very old man, a dacoit, who had been confined already nine years and had one more year to serve, pleaded with us very hard to intercede for a remission of his sentence. It is a most curious fact that many of the prisoners we meet in durance vile are loud in their protestations of innocence; but I suppose this is the case all over the world.

We finally paid a visit to a very recently erected Jain temple, some outer portions of which are not yet completed. A very wealthy local native of the Jain religion is building it, at his own cost, which will naturally be very great. It was like a huge puppet-show, composed of innumerable men and figures, elephants, camels, marching by a circumambient route to heaven. Everything is covered as with gold, the whole, spread over an immense hall, enclosed on all sides with sheets of glass through which all can look without entering. From the ceiling were suspended golden boats in the form of swans, filled with figures all floating heavenwards; the ceiling itself was covered in bells. I am sorry I am unable to say anything of agriculture or manufactures. We drove through every quarter of the town and suburbs. All seem to be living one upon another in a town of small shopkeepers; though in the back of the country I believe they do grow some cereals. As an exception there were several small native workers in silver, from whom we managed to secure some cleverly made native armlets. There are many carriages plying for hire near the railway station, and about the town; but the horses have a very half-fed, hungry appearance. They live very hard indeed, mostly on coarsely chopped straw; but with our usual good luck we managed to secure a fairly good pair and a large landau, which we retained during our visit.

28*th November*.—Having booked our heaviest luggage on, in advance, to Ahmedabad, where we purposed later making a stay, we left Ajmere by the night train at 11.25 p.m., and at 9.15 a.m. the following day we had accom-

plished our journey of 190 miles and found ourselves at Abu Road. The railway station is supplied by the company with good bed, bath, and dressing rooms and excellent cooking arrangements. We had ordered our breakfast by wire, and found it ready for us: and a very excellent one it was.

29*th November*.—At 11 a.m. our tonga, the usual long-distance Indian vehicle with a pair of horses, made its appearance, having been ordered a day or two in advance.

Having a young lady guest travelling with us, we found there was no room for our Indian man-servant, who has followed our fortunes throughout the whole of our Indian tour, so we were very reluctantly compelled to leave him behind for a few days until our return. Our driver complained of our having an excess of luggage, though we left many packages in the cloak-room at the station, in addition to the heavy luggage already sent on (as I have mentioned) in advance to Ahmedabad. It must, however, be pleaded in extenuation of this crime that our party of three includes two ladies, and that as we are travelling in India we have to take all our bedding with us in view of nights spent in railway carriages, tents, Dak bungalows, and so forth. In reply to remonstrances I lightened the load by sending my large heavy valise, weighing some 70 lb., by an Indian who volunteered to carry it on his head for a distance of 17 miles, a hot dusty road with an ascent of nearly 5000 feet, for the munificent remuneration of (I am ashamed to recount it) 9 annas, equal to exactly 9d. English; but then, when it is remembered that the wage of the labourers and peasants hereabouts is only equivalent to 3d. per day, it will be seen that he is getting three days' pay. We changed horses four times on the road, making eight in all, and though the work was hard for the poor animals, they are accustomed to it. We had a most glorious drive, the weather was very fine and warm, gradually getting a little cooler as we ascended the mountain. We accomplished the journey in four hours quite safely, except for badly springing our pole a few miles from our destination. We pulled up at the tonga terminus stables, about 1 mile

from our hotel, and accomplished the remainder of our journey in rickshas, native women carrying our luggage on their heads. We had comfortable quarters at the only hotel, known as "The Rajputana." Here we found a small party, which included the Duke of Pomaz and the Viscount d'Allone, and a few more gentlemen and ladies. As we all took our meals together we made up a party much more sociable than any which would be possible in England in the absence of all formal introductions.

30th November.—Mount Abu is considered by travellers to be one of the most interesting spots in India, its great features being its Jain temples, which I take from the best authorities to have cost no less than 18 crores of rupees, or £18,000,000 sterling, besides 56 lakhs of rupees (£560,000) spent in levelling the side of the hill on which they are erected. They occupied fourteen years in building.

We obtained a formal permit to enter and visit them from Captain E. Ducat, the Resident Magistrate of Abu. There are a number of rules to be observed which are laid down in the permit granted to visitors to enter these Dilwarra temples. Thus Rule V. runs:—

"As a mark of respect all European gentlemen shall take off their hats on entering any part of the buildings in which it is customary for natives to go without shoes."

Natives, of course, keep their heads covered by turbans, and so forth. Europeans do not, as in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries, remove their boots and shoes. Experts record that these temples are the most superb in India, with nothing to equal them with the exception of one building, probably the most beautiful in the world, the ever-famous Taj Mahal at Agra. One temple, we learn from an inscription, was built between the years 1197 and 1247, and another at a still earlier date in 1032. The "Jain" religion is half-Buddhist and half-Hindu.

Our Indian Government keeps these exquisite Dilwarra temples in good repair. We took rickshas from our hotel to the temples, and on our return spent an hour in the very pretty and comfortable Mount Abu Club, which,

like nearly every club in India, is available for ladies as well as for men.

Mount Abu is used as a British sanatorium station, and European soldiers are constantly being sent here to recruit their health, which they seem rapidly to do in this healthy elevated spot. The Mount is about 50 miles in circumference, and ranges in height from 4500 feet above sea-level to 5600 at the highest peak, Guru Sikra. The average temperature on these hills is only 69°, and the rainfall is 60 inches per annum. Mount Abu is the headquarters of the Rajputana administration, and consequently the residence of many of the representatives and agents of the native states.

1st December.—We left the Rajputana Hotel and the beautiful mountainous region of Abu very early this morning, and after a glorious downhill drive of two and a half hours arrived at Abu Road Station. Thence we proceeded for four and a half hours in the train to Ahmedabad, which we reached quite comfortably.

Our accommodation here, again, was at the railway station in bedrooms on the ground floor, leading off from the platform. These are also connected with large and superior first-class refreshment-rooms, with good cooking. What a boon this provision by the railway companies in India is! Travellers, like ourselves, can appreciate it, for, notwithstanding this being a very large town, there is not any sort of European hotel or boarding-house. Our quarters have one objection, and that is the great noise made by the trains passing to and fro in the night, and the blowing of the steam whistles; but one soon gets accustomed to such things, and wanderers like ourselves cannot afford to be fastidious.

2nd and 3rd December.—Ahmedabad lies just on the borders of the two native states of Rajputana and Guzerat, and also on the border of British territory. We spent an afternoon visiting the large artificial lake known as the Kan Kariya Lake, one of the largest reservoirs in India. It is polygon in shape with 34 sides, each being 190 feet long, the whole being over 1 mile in circumference. It covers an area of 72 acres, and was made and excavated

in 1451. It is entirely surrounded by many tiers of well-cut stone steps. It was completely restored at an immense cost in 1872, and has since been kept up in a perfect state of repair. Here we met 100 Indian children, belonging to, or under the banner of, the Salvation Army. They were here for a picnic, and under the charge of a lass, nurse, or female officer, who informed us that she was sent out from, and belonged to, London. She was certainly the most comely and presentable young lady I have ever met belonging to the Salvation Army. We were much struck, looking at this large assembly of Indian girls, to observe the total absence of nose rings. We learnt that the children were mostly survivors from the famine, whose parents were dead. Evidently this noble Army was doing good work here, as at almost every place we have visited all over the world.

Another of our expeditions was to the tomb of Shah Alum, which is situated 2 miles out of the town, on the Batwa Road. On the west is a mosque which has two minarets of seven storeys each, 90 feet high, and very handsomely carved. On the south side is the tomb, where the family of Shah Alum is buried. We thought this mausoleum and its surroundings one of the prettiest and most impressive sights we had seen in India, and we lingered here on one of those glorious, warm, clear, moonlight nights, seldom seen to such advantage as in India at this, the best time of the year. It is a curious sight to see, as we do, over a great part of India, so very many elderly native men having all the hair on their faces and heads dyed with henna, which turns it nearly (or quite) red, making them look very much uglier than if the hair remained grey. This is always done purely and simply out of vanity, in order not to appear before the world to be growing old. But what can *we* say? seeing how many of both sexes dye their hair in England, if not red, of other more favourite colours, from golden auburn to black.

We visited the Jumna Musjid, the principal mosque, which is in the centre of the city. The roof is supported by 200 columns; the minarets were partially destroyed

many years since by an earthquake. The building was erected in 1424. The mosques and tombs are, or have been, magnificent and very numerous. The large tombs of India are wholly different from anything of the kind in Britain or in Europe. They take hours to walk over and examine, and many years to build during the lives of those whose resting-places they are to be; while hundreds and frequently thousands of labourers are employed making them. I will not weary my readers with any further descriptions of these beautiful works of ancient art and sculpture, as in a short time hence, visitors and tourists will be able to pay a visit here within the scope of a 14 days' journey from England. They can almost, if not quite, do so now.

Hindus and Brahmins must not take life, and we were interested, to a certain extent sadly, in visiting a home for sick animals. There were many horses, and every description of cattle and dogs, mostly in a deplorable state of distress and decay, which it would be merciful to make away with and put out of their misery. But this course is opposed to the religion of the people, and no one would dare to take it.

The Home is supported by voluntary contributions from the wealthy Hindus, and anyone having a sick animal of any class whatever, no matter in what dire straits it may be, can send it here, free of charge, where it will be fed and cared for. Pigeons were here literally in thousands. They did not appear to be on the sick list, but nobody must kill one, so they multiply to an unconscionable extent, and have a huge cote,' capable of accommodating—well—I would not like to hazard a guess as to how many,—and these fanatical people cause them to be fed every day. There were hundreds of motherless kids and a large number of little hairy lambs, which in their woolless state could hardly be distinguished from members of the goat family. All these appeared to be tended very carefully by the employees of the Home.

We saw some dogs in the last stage of dissolution. These it would have been a mercy to have destroyed, and they were a sickening sight from which one was glad to

hasten away. This hospital is known as the Pinjrapol, or Asylum for Animals, wherein provision is made for the accommodation of 800 animals.

With reference to sport generally, and the possibilities of large-game shooting in particular, some statistics which I obtained while in Ahmedabad may prove interesting. I may mention that the favourite resort for officers spending their leave without returning to England is Kashmir.

Many untravelled Europeans, unthinking or uninformed, imagine that since England has held sway in India, upwards of three hundred years (the East India Co. received its charter from Queen Elizabeth in 1601, and, apart from the vast multitude of civil servants, merchants, and traders, we have an army of some 200,000 European and native troops spread over the country), wild animals are now becoming more or less extinct, or so thinned down as to be no longer of any great moment. For such I cull the following from the Indian Government's official published statistical return :—

Number of cattle killed by wild animals during the year 1902	80,796
Number of cattle killed by snakes during the same period	9,019
The total number destroyed by tigers during the twelve months alone	30,555
The total number of cattle killed by leopards only in the twelve months	38,211
By wolves	4,719
By hyænas	2,387

On the more serious side—

The mortality amongst human beings, caused by wild animals, was in 1901	3,651
The number of persons killed from snake bites in 1902 was	23,166

A much larger number than all that were killed in the late deplorable South African War.

Two man-eating tigers alone were accredited with nearly 100 human sacrifices. From inquiries I made as to why a special tiger was known as a man-eater, as distinguished from others of its species, it is described to me as a large aged animal which has lost its great

activity and speed, and as it can no longer run down and chase large or small deer or other prey, hangs round villages and hamlets, and makes constant meals off the much less fleet and wary human victims. I could pile up many other authentic Government statistics, but my only object has been to prove there is an ample supply of big game yet for sportsmen. I have not even mentioned the thousands of bears round about the vast ranges of the Himalaya Mountains, the large deer, splendid specimens of the ibex, and all large and small antelope, etc. I am bringing home from Kashmir a skin of the largest black bear which I have ever seen,—of course killed in the Himalayas, amongst which mountains we spent some months, though at places hundreds of miles apart.

In the way of trade, Ahmedabad is famous for its copper and brass work, jewellery, wood-carving, lacquer-work, ivory carving, calico-printing, silks, gold and silver lace, and its four large steam-factories for cotton cloth.

Taking a drive one day we were surrounded, just on the outskirts of the town, by troops upon troops of large grey monkeys, with very long tails. They are sacred and unmolested. They increase rapidly in number, and are by no means shy. We pulled up to feed them, as we were prepared for their visit, and had brought a supply of corn and fruit for the purpose with us. We called at the Shal-i-bagh, or "Garden Palace," which belonged to a former ruler, situated a few miles out of the town. It is now the residence of the Commissioner of the Northern Division, Bombay, Mr. F. S. P. Lely, with whom, but for his being called upon to join the Council of India, in Calcutta, we had been invited to stay. In the absence of himself and Mrs. Lely, we found Mr. Lawrence, son of the well-known Sir Edward Lawrence of Aigburth, Liverpool, acting as vice. He was away from home, but we had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Lawrence.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Bombay, Goa, and thence to Mombasa and German East Africa

4th December 1903.—We began to-night the last stage of our Indian travels, journeying by sleeping-car from Ahmedabad to Bombay, a distance of 310 miles.

5th December.—Arriving early this morning at Bombay, we first sought quarters at what is considered by many the leading hotel of the place. But we thought the rooms offered us there small and stuffy, so we went on to the Great Western Hotel, where we had at a much lower price three large rooms on the ground floor, and found thoroughly satisfactory accommodation.

6th December.—Bombay is now so well known, and so many hundreds, I might almost say thousands, are annually visiting what is probably the most familiar in name, if not in reality, of all our Indian cities, that it becomes difficult to write anything really new about the place, interesting though it is.

Our first visit was to the Elephanta Caves some 8 or 10 miles distant by water.

Elephanta itself is a small island, 6 miles from Bombay, the highest point of which rises 568 feet, and has on it the ruins of an old Portuguese chapel. This island derives its name from a mass of rock, which many centuries back was cut into the shape of an elephant. In 1814 the head and neck dropped off, and in 1864 the wreck of what remained was removed to the Victoria Gardens, Bombay.

The approach, after landing, is by a long slippery pier made of concrete blocks, placed at some distance apart; from this pier the entrance to the caves is reached by a long flight of stone steps, built by a wealthy Indian native

at a cost of about £1000. The date of the making of these huge caves, which are excavated out of rock, is unknown, but is supposed to go back at least a thousand years. They have suffered very considerably during the past century from exposure to wind and weather, being in no way enclosed for protection. There are three principal parts—first, the great temple itself in the middle, and then two smaller ones. The entrance is between massive stone pillars, all being hewn from solid rock, which indeed forms not only the pillars but the large temple and the lesser ones. One side of the cave is 133 feet in length, the other or right side is rather less. The breadth is 135 feet, the height varying from 16 to 18 feet.

The great cave of Elephanta was a sacred temple of worship for those of the Hindu religion, many of whom think that this great work was far too mighty for mortals to have constructed.

To give a detailed description of the interior sculpture would be wearisome; but I may note that the three-faced bust of Shiva is 19 feet in height. Shiva is the leading character in all the various groups, one of which introduces Shiva, in the character of Brahma, the Creator; another Shiva, as Rudra, the destroyer; and a third Shiva, as Vishnu, the Preserver, holding a lotus flower in his hand. Then there are Indra, Lord of the Firmaments; Skandra, the War God, mounted on an elephant; Ravana, with ten heads and twenty arms, the demon king of Lauka or Ceylon; Chandra, the Moon God; and finally, Brahma, with four faces, sitting, and reading as the priest of the gods.

7th to 22nd December.—There is an exceedingly fine club—the "Royal Bombay Yacht Club," which, I think, far and away the prettiest and best in India. I was made a member immediately on my arrival in Bombay, having been proposed by my friend Mr. Arthur Leslie, whose kindness and hospitality I should like here specially to acknowledge. The club is for ladies as well as gentlemen, and, in the afternoons, there are seen there as fashionable and well-dressed ladies as anywhere in England, taking tea on the picturesque green lawn overlooking the sea. Adjacent

to it there is a huge building constructed on the latest principles as residential quarters for members.

We paid a visit to the five "Towers of Silence," after obtaining the necessary permit from the official secretary.

A funeral is conducted thus. The deceased person will be carried up the flight of eighty steps by four "Carriers of the Dead," with two bearded men in the rear, and many Parsi friends in white robes following the remains, two abreast in procession.

There is a model of the interior of the towers, which is shown to visitors; the largest of these towers is only 25 feet high, but 276 feet round, and it cost £20,000.

I find on the "permit" kindly granted me by the officials to visit the "Towers of Silence," that the following proviso is enjoined:—

"Visitors are requested to keep themselves at a distance of 30 yards at least from the towers, and to withdraw from the compound when a funeral and other religious ceremonies are performed.

"Visitors are requested not to smoke and not to carry any camera with them into the compound."

Inside the towers is what resembles a circular gridiron, which falls downwards towards the centre, where there is a well 5 feet in width; the gridiron formation is divided into radiating compartments.

The bodies of deceased men are laid in the outer, the women in the middle, and the children in the compartment nearest the well. The bodies are all laid in these compartments absolutely nude, and in half an hour the whole of the flesh of the deceased persons is entirely torn to shreds and eaten by the multitude of hideous, hungry vultures always at hand in the trees surrounding "The Towers."

When the skeleton and bones are bleached perfectly dry, as they very speedily are, by the combined action of the sun and wind, the "Carriers of the Dead" come, their hands gloved, and with tongs, to remove the bones from the grooves of what I have tried to describe as a huge circular gridiron, and throw them into the well in the centre, where they crumble into dust, the accumulation of which only rose 5 feet in forty years.

We have been told as a true story (which was hushed up at the time), that a Parsi who was supposed to be dead but was only in a trance, was taken here after being denuded as usual of all garments, was placed, as customary, on the "grid," and when the hideous birds of prey commenced to tear his flesh, came to and cried aloud. But being already laid out, no one dared to re-enter the sacred precincts and release him, and every ounce of his flesh was eaten by the birds in thirty minutes. How many similarly ghastly stories have we not read, now and again in England, of people being buried alive when in a trance?

The whole working and system are conducted on the best hygienic principle possible, but full descriptive details would occupy too much time and space.

"The Towers" are surrounded by a beautiful garden filled with flowers and shrubs.

We observed two of the carrion birds, perched on a tall tree, at some distance, near the entrance to the gardens, watching like sentinels or ghouls for the approach of a funeral to give notice to the others of their species of the coming of their customary feast.

What I have described is the mode of disposing of the dead of Parsis only, who number to-day in Bombay as nearly as possible 50,000. The teaching and belief of the Parsis is that rich and poor must join in death: and in this general receptacle of the dust of millionaires and beggars, the idea is fully carried out. In accordance with this view the bodies of all Parsis in Bombay are disposed of in the manner I have pointed out.

Ground is set aside for Hindu cremations, as those of that religion always burn the bodies of their dead.

We witnessed the splendid pageant in connection with the landing of the new Governor, Lord Lamington, who was accompanied by his wife and two children. It was carried out with brilliant ceremonial, and was thoroughly Oriental in its magnificence of effect.

We were given (by invitation cards) luxurious seats in the front row of the Apollo Bund, thanks to the kindness and courtesy of our friend, Mr. Arthur Leslie, partner in the firm of Messrs. Greaves, Cotton, & Co., who control or

own the largest number of cotton spindles in Bombay, if not in India. Among those taking part in this military display I noticed our friend, so well known in connection with West African military affairs, Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks, who, my readers may remember, relieved Coomassie, in Ashantee, when its Governor, Sir Frederick Hodgson, K.C.B., was in such dire straits, and when very many of the defenders lost their lives through starvation.

In the course of our stay in Bombay, Miss Bates and I called at the secretariat, and left our cards on the Governor, entering our names in the visitors' books. On Sunday mornings we usually drove out to the beautiful Victoria Gardens, as rich in shrubs, flowers, and trees as Kensington Gardens or the Botanical Gardens in London, with the advantage of combining a good collection of wild animals of very varied interest.

We saw several grand specimens here of large Indian tigers, one tigress having with her two healthy young cubs. She had had three, but had killed one. I am told it is a rare occurrence for these animals to breed and rear their offspring when absent from their native wilds. Here in these gardens we had, in company with two or three friends, a table and chairs set out in the open air, under a green avenue of tropical spreading trees, for our early or small breakfast, supplied from a first-class refreshment establishment within the grounds. In our cold northerly country we can hardly realise the luxury of this in the early morning, in deliciously warm weather. One gentleman with us had been resident in Bombay upwards of thirty years, without once paying a visit to England, and looked, nevertheless, the picture of health. He is Senior Master of the High School, and President of the Corporation.

All British soldiers in India are compelled by law to consume half their beer of native, and half of European manufacture—unless they prefer all or a larger proportion of the former.

The beautiful sunsets of Bombay have a world-wide reputation for their brilliancy and wonderful colouring. On one of our evenings the engineer of the port lent us,

or rather a nephew of mine who was with us, the large Government steam-launch to pay a second visit to the Elephanta Caves, where we had an opportunity of enjoying to the full one of these exquisite sunsets. The population of Bombay now exceeds 1,000,000, the last census having been taken more than a decade ago, viz. in 1891, when the population was 821,764; considerably over half are Hindus, as in 1891 they numbered 543,291.

So much is daily printed and put before the public with regard to the general trade imports and exports of Bombay that it appears to me unnecessary here to enlarge on them. I may mention, however, that the cotton spinning interest is, as in Lancashire and other markets, very seriously crippled by the lamentable and gigantic gamble in America in the raw material.

23rd December.—At 4 p.m. we embarked on the *Bundesrath* of the East Africa German Line for Mombasa *vid* Goa and Lamu. Our Indian servant came to the quay to see us safely shipped, with our twenty-one packages, every one of which had to pass the doctor's plague-inspection. Miss Bates added a present of a silver watch to the pay and backshish which we gave to our faithful henchman.

From Bombay to Goa is 234 miles, and from Goa to Lamu in East Africa is 2257 miles.

24th and 25th December.—In very pleasant weather we anchored at half-past six on the morning of Christmas Day at Marmargao, New Goa, otherwise Panjim, from which Old Goa is accessible by either steam-launch or rail. New Goa contains only 10,000 inhabitants. In 1845 the seat of Government was removed here from Old Goa by the Portuguese Viceroy, and it is now the capital of Portuguese East Indian Territory. The old palace, situated immediately under the Fort, and formerly the residence of the Catholic Primate of India, is now used as a hotel. From this district come the capital cooks and servants so well known and so popular throughout India as "Goa boys."

Readers of Captain Marryat will remember the excellent description of Old Goa as it was in its palmy days,

which he gave in *The Phantom Ship*. Founded early in the sixteenth century, it rapidly became the most prosperous and wealthy city in India, with a population exceeding 200,000. It was, of course, the scene of the great mission work of St. Francis Xavier, whose remains lie there in a richly adorned chapel, built for his tomb and shrine in the church of St. Paul. The city is now in ruins, partly in consequence of its siege by the Dutch, and partly by reason of the pestilence, which drove the inhabitants away. But, ruined though it is, it still contains many magnificent churches in a perfect state of preservation, and with their Portuguese endowments left intact.

26th December to 3rd January 1904.—We have on board some 100 deck passengers, mostly Mohammedans, men, women, and children, looking very picturesque in their native costume, with rings on ears, noses, and fingers, and with heavy silver anklets and wrist-belts. Our only fellow cabin-passengers are the Boer General de la Rey and his son, who have been on a mission to our 500 prisoners from the Transvaal, now at Ahmadnagar, in India.

We anchored at Lamu, on the coast of British East Africa, on the 3rd January. 1904

4th January.—Miss Bates and I landed in a boat, and strolled, with a guide, through the insignificant village of Shella, off which we are anchored, to Lamu, a mile or two distant. It is a poor little place, with an old fort, and a few obsolete guns. We saw a large quantity of bark from tall old mangrove trees being broken up for shipment to Marseilles, where it will be used for tanning. Lamu is practically one street of miserable mud and palm-leaf houses. We called on the doctor, who, with his wife and the commissioner, are the only English residents. There are one or two German traders, and we found a few native industries, such as the manufacture of quaint silver boxes with gold filigree work, ivory knife handles and buckles inlaid with gold, and pretty mats of fine dried grasses.

5th January.—We anchored at 7.30 a.m. at Mombasa, and going on shore transacted a little business in view of the trip which we propose making to German East Africa

before proceeding to the Uganda Protectorate. We lunched with a friend to whom we had a letter of introduction, and returned on board the *Bundesrath* in the afternoon.

6th January.—Having sailed 75 miles south from Mombasa we found ourselves this morning at Tanga in German South Africa. Miss Bates and I went ashore in the captain's gig to stroll round the town for an hour or two. Tanga is very pretty and clean-looking, with good roads and nice houses, a great contrast to our own Lamu. In the market I bought a whip of hippo hide, locally known as a sjambok.

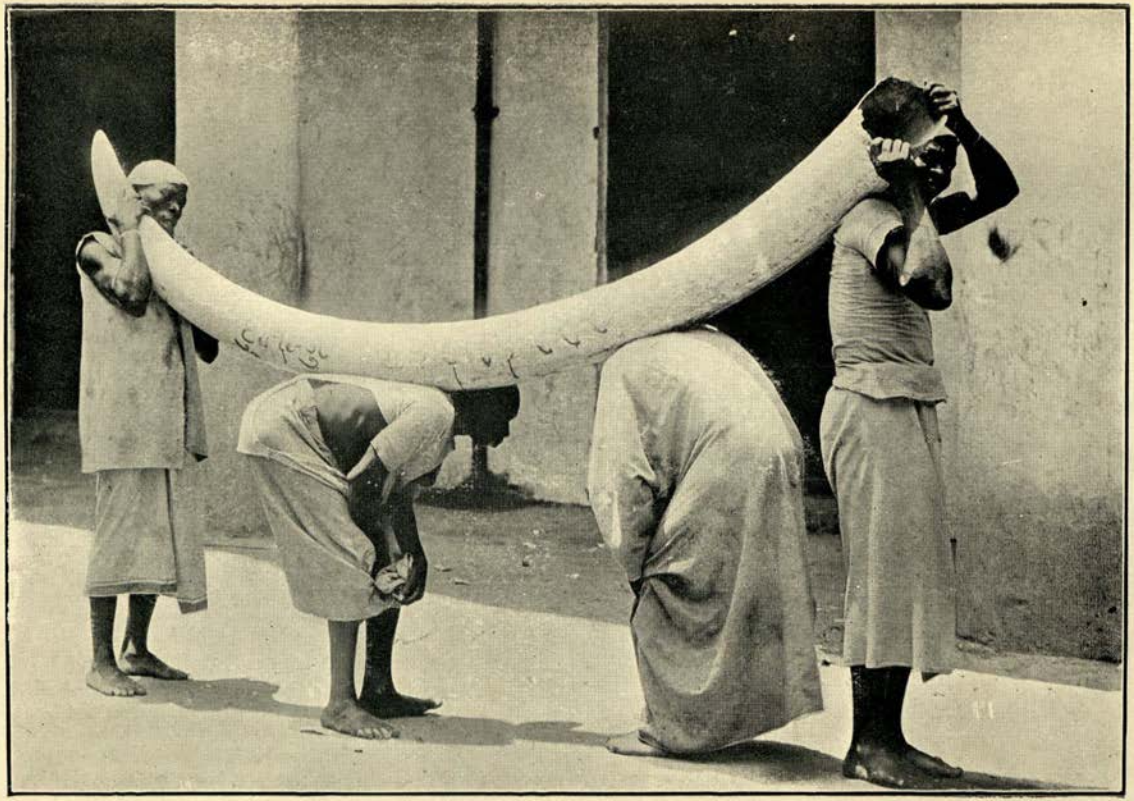
7th January.—Yet another 75 miles south and we are at Zanzibar, moored to a buoy off the young Sultan's Palace, and much struck by its brilliant electric illumination.

8th January.—We left the *Bundesrath* to-day and embarked on the *Markgraf* for our next trip, which is from Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam, 40 miles each way.

While lying at Zanzibar we took a drive through the surrounding country, which we found very uncultivated, though possessing many cocoanut trees and some small patches of manioc or cassava. The natives everywhere looked as poor as the poorest of West Africa.

9th January.—We anchored this morning close to the pier at Dar-es-Salaam, which we found on landing to be a decidedly attractive little town. Its streets are charmingly pretty avenues, liberally planted with trees trimmed into shape, and aflame with the gorgeous brilliancy of their crimson flowers. The officials here are, of course, wholly German.

10th January.—Dar-es-Salaam is a place awaiting its political and commercial future in the development of that German territory here which at present has only some 1200 European inhabitants. Its time will come when railways open up the vast interior round Lake Tanganyika, Ujiji, etc. At present it has hardly any exports of produce, and its trade is practically confined to importation. It has a fine Roman Catholic church and a large Lutheran one. German East Africa practically dates only from



TUSK OF IVORY, WEIGHING 225 LBS., SEEN AT ZANZIBAR.

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1887, when Dr. Peters, Dr. Jühlke, and Graf Pfeil made treaties with various native chiefs for its occupation; while three years later the Sultan of Zanzibar ceded to the German Emperor his suzerainty over the coast and the island of Mafia. The coast, which has several good harbours besides Dar-es-Salaam, is mainly of coral formation. Inland and to the north is the extinct volcano Kilimanjaro, 19,200 feet, the highest mountain in the whole of Africa. Since the foundation in 1885 of the Deutsch Oestafricanische Gesellschaft some forty trading companies have sprung into existence in German East Africa, and are many of them very prosperous.

11*th January.*—We arrived once more at Zanzibar, where we changed from the *Markgraf* into the *Præsident* for the rest of our journey back to Mombasa *viâ* Tanga.

12*th January.*—Stopping at Tanga we landed some rice and took on board some copra for shipment to Europe.

13*th January.*—We reached Mombasa—for the second time—at noon, and took up our quarters at the Grand Hotel.

CHAPTER XXIX

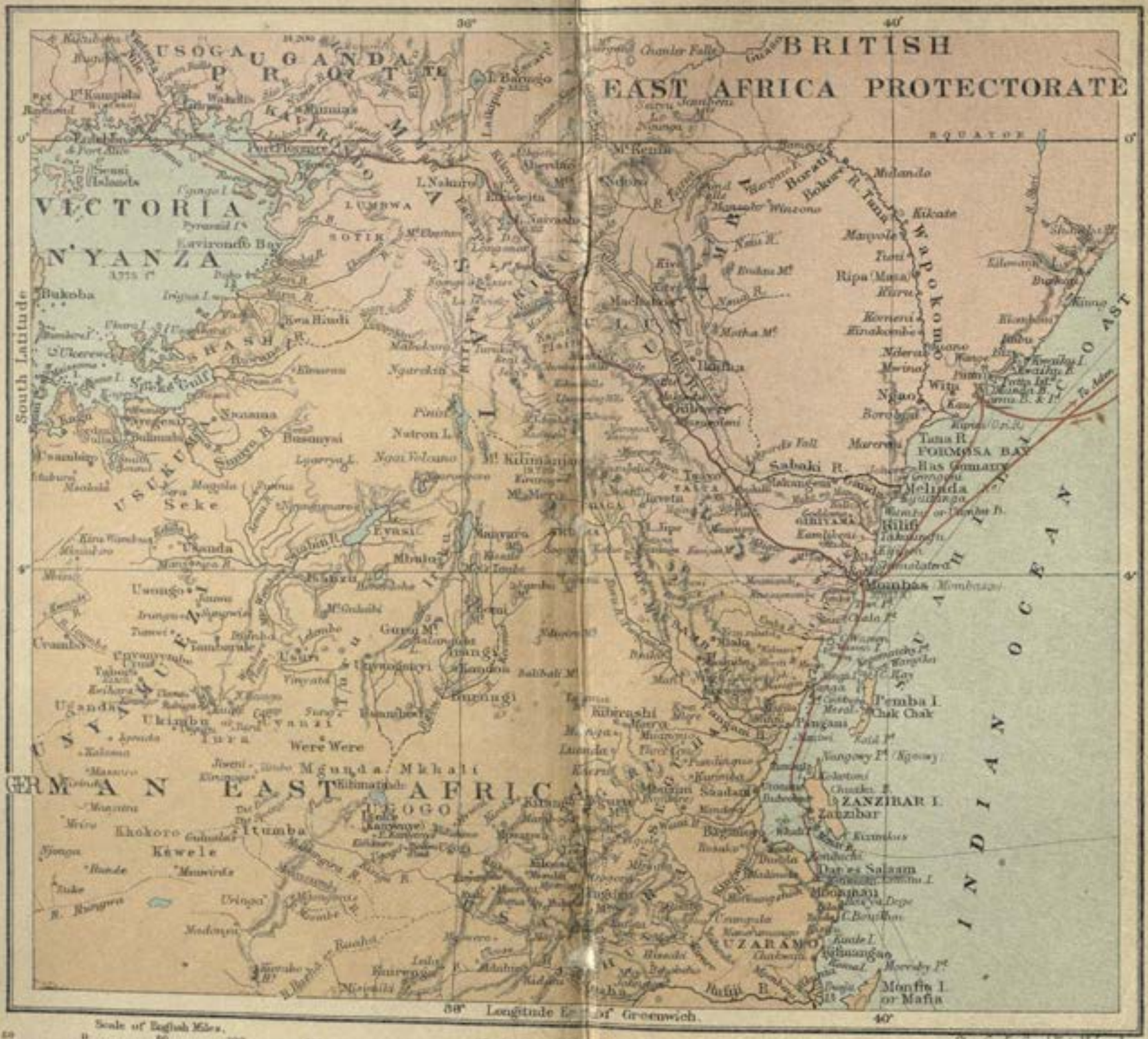
Mombasa and Nairobi

14th to 18th January 1904.—We had completed our visit to German East Africa, and here, at last, we Mombasa! Before us, stretching into illimitable distance were the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, flashing and sporting in the dazzle of the tropical sun. The coral island of Mombasa is only half a mile distant from the mainland, on which lies the village of Frere, named after the great Sir Bartle.

Opposite the island is Kilindini, the birthplace of the Uganda railway line, which links the coast with the great lakes. This highway was built by Sir George Whitehouse, K.C.B., mighty mountains, dense forests, and trackless, waterless wastes having to be crossed, and dangers from blackwater fever, wild beasts, and savage man to be faced. Built in 1896, the line tells a story of successful fighting with hardship; all honour, therefore, to the pioneers whose indomitable courage carried it through. Kilindini forms one of the chief inlets and has a fine harbour, which carries enough water to admit of the largest ships anchoring there. The place is still the great centre station for all railway material and goods; and here are the officers' and working staff's quarters. From Kilindini to Mombasa runs a creek connecting the island with the mainland by a long span of bridge, known as the Salisbury Bridge. The British East African Co. received its charter on the 13th September 1888.

The first noticeable feature which struck us by its novelty was the mode of locomotion by hand-pushed trolleys. These trolleys constitute the entire means of passenger locomotion and are a great feature of the place

EAST AFRICA.


BRITISH
EAST AFRICA PROTECTORATE
GERMAN EAST AFRICA
UGANDA PROTECTORATE
USOGA
VICTORIA N'YANZA
KAVIRONDO
LUMBWA
NANDI
MASAI
SOTIK
USUKUMA
UZINZA
UGANDA
UKIMBU
USUKUMA
UNYAMWEZI
USAGARA
UZIGUA
UZARAMO
UKAMBANI
TAITA
JAGGA
USEGUHA
UKAMBANI
Bukoba
Kwa Hindi
Smoke Gulf
Nassama
Busunysi
Seke
Usambiro
Usango
Gungu Mt.
Were Were
Mguuda Mkhali
Khokoro
Kawele
Itumba
Mombas
Pemba I.
Chak Chak
Pangani
ZANZIBAR I.
Zanzibar
Dar es Salaam
Mohanan
Kilwangan
Monfia I. or Mafia
Melinda
Sabaki R.
Tana R.
FORMOSA BAY
Kilimanjaro
Mt. Kenia
Mt. Meru
Naivasha
Nakuru
Victoria Nile
Albert Nyanza
Victoria Nile
Kavirondo Bay
Speke Gulf
Ukerewe
Irigua I.
Sesse Islands
Entebbe
Mengo
Port Florence
Port Kampala
Port Alice
Port Reginald
Lake Kioga
Lake Baringo
Lake Rudolf
Lake Stefanie
Lake Naivasha
Lake Nakuru
Lake Elmenteita
Lake Natron
Lake Eyasi
Lake Manyara
Lake Jipe
Lake Rikwa
Lake Nyassa
Lake Tanganyika
Lake Bangweolo
Lake Mweru
Lake Kivu
Lake Albert
Lake Edward
Lake Victoria
Ruwenzori
Mt. Elgon
Mt. Kenia
Mt. Kilimanjaro
Mt. Meru
Mt. Elgon
Mt. Gurue
Mt. Mlanje
Mt. Chiradzulu
Mt. Zomba
Mt. Milanje
Mt. Kasungu
Mt. Waller
Mt. Chiradzulu
Mt. Zomba
Mt. Milanje
Mt. Kasungu
Mt. Waller

running everywhere, the coolie labourers managing to push them along at a great pace. They have shades for the top, brakes, and numerous other conveniences; and some of the officials have their own private trolleys, which, up to the present, have been supplied by Government.

Mombasa is a thriving go-ahead place; it has its public and private banks, and its Customs regulations; abutting on the Customs House one sees a steam crane busily at work on the Government wharf. The name of Mombasa in the native tongue is eloquent of its history—it is called "Mvita," or the "Isle of War." The place is full of monuments and traditions which tell in eloquent language of the struggles of the gallant few who so bravely fought to lift the dark pall from Africa's hidden life.

The Mombasa railway is a great success, and will naturally tend to increase immensely the products of the interior, as these will find their natural outlet at the best seaport along the whole length of East Africa. Like any other new undertaking in a young colony, the railway has cost the English tax-payer a pretty sum—no less than £6,000,000 sterling. It is still, I am sorry to say, far from paying a dividend, and the man at home must for some time continue to supply a feeding fund to the tune of something like £60,000 per annum to keep it going. But, after all, what does it matter?

> "A country awaiteth the making
> And asks—but the sweat of your brow."

The railway is a great—a magnificent thing; but, like many other things the Government have undertaken, it has been done on an extravagant scale. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain visited Mombasa when on their recent visit to South Africa, and proceeded two-thirds of the way to Victoria Nyanza: and it is most regrettable that they were not able to proceed as far as the great lake. The engine ran off the line, and it took a large number of men to put it on again. This was most unfortunate.

Before leaving the town we paid a good many visits, usually making these in the handy little trolleys, which took us from door to door at considerable distances apart.

These trolleys are also in vogue at Beira, Portuguese East Africa; we had never seen or heard of them before in our travels, though I find that they have been adopted for taking visitors to Assouan, across the great dam. I believe that in a short time there will be an electric plant in Mombasa to work them: this will be very practical, but will, of course, deprive them of all charm and novelty.

A large number of donkeys were continually passing our windows, many of them in droves. They are very fine animals, all full of flesh, and never a poor or ill-fed one was to be seen. Many of them, the finest, are brought all the way from Muscat in the Persian Gulf on Arab dhows, and are used for almost everything except riding.

Unfortunately the tsetse-fly is here, and this accounts for the absence of horses. The mules also seem not to be proof against this scourge. I may mention here, however, that later on at Entebbe we found great efforts being made to conquer this pest by Dr. Greig of the Sleeping Sickness Hospital. He has some hundreds of living tsetse-flies of two descriptions, and it is believed that this fly is the cause of the sleeping sickness among the natives. Dr. Greig keeps some forty or fifty monkeys which he has inoculated, and which he is treating with the bites of these flies. Singularly enough, the monkeys take the sleeping sickness after inoculation just like human beings. It is sad from the humanitarian point of view, but, like vivisection, it is all in the interests of that science which does so much to ameliorate the ills of life.

I saw numbers of the guinea-fowls with a patch of bright blue on the side of the head familiar to me at Lagos on the West Coast.

By trolley-tram we went one day to Kilindini, a name which means "the place of the deep water." Kilindini affords the finest sheltered and land-locked harbour on the East Coast. This is about 3 miles long by half a mile wide, and its depth varies from 25 to 30 fathoms. There is at Mombasa a handsome new hospital provided with lady nurses from England. These ladies, who were very hospitable to us, had fortunately little to do for the moment; but it is good that they should be at hand

TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE OUTSIDE ZANZIBAR.

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for the emergencies of sudden epidemic anywhere in the district.

I met several officers who had served in an official capacity in West Africa, and with my very long and intimate knowledge of the country, we struck up an acquaintance which developed into camaraderie. A conversation would begin—"What, you were on the West Coast?" "I was." "Come and dine with me," or "Come and have a drink with me," would be the prompt rejoinder. There was no getting away from such pressing invitations. It was in this way that I visited several of the outlying bungalows of officers, using always the convenient trolley which is supplied by Government to officials.

19*th January*.—It was to-day that we set out on our long journey by rail to Lake Victoria Nyanza and the Uganda Protectorate. The line runs north-east, passing through the Seyidie and Ukamba provinces to Nairobi, and thence to Port Florence, the terminus on Lake Victoria Nyanza. There is only one train weekly to Entebbe, and the starting reminds one very much of the departure of a Liverpool steamer for America in the olden days: there is a great crowd to see you off, and a great deal of emotion. The time in the time-tables is taken from midnight, *i.e.* from 0 to 24 hours (as in India and on various parts of the European Continent). We took all our own bedding with us and pillows, which also reminded me of India, where we had supplied ourselves with coloured quilts or eider-downs, which could be used either as coverlets or to lie upon. Of course, we did not forget to take our own soap and towels.

The long roll of the waves at Kilindini had died away from view, and soon we were in a wilderness of feathery palms and graceful cocoanut trees crowned with leaves of golden fruit, a forest picture such as always lives in the memory of those who see it. This was near Changamwe, which is specially fitted for the cultivation of vanilla, coffee, cocoa, and cloves. Beyond this were some extensive stretches which would do well for grazing grounds, if a few months were spent by an expert in eradicating the

poisonous grasses. The Taru Desert, which we next entered, is a perfect study in grey; the monotony of colour is so unnatural that it is not long before the eye grows weary of it. Dead and withered trees are to be seen everywhere —grey grass, grey trees, and grey clouds. How thankful we were when at last we left the waterless waste, the once dreaded Taru Desert, behind, and were whirled away to hills and downs and the green, gold, purple, and orange of the fertile region of Maungu Mkubwa, or Mountain of the Great God, where lived, fourteen years ago, the Wateita behind a cunning maze to protect themselves from the wandering Masai or cattle lifters. Under the mantle of night the Wateita were massacred to a man, and the women, children, and cattle carried off; and since then the spot has been given up to the night bird and wild beast.

Everywhere, including the Taru Desert, I was struck with the wonders that might be worked by the aid of irrigation. The land is extremely fertile and would produce wheat, rice, and corn of every variety, while cheap local labour could be obtained from the surrounding hills and bomas, which supply the Wateitas with their food, and on which, perched up in their eyries, they can defy the wandering Masai.

At Tsavo, a station 133 miles from Mombasa, there are but two men as working staff. It was here that for six weeks or more two lions kept at bay 5000 men during the construction of the line, writing the history of the Uganda line in the blood of Indians and Swahilis. The nightly seizures so got on the nerves of the Punjabis that at last they rushed from these sanguinary scenes and threw themselves in front of the engines, crying out: "Drive over us, or else take us back: we came to work, not to be food for devils in the shape of lions." The death of these daring brutes at the hands of Mr. J. H. Patterson, an engineer, broke the spell of superstition that had chained the coolies.

At Sultan Hamoud station, which has some wide stretches of plains with clusters of trees, we began to feel the marvellous change of temperature from the heat of

Mombasa. It seemed scarcely credible that here, almost on the equator, overcoats should be the order of the day. All the way from the coast the line had been ascending, and we were already at an elevation of 3790 feet above the sea-level. It was a gloriously bright, crisp morning. The place is indeed very healthy and the climate delicious. It would be just the spot for a country seat and a stud farm: sheep, cattle, and horses would all thrive. A slice of this beautiful and fertile land would exactly suit a capitalist, wishing to make a good bargain. Soon we began to pass herds of deer and wild zebras. The country is open and covered with very large game, such as the blue gnu, the hartebeest, the wildebeest, and a variety of gazelle.

There is a curious undergrowth here called salt-bush, which the zebras eat instinctively as a cure for worms. Lord Delamere has a large ranche of 100,000 acres near Nairobi, for which he pays one halfpenny per acre per annum. He has had Lady Delamere out with him. He has a record of forty-nine lions, though I believe the greater part were killed in Somaliland. Recently a number of sheep and some horses were brought out here to improve the breed.

We saw one lion in the distance; the lions, gazelles, etc., are undoubtedly born in the district, for there has been no apparent migration of herds.

Just before reaching Nairobi, we crossed one of the most curious plains of Africa. This was after we had passed the Kapiti Plains, where ostriches roam in hundreds, useless and untouched, as the game laws of East Africa forbid their capture, for no earthly reason whatever so far as I can see. At Stony Athi, as far as the eye can reach, the whole earth is thickly covered with huge stones jammed together over the entire surface, and apparently melted by some terrible heat. What a gigantic quarry this would make!

20th January.—We reached Nairobi to-day. The name means "Cold Water," and the place is not only the headquarters of the railway, but here are also located the locomotive and carriage department workshops. There is also a large mixed colony of railway employees. It is

rapidly becoming the Simla of the Protectorate, as it lies over 3000 feet above sea-level. To our surprise we found that the ricksha which we took here was built by Morgan in London! We engaged four boys to draw it, and we took a run over the Western Hill, passing the barracks of the King's African Rifles, who comprise about 1000 men, from whom are drafted detachments for garrisoning different parts of the Protectorate. After proceeding across the plateau for about 3 miles we arrived at a Masai kraal. Here were squatted two old Masai warriors, each with his long murderous-looking spear stuck upright in the ground. They appeared to be doing sentry outpost and guarding their women and the kraal. We entered the encampment and walked about in it, without actually entering the abodes, as the doorways and entrances were very low and looked very uninviting. One would certainly have had to go almost on all fours to get inside. We found the women and children there; they were very amiable and pleasant: the men seemed to be absent. To describe the ornaments of the Masai is a task beyond my pen; but my readers will find an interesting description of this feature of Masai life in the work of my late friend Thompson, dealing with his expedition to Kilimanjaro. Sir Charles N. E. Eliot, Commissioner at Nairobi, told me that on one side of the line the country was entirely preserved to the distance of 1 mile from the rails; he was not surprised, therefore, at the presence of innumerable wild beasts right up to the border line of German territory. A service of trains—one per week—has been running from here to Port Florence on the lake since 1901. While at Nairobi we stayed at Wood's Hotel.

21st to 23rd January.—We found it decidedly hot at Nairobi during the day. Mr. John Ainsworth, C.M.G., Sub-Commissioner, informed me that at a distance of 18 miles from here, at the Athi River station, 641,000 acres were to be had. One afternoon during our stay we had a delightful ricksha ride into the country by a new road 12 miles long. We noticed a great deal of cultivation and large patches of Indian corn growing. The land all around such stations as Kaiku and Simuru has been taken up by

settlers, who pay for the freehold about 1 to 2 rupees per acre. It is said to be the best in the Protectorate, and is not many miles from Nairobi, while the elevation above the sea-level is over 7000 feet.

24th January.—Continuing our journey we arrived to-day at Escarpment station; we were then 364 miles from Mombasa, crossing the Great Rift Valley, which is 700 miles in length, and 40 miles in width, with a range of mountains on either side. As one sinks into the valley out of the wild, dark forests of the Escarpment, a great stretch of level country meets the view. The valley is covered with grass lands on which myriads of herds of cattle, sheep, goats, and big game feed: and I fully believe that the prediction that these great grass lands will become centres of wool growing and meat supplies for a great portion of the world will, one day, be realised. The cattle are owned by the Masai, and we saw countless Tomsonii deer, named after my late friend. Near Naivasa station are the great zebra and stock farms.

This seems to me an opportune place for reference to the destruction of lions; they are so numerous as to be scourges; they follow the zebras, and the number killed does not amount to more than, say, five or six a month in these parts; so that it is evident that the Government would do well to offer a capitation grant for every lion killed, and the higher the reward the better. The lions are certainly not decreasing in spite of the good sportsmen who go out there. Settlers are coming into the country every day in the farming interest, particularly from South Africa. What chance have they, surrounded as they are by these lions and hyænas? The Government say they cannot afford to offer this reward. A sportsman coming into the country has to pay 50 sovereigns licence, and he is closely restricted as to what he may shoot, with the exception of lions. Efforts should be made not only to restrict the killing of zebras, but to preserve them, with the object of using them as a domestic animal. The zebra is impervious to the tsetse-fly, and by producing a hybrid we should have a most useful animal for spots where the horse cannot live, and both for the home and the Indian market.

Nakuru station, 448 miles from Mombasa, was one of the most interesting of our stopping-places. The name means "Bitter Thirst," and the water of the lake is bitter and soapy in taste, and quite unfit for drinking purposes; though cattle and sheep and, in fact, all domestic animals drink it without harm. We saw hippo in the lake; whilst the plains and hills are covered with big game, lions coming right into the town itself. Fruit, vegetables, and flowers all grow well.

CHAPTER XXX

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA—PORT FLORENCE—ENTEBBE—CAMPING-OUT AND LION-SHOOTING AT ATHI RIVER

25*th January* 1904.—It was to-day that we finally arrived at Port Florence and took the Government steamer *Winifred* to cross the Victoria Nyanza to Entebbe. Oh, what a surprise! A lovely steamer, as clean as any yacht, white enamelled baths supplied with hot and cold water, a small saloon handsomely fitted, single and double rooms fitted with electric bells and lights and mosquito curtains, and each cabin with an electric fan, and a large double-arm fan over the well-appointed saloon table. They have on board large stores of liquors, etc., just as in a well-appointed English house. Both of us had the most refreshing of hot baths and then actually got into evening-dress. Imagine that, if possible, in Central Africa almost on the exact line of the equator! Shades of Speke and Grant! They would turn in their graves if they could see this!

26*th and* 27*th January.*—We arrived at Bugada Island on the great lake, having passed numerous crocodiles and hippo on the way. Here a sheep could be bought for 2 rupees; a few cattle were very dear at 80 rupees; fish was abundant and cheap. The natives we found to be subject to sleeping sickness; they are often isolated and left to die of starvation. There is a native hut-tax in these parts, amounting to 3 rupees per annum. Should the natives not be able to pay in cash, one man from each hut has to work for the Uganda Protectorate at the rate of 1s. 4d. per month, cutting, as a rule, timber as fuel for the steamers.

28*th to* 31*st January.*—When at Entebbe, which we reached on 28th January, and where we were most hos-

pitably entertained by the Consul-General and his wife, we heard of the sad death from drowning of Mr. Doggett, who will be known through his photographic illustrations for Sir Harry Johnston's recent book. He had come out here originally with Sir Harry as naturalist and photographer to the Special Commission, and had made some valuable collections for Lord Rothschild and others. We visited Munyongo, the port for Kampala and Mengo, which is the seat of the King of Uganda. We thought the country charming, flowers growing there luxuriantly. Rickshas are used very extensively. On the 30th we were at Jinga, where the sleeping sickness is very prevalent, and on that day I sent a cable to the *Liverpool Daily Post* as I stood at the very source of the Nile. Three native women had recently been carried off from Jinga and eaten by leopards. We passed Buvuma Island, where, owing to the prevalence of sleeping sickness, the native population has been reduced from 40,000 to 5000.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Grant, the engineer for the Protectorate, who put together the first small steamer on the Victoria Nyanza, *Sir William MacKinnon*, and later on the pretty steamer *Winifred*, to which I have already referred, as well as her sister ship, the *Sybil*. To Mr. Grant alone is due the credit of this almost herculean task; and if any man in the Protectorate deserves the C.M.G. it is surely he. Mr. Grant has been out six years without leave of absence.

We got back to Port Florence, otherwise called Kisumu, on the morning of the 31st January, after six delightful days on Lake Victoria Nyanza.

1*st February.*—We reached Nakuru by train on the 1st February, Mr. Sydney Couper coming to meet us. He is the son of Mr. Couper of the African Association of Liverpool. We went to his bungalow and met a great many officials. Nakuru is the headquarters of the Masai race. They were once a ferocious, warlike tribe, much dreaded by other tribes, but they are now settling down into peaceful occupations, their wealth consisting mostly of cattle, sheep, and other live stock. They live solely on meat, milk, and blood, and kill no game but the eland.

2nd February.—It was on our return journey that we met the well-known hunter, Baron F. Bronsart, who was waiting for us at the Athi River station with quite a little army of men to carry our baggage. Miss Bates and the Baron walked to the camp, but I preferred to do the journey on a mule. After drinking tea, we took some Masai warriors and two rifles and strolled over the plains. On the way we saw a herd of small deer and hartebeest. I took a shot at 250 yards' range at a large buck hartebeest and wounded him. Bronsart then stalked him and finally finished him off. He was skinned and the horns were preserved, while the meat was eaten in camp, although the larder was already well stocked. After dinner in the camp we retired to sleep, with a lion roaring in the distance. Throughout the following night lions and hyænas were roaring round our tents. On one occasion a large hippo landed outside our tent, which was close to the river, this being very low in the dry season. He marched round snorting and then returned to the river. We breakfasted off wildebeest and hartebeest as well as gazelle.

3rd February.—Going out the next day, we took our rifles and a following of Masai men with spears. Miss Bates was accompanied by her temporary maid, a native called Mama-ha-Missi; she was a Manyenia woman from the country near Lake Tanganyika. Miss Bates rode in a native chair carried on poles by four native bearers; I, as usual, on a mule. We had proceeded 4 or 5 miles over the level dried-grass country, seeing thousands of every description of deer, large and small, zebras and ostriches, on the way, and at last came to a halt. Looking round we observed two lions in the distance, whereupon Baron Bronsart and Mr. Lucas decided to stalk them, leaving me with Miss Bates, the maid, and one Masai. The feeling was an uncanny one, to say the least of it, and though one gets so used to the presence of lions as to grow somewhat callous to the danger, yet I was glad I had a Mauser rifle with me. The two Europeans had not proceeded 100 yards when we heard a shot fired. It appears that as they were moving off from us, Bronsart in front and Mr. Lucas riding my mule a little way behind, a

Masai carrying his gun, Mr. Lucas caught sight of a huge lioness and two full-grown cubs under a tree, with a waterbuck which the former had just killed. He called out to the Baron, who had not seen it, but who, upon hearing the beast growl within 60 yards of him, and catching sight of it as if ready for a spring, fired and put a bullet right through the lioness. The brute ran once round the tree and fell quite dead, the cubs making off. We picked up the waterbuck, which, with the exception of one small mark on the neck, did not show a scratch. We sent back to the camp for a native Niamwezi, skilled in skinning, and he came and did his work splendidly, the skin being carried off in triumph without a single puncture. It will be stuffed, and put in the sporting exhibition at Carlsruhe in Germany. The mark on the waterbuck must have been made by a stroke of the lioness's paw in striking down the animal and breaking its neck. That night we slept again in tents, but of course were careful to keep the fires burning round our tents.

I have already alluded to the heavy licence fee which must be paid by a sportsman to be allowed to hunt. A settler's licence is £10 per annum. For two rhinoceroses shot, an additional fee of 75 rupees must be paid.

A fee of	30 rupees	must be paid for	1 elephant.
„	30 „	„	2 zebras.
„	30 „	„	2 wildebeest.
„	30 „	„	2 waterbucks.

A sportsman's licence, costing £50 per annum, is limited as follows:—

Elephant male . . .	only 2 allowed.
Rhinoceri	„ „
Hippo	„ „
Zebras (other than the mountain zebra)	„ „
Ostrich (male only) . .	„ „
Aard wolves (proteles) . .	„ „
Cheetahs	„ „
Marabouts	„ „

We had a rather unwelcome experience when, the next day, we found that the whisky was all finished; but we made a pretty fair substitute out of Rose's lime juice

and soda sparklets. It is interesting to record that on returning the following day to the spot where the carcase of the lion had been, we found not a vestige, not even a piece of bone, left; the hyænas had demolished the whole, and had probably been helped by the lioness's own cubs, assisted by the two lions we had first sighted.

4th to 6th February.—Our methods of barter were amusing; for instance, to get a bottle of milk from the Masai we would exchange a piece of spare deer flesh. By the way, the Masai drive their cattle by slow, easy stages long distances to give them a grass known as salt bush. The inside of the cattle kraal contains most extraordinary looking small huts made of mud, combined with the terribly thorny cuttings composing the fence. I could not help admiring the well-built, active, and strong Masai women, and wondering at their marvellous wristlets of iron wire, almost from their wrists to their shoulders, and their huge, indescribable necklets and ear-rings. Like the women who attend the cattle in the mountain grazing-grounds of Switzerland, they sleep in the huts at night, and, in fact, do nearly all the tending of the cattle.

Lunch far away in the plains was a novel experience, at any rate for us. Two or three native porters carried a folding table and chairs, and planting them down, our men with their machetes soon made a delightful little arbour between a small cluster of trees, where our cook's skill conjured up for us a feast fit for a king—a very nice hot lunch of tender steaks of hartebeest and potatoes, hot tea and cocoa.

With reference to cattle, there is one curious detail which I must not omit concerning the treatment for lung sickness, which may be instructive to medical men at home, as showing that the discoveries of science often run parallel with the ideas which nature has conveyed to the naïve mind of the African savage. All along this district the Masai cut and score the face of the cattle, the cuts sometimes slanting right across one eye, injuring or even blinding it, after which they rub in the blood or a piece of a diseased lung of a dead ox. This inoculation with the virus is supposed to be very effective.

The heavy rains which put out our fires one night outside the tents in which we were sleeping, served to remind us, much to our surprise perhaps, how callous we had grown to danger. I was utterly indifferent to any fear of a catastrophe, although a hyæna was crying round my tent within a few yards. Inside the tent all was snug enough, however, and we each had our hurricane lamp burning. All through the day some of our natives were employed in cutting down the wood and piling it for the watch fires. It is only when eating or sleeping that these grim-looking fellows put aside their long formidable spears. They are not impervious to backshish, and seemed highly pleased when I gave each of them a rupee or two as we left our camp and took once more to the iron horse by the side of the Athi River.

7th February.—We left the Athi River this morning for Mombasa. The black cook came running to the station at the last moment with some exceedingly nice wildebeest steaks and fried potatoes in covered dishes, the whole tied up in cloths! What a service! But we found them delicious eating during the long, tedious railway journey before us, washed down by the aid of some refreshing tea which we made in the carriage. Once again *en route* we were as comfortable as could be, but it took us a long time in our respective baths at Mombasa to get rid of the red dust with which we were encrusted after our long journey from somewhere near the centre of Africa.

8th to 14th February.—The journey through East Africa and Uganda over, it was pleasant to look back on the eventful days which we had just passed through, in the company of men who were, one and all, in their several ways helping to inscribe something on the coping stone of Empire. Not the least pleasant souvenirs were the days we spent with the hunter, Baron Bronsart. I cannot speak too enthusiastically of him, either as a hunter or as a *bon camarade*.

Before leaving for Egypt, we gave a farewell dinner to our friends at the Mombasa Club, and Miss Bates did not forget to send to the camp a suitable present of cloth to her strange quondam maid, Mama-ha-Missi.

Mombasa, let me say in conclusion, has an interest for the antiquarian just as much as for the up-to-date, go-ahead commercial man. I went over the old fort, dating at least five centuries back. Mombasa was known to have been visited by the famous explorer, Sheikh Ibn Batuta, who wrote of it in 1331, when it was called Mvita. Its population even then was large, and the Arab chronicler places on record that it was inhabited by a "chaste, honest, and religious race." I fancy the white man with his civilisation is changing all this mediæval *naïveté*. The most reliable and authentic history of Mombasa dates from 1498, when the Portuguese expedition came there under Vasco da Gama. In 1588 there was a second invasion of Mombasa by the Turks, who landed and built a fort. Later the Portuguese erected a chapel, but the building was converted into a fort by the Arabs in 1690.

I find that the difference in the male and female elephants' tusks is fully recognised here. The Government duty levied on male ivory for export is 15 per cent.; while that on female ivory is raised to no less than 50 per cent. extra duty over and above the customary 15 per cent. levied on the tusks of the male animal, making no less than 65 per cent. on the former—a most commendable way, in my opinion, to stem the tide of extermination threatening to sweep the elephant off the African continent.

As is well known to many, I have always been a strenuous advocate of the preservation of the elephant and the consequent suppression of the wanton destruction of that useful animal. I am therefore very pleased to see that the officials of these two Protectorates have taken, and are taking, the greatest possible precautions in this direction. The difference between the male and female tusk is very well known to all experts. I might remind my readers, by the way, that whereas in India it is the male animal alone which has tusks, in Africa both the male and female are tuskers. It will indeed be a great calamity if ever the elephant becomes extinct, as is the bison on the plains of America.

Considering that all the sportsmen who come out here are men of wealth, I do not consider the licence any too high, especially as the sole purpose of the holder is to slaughter as much game as possible. But, as I said before, the Government should encourage the shooting of lions, leopards, hyænas, etc., by giving a bonus for every head produced.

The railway is a very wonderful achievement, and I do not want to advance in these pages any opinions which might be considered unfair to Mr. Chamberlain and the Government. But I certainly feel that we shall be perpetrating a great error until we consent to reduce the cost of freights to the lowest figure possible for at least another three to five years. As things stand at present the rate is so excessive as to cripple industry and to destroy the chances of the line paying for itself, and thus removing a burden from the shoulders of the tax-payer. We must encourage products coming from the interior. Of course the primary object of the constructors of a line is to make it pay; but to achieve that end on the Uganda line it is imperatively necessary to spend more upon it than at present, notwithstanding the groans of tax-payer, and to make some temporary sacrifice in order that the burden may be all the more quickly removed. England has borne a great deal; but she is long-suffering. Let her supply a little more; let her run this line at a loss for some time longer; the trade must come in the future, and the country will benefit accordingly.

In the quickly coming future cotton will be a marvellous industry in these regions. There is unlimited land, with the cheapest labour in the world and plenty of it. For England just now it is a very moot question where to grow cotton to free herself from the incubus which the terrible gamble in cotton means. There are other products which I cannot lay too much emphasis upon: the pea-nut, for example, which is made into oil. The country is capable of producing tens of thousands of tons of this. But we must have low rates of transit. The export rate for produce here is enough to retard the progress of any British colony. Let us encourage the agricultural industry

by all the means in our power. Nothing could be more suicidal than the present course. But the difficulty is that the Commissioner is very much in the position of a head of a commercial house. He naturally looks to every possible source of income. But he surely ought to look at the matter also with a view to the future development of the country. The British Government will have to be a bit out of pocket. The present is a wrong-sighted policy altogether.

Just one more word before I conclude, and that is with regard to the duties on spirits. It is almost impossible to believe that the duty is only 5 per cent. on its value. No one is allowed to sell spirits to the natives, but notwithstanding this I should impose a heavier duty; although the methods adopted here are far in advance of those practised on the West Coast, where gin is imported to the tune of many hundreds of thousands of gallons annually and drunk by the natives. In Uganda, etc., the natives are mostly Mohammedans, and the sale of spirits to them is forbidden under any condition, either wholesale or retail. The redeeming feature of it all is this Government prohibition, which is a magnificent thing.

CHAPTER XXXI

MOMBASA TO ADEN—UP THE NILE FROM CAIRO TO ASSOUAN—ALEXANDRIA TO TILBURY ON THE STEAM-YACHT *ARGONAUT*, BY WAY OF GREECE, THE ADRIATIC, AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

15th to 21st February 1904.—We sailed this morning on board the Austrian-Lloyd steamer *Africa* for Aden. The *Africa* is a fine well-appointed vessel, but I was surprised to see all the life-buoys painted black instead of white, which on the water would be much more likely to catch the eye of a drowning man. I was told by the captain that this was the invariable rule of the line, the reason being that sharks make less readily for dark than for light objects.

The Austrians evidently do not care for turtle soup. A large turtle still alive, and of the finest species for eating, was brought on board and bought by a passenger for 10s. All that he wanted was the shell, and the whole of the body was thrown overboard. The sea is smooth with a cool breeze at night, and the voyage is a very pleasant one. We crossed the equator on our second day out, and celebrated the occasion by the sending up of rockets and the burning of red and blue lights. Auction pools and sports whiled away the time agreeably until we came to an anchor at Aden on the 21st February.

21st February.—I thought we should have had longer at Aden than we did, for I had planned to wait there for a P. & O. boat, on which we had paid for our passages to London. But I found there would be no steamer before the *Arabian*, due on Thursday next; and by her we should have called at Suez only, and have been detained there

in quarantine for twenty-four hours. This did not seem sufficiently attractive, so at an extra cost of £22, 2s. we kept our berths on the *Africa* for Suez and Port Said.

"Three hours in Aden" is about all that most travellers spend or desire to spend there, and it affords an appropriate title to the neat little handbook about the settlement which is published in Bombay. The place itself is a somewhat sultry half-way house between West and East, Suez and India; and such intrinsic interest as it boasts is apt to be dwarfed by that of the route on which it lies. Ceded to the British and occupied by them since 1839, the peninsula of Aden has of course gained immensely in importance from the Suez Canal. It may be described as a volcanic fortress, consisting as it does mainly of brown, grey, and green lavas, and crowned by a rock called Mount Shum Shum, which rises to a height of 1760 feet. Aden produces nothing in the way of food supplies save fish, but it is so well placed for the purposes of importation that it is an excellent market for the purchase of all sorts of provisions; and those caterers who cannot find all they want either at Steamer Point or in the Crater must be hard indeed to please. The population, a very mixed one, has risen from 6000 at the time of our occupation of the district to something like 40,000. Besides the Arabs of Aden, generally employed in hard and humble work, there are Turks and Persians, Egyptians, Parsees, and representatives of the Somali tribes from the opposite coast of Africa. They most of them look very picturesque in their varied styles of attire, and do a good deal to relieve the dull appearance of the rather gloomy settlement.

The climate is said by residents to be not so bad as it is thought to be by passing travellers; but the yearly average of the thermometer is 85° in the shade, so it is no wonder that passengers are warned against going ashore without sun-hats or "solar topees." It is observable, too, that the quarters of the troops and the European residences generally are on the hills outside the native town, and thus catch those sea-

breezes the absence of which often makes Aden itself quite unendurable.

There are plenty of sights to occupy any who are compelled to prolong their stay at Aden for a day or two. The most famous of these are the Tanks fantastically carved in the amphitheatre of hills as reservoirs for rain-water. Then there are the Tower of Silence, the Hindu Temple, the ascent of Shum Shum, Abel's Tomb, and the Isthmus fortifications. Aden, though not exactly a cheerful, is certainly a most useful spot; and it is sure in the future to gain more importance than ever, since it must be the base of all the operations likely soon to be undertaken in and round the Persian Gulf.

22nd to 27th February.—It was quite cool, especially at nights, during our passage through the Red Sea to Suez, where we anchored on the 26th February, and were quite glad we had got out our warm clothing. At Suez we were struck, as everyone is, by the extreme narrowness of the canal, which, however, we threaded quite uneventfully, reaching Port Said very early on the morning of the 27th, and pushing on by train to Cairo, where in the evening we put up at the Ezbekiyeh Palace Hotel.

28th February to 5th March.—To holiday-makers from England and America, Cairo is, nowadays, a place much too familiar to call for detailed description. Unlike most of our stopping-places during our thirty months of travel, it has its Baedeker as the visitor's guide, philosopher, and friend. Our hotel there was opposite the large El Ezbekiyeh Gardens, on the other side of which stands the Hotel Continental, and it was very pleasant to stroll about there while we rested for a day or two after our long journeyings. I was much struck, as is everybody on arriving here, by the enormous number of cafés, whose patrons in their thousands seem to have little to do but to sit outside for hours every day. While staying in Cairo we visited all the usual show-places, including the Citadel, erected in 1166 A.D. by Saladin, with stones said to have been taken from the small pyramid at Gizeh. In its inner court is the singularly beautiful alabaster mosque, from

the parapet of which at the south-western end we enjoyed a magnificent view. Another of our excursions was, of course, one to the site of Memphis, reached by a 20-mile train-journey to Bedrashen, and thence by a donkey-ride, passing *en route* the colossal statue of Rameses II., now broken and overthrown, as well as the step pyramid and various tombs. One day we made up a party, and hired from Messrs. Cook & Son a launch—£7 for the day—for an expedition of 15 or 20 miles to the Barrage du Nil, which is the largest weir in the world, with the exception of the monster one at Philæ. This barrage is 500 yards wide; the island, once occupied by fortifications, is now covered by lovely gardens, and affords an ideal spot wherein to enjoy a picnic lunch such as we had brought with us from our hotel.

We noted that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is doing great good in Cairo, and if only it had more local pecuniary support could most usefully extend its influence to surrounding towns and villages, such as the healthy European suburb of Zeitoun, where the building operations now in progress entail terrible sufferings for the wretched animals employed in dragging loads of heavy material over the loose sand.

6th to 13th March.—We went by train to Luxor, where, for the earlier part of our stay, we were at the Grand Hotel, transferring ourselves on the 10th March to the Anglo-American Nile steamer, *Indiana*, on which we are to start on the 14th for Assouan. The railway journey, which lasted from 8 p.m. till 10 a.m., was not very comfortable, and the railway officials ought to be ashamed of themselves for offering no facilities for the supply even of a cup of tea or coffee anywhere on the road except by the *train de luxe*.

At Luxor, for the usual visit to the temples of Luxor and Karnac,—which I had made when I was here five years ago,—Miss Bates and I had a couple of donkeys, named respectively "Soda and Whisky" and "Joe Chamberlain," as well as a most intelligent guide of pure Egyptian blood.

At the market we saw a large number of camels for sale, at prices ranging from £4 to £15. Among the many tombs that we visited were those of Sethos, discovered by Belzoni in 1817, and of Amenophis II., whose body is still in a state of marvellous preservation.

14th March.—The *Indiana* started early this morning from Luxor for Assouan. In the afternoon we stopped for a while at Edfu, where we all took donkeys for the temple of Horus, which was finished in the year 57 B.C.

15th March.—Our next stop—after our anchorage for the night—was at Kom-Ombo, the Hill of Ombos, where we walked to the Great Temple, which stands about 50 feet above the average height of the Nile. The ancient city of Ombos, now buried in sand, commanded both the Nile and the roads leading to it from Nubia.

We got to Assouan at 1 p.m., and made fast to the east bank of the river, where there are the Cataract, the Grand, and the St. James's Hotels; while the Savoy, owned by the Anglo-American Co., is on the opposite side. Charles Neufeld, lately for twelve years a prisoner of the Khalifa at Omdurman, spent the whole afternoon with us, and we rowed all round the Elephantine Island, the boys in our boats singing to an accompaniment of tom-toms.

16th March.—We devoted to-day to an inspection of the marvellous barrage, stopping by the way at the Island of Philæ for the Isis and other temples, which are now partially submerged, but are so far accessible that on getting out of our boat we were able to mount to their upper portions.

The barrage is 1¼ miles long, 88 feet thick at the bottom, and 100 feet high at its deepest part. It has no less than 180 sluices, and it employed some 10,000 Arabs on its construction. Of its kind it is, of course, the most wonderful achievement in the world, and the engineering of it is destined to an influence far greater than that of many a battle famous in history.

17th to 23rd March.—At noon on the 17th we left

Assouan down-stream for Luxor, whence we shall proceed, still on board the *Indiana*, to Cairo by way of Belianeh and Assiut. When we got to Esnek we made the steamer fast while we visited the wonderful temple of Khnum, remarkable both for its twenty-four exquisite columns and for the astronomical signs upon its massive roof.

At Assiut, which we reached on 21st March, we landed and rode through the town, the largest in Upper Egypt; and in the evening, after a sand-storm which compelled us to strike all our awnings, we ran on to a sandbank and stuck fast all night. On the 23rd we arrived without further mishap at Cairo, and put up once more at the Eden Palace Hotel.

24th March to 1st April.—In the course of another pleasant week at Cairo we did a good deal of driving, shopping, and visiting. We saw the performances, more curious than charming, of the Dervishes, both of the "whirling" and the "howling" varieties, and we enjoyed very much the Zoological Gardens, which are not patronised by visitors nearly so much as they deserve to be, though they are easily reached by electric tram. Of course, we went to the Pyramids and the Mena House Hotel more than once, and, indeed, we saw several times all that is best worth seeing in and near Cairo.

2nd April.—We left Cairo by train to-day for Alexandria, where we went at once on board the *Argonaut*, on which luxurious steam-yacht it was pleasant to find many officers and subordinates whose agreeable courtesy I had experienced during several cruises four to five years ago. On the *Argonaut*, in which we have secured two of the best of the very nice single-berth cabins on the promenade deck, we are bound, in the first instance, for Naples *vid* the Straits of Messina.

3rd to 7th April.—As it blew half a gale from the north-east, most of our voyage to Naples was rather rough. We were quite fit, however, for sight-seeing when we arrived there, and went ashore in the electric launch for a visit to the museum and to Vesuvius. The latter we reached by a 9-mile drive, at the end of which we ascended by the

climbing railway to the summit, 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Somewhat unromantically but very conveniently this summit has been occupied by the ubiquitous Cook & Son, who have planted a very nice hotel and restaurant half or two-thirds of the way up the mountain. There we fortified ourselves with luncheon for the last half-mile of the ascent, which has to be made on foot with the more or less useful help of a guide, whom one is compelled by law to take, and has to pay at the rate of 2.50 francs a head.

As showing the desperate form of crime flourishing in this sunny land, I may mention that on our way out, while passing through one of the busiest parts of the town, a man ran suddenly up to the carriage and snatched the watch-chain of one of the members of our party. He was so violent that the chain fortunately broke, letting the watch fall to the ground; but he got off with the fragment of chain, and easily made good his escape.

8th April.—To-day we left at 9 a.m. for Capri, where before sailing for Corsica we stayed long enough for a visit to the famous Blue Grotto, which Miss Bates and I explored in a small boat.

9th and 10th April.—After steaming through the Straits of Bonifacio, between Sardinia and Corsica, we anchored at Ajaccio, where in glorious weather we found palm, orange, and olive trees all in full bearing right up to the steps of the Grand Oriental Hotel. We had a delightful drive through most picturesque scenery to the chateau of the Duke Pozzo de Borgo, finely situated on the top of a mountain about 8 miles from Ajaccio. This chateau, which is said to have cost the Duke £200,000, is built of marble and stone brought from the destroyed Tuileries of Paris. We naturally made a pilgrimage also to the house in which Napoleon Buonaparte was born.

11th and 12th April.—We arrived next morning at Marseilles, where we put up at the Grand Hotel Noailles and Metropole for a couple of nights, awaiting the departure of the *Argonaut* on her next cruise, as we

intend remaining passengers on that very comfortable vessel until she reaches Tilbury towards the end of next month.

13th to 17th April.—After a calm voyage, rendered all the more enjoyable by the presence of several old friends on board and by the varied amusements got up as usual by the Sports Committee, we anchored in Phaleron Bay, near Athens, on the evening of the 17th April. A happy blend of instruction with entertainment is a feature of the *Argonaut's* well-organised cruises; and our various deck-games were followed by a most interesting address from Mr. Stogdon, the well-known Harrow master, on the subject of the Acropolis.

18th April.—To-day was devoted to a rapid but fairly exhaustive drive, or series of drives, to all the most notable spots of the famous city of Athens, including, naturally, the temples, the theatres, and the Parthenon. The vessel, of course, remained moored at the Piraeus, and we returned to her in the evening after a day admirably arranged for sight-seeing of the most educational kind.

19th April.—The *Argonaut* moved on to-day by way of the Corinthian Canal—a work said to have been started in the time of Nero, and completed thirteen years ago—to Corinth, where by driving and riding we ascended the mountain of Acrocorinthus, the history of which was sketched for us in a lecture given on the summit.

20th and 21st April.—We have now reached Corfu by way of the Gulf of Patras, and after an 8-mile drive in the mountains are off again for Cattaro, Montenegro. In the course of our expedition in Corfu we saw Achilleion, the Greco-Pompeiian palace built by the late Empress of Austria on what seems to me the most charming villa-site in the world.

22nd April.—Having anchored in the lovely little bay or inlet of Cattaro, about 120 of the passengers, including Miss Bates and myself, landed for the magnificent drive over the mountains to Cettinje, the Montenegrin capital, which, by the way, boasts only some

3000 inhabitants. We took luncheon, provided by the stewards from the ship, at Niegus, 2953 feet above the sea-level; and we reached Cettinje at 6 p.m., after attaining at the highest point of the pass an elevation of 4298 feet. We put up for the night at the Grand Hotel, many of our large party having, of course, to be billeted out.

23rd April.—After a scrambling breakfast and a look round the place, which is less striking than the singularly picturesque approach to it, we started on our homeward journey to Cattaro, which we reached without mishap at 4.30 p.m. The road is certainly a most magnificent one, and the trip altogether should assuredly not be missed by any who have the chance of making it. Strangely enough, the Alpine or eastern region of Montenegro is even yet only imperfectly explored. Its highest peaks, the Dormitor and the Kuckikoru, exceed 8000 feet.

24th April.—Our next stay was at Ragusa, where, at the island of Lacroma, we saw the place of the tragic death of Prince Rudolph. The royal residence is at present used, with its beautiful garden and grounds, as a monastery by Dominicans, whose dress of white serge is the same as that of the White Fathers whom we met at Kampala, beside Lake Nyanza, a few months ago. After visiting the source of the Ombla River, we steamed off in the evening to Spalato.

25th and 26th April.—At Spalato we visited what was once the imperial palace of Diocletian, and at Zara, which is the principal city of Dalmatia, we went over the fine distillery of Francesco Drioli, famous for its large production of maraschino. This liqueur, which was manufactured by monks in the sixteenth century, is made from a particular kind of white cherry, the characteristic flavour and aroma of which are said to be lost when the trees are transplanted to other countries.

27th April to 4th May.—On our way back from the Adriatic to Marseilles we called at Klek for an excursion up the Narenta River to Metkovic and Mostar, the latter the capital of Herzegovina, with a population very largely

Mohammedan, so that it has some thirty mosques, as well as its Greek-Oriental cathedral. Mostar has thus much variety of architecture and colouring; and the trip made thither by the small Austrian-Lloyd steamer and the Bosnian-Herzegovinian railway was very bright and interesting.

After touching at Messina and — once more — at Ajaccio, we reached Marseilles in charming weather on the 2nd May, and stayed at the Grand Hotel Noailles for a couple of days, till the *Argonaut* was ready for the cruise which was to land us at home.

5th to 9th May.—Leaving Marseilles on the 5th May, we arrived at Naples on the 7th, and after another peep at Pompeii, reached Palermo on the 9th, when, of course, we paid a visit to the Catacombs where so weird and ghastly a sight is presented by the local method of dealing with the bodies of the dead. Everybody goes to shudder over this exhibition, which I am glad to say is unique, and which appears to me a disgrace to any civilised country.

10th to 13th May.—Sailing from Palermo on the 10th May, we anchored at Algiers on the evening of the 12th. The next day we drove to the Governor's Palace and grounds, and also through the native quarter of the city.

14th to 16th May.—From Algiers we sailed to Gibraltar, where we were shown the famous "galleries," with their hidden defensive armament; and thence we crossed to Tangier, anchoring in the roadstead, where a pretty stiff sea was running. At Tangier Miss Bates and other ladies of the party visited the harem or zenana of the Governor, while I had a look at the Kasbach or Citadel, and the painfully well-filled prisons.

17th and 18th May.—Our next stay was at Lisbon, where we had time for a trip by train to Cintra, and a visit to the Castle on the summit of the peak, inhabited for a month or so each year by the King of Portugal. We went also to the Botanical Gardens and the Church of the Inquisition. Lisbon is 12 miles up the river Tagus, which ranges from 2 to 6 miles in width, and

has a line of excellent stone quays nearly 10 miles long. In the present condition of the city, one finds it hard to associate it with the earthquakes which in 1755 destroyed the whole of Lisbon in six minutes, with a loss of 30,000 lives, and property valued at £20,000,000.

19th to 23rd May.—On the afternoon of the 19th May we started on the last stage of our homeward journey, the 1110 miles of sea which separate Lisbon from London. The voyage was calm enough to allow all kinds of games to be played on deck, but not sufficiently calm to prevent the complaints of those lady passengers whose imaginary sea-sickness makes them think it has been a dreadful night if there is the slightest swell on the ocean. Not for the first time I have to acknowledge the comfort of co-operative cruising, as conducted under the *régime* of Dr. Lunn, whose system has brought the amenities of travel within the reach of those who are "poor" travellers, either in means, in aptitude, or in both. For ourselves, Miss Bates and I thoroughly enjoy organising for ourselves, and if we had not done so, our experiences of adventurous journeying in Central China, in North-Western India, in Cashmere, and in Uganda, would have been impossible. But for those whose travelling and sight-seeing have to be made easy for them, the methods of an *Argonaut* must be simply invaluable.

We reached Tilbury on the 23rd May 1904, just about two years and a half after we had set off from Southampton on a trip round the West Indies, which turned out to be a trip round the world. During this, as I set forth in the following Appendices, we stayed at no less than 113 different hotels, and, in addition to our long and numerous land-journeys, travelled by 32 different steamers considerably over 50,000 miles.

And so came to an end our years of wandering through many lands, wandering which has given us the store of memories whose delight I have here striven to share with others. Some day we hope to journey, if not farther afield, at any rate to "fresh woods and pastures new," and to record once more our doings and impressions with

the simple and straightforward accuracy most likely to be of service to any whom they may induce to follow in our footsteps. If any such there be, I can only hope that they will be as fortunate as Miss Bates and I in finding strangers ready to become helpful acquaintances, and in making friends eager to hold out the hand of fellowship to wanderers from afar.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

The Hotels at which we stayed

Places.	Hotels.	Duration of Stay.
		1901.
Dominica (West Indies)	Miss Shew's Boarding-House	29 Oct.–7 Nov.
Barbadoes ,,	Marine Hotel	9 Nov.–11 Nov.
Trinidad ,,	Queen's Park Hotel	13 Nov.–20 Nov.
Barbadoes ,,	Marine Hotel	21 Nov.–25 Nov.
Jamaica ,,	Constant Springs Hotel	1 Dec.–20 Dec.
Orizaba (Mexico)	Hotel de France	27 Dec.–29 Dec.
City of Mexico ,,	Hotel de la Reforma	30 Dec.–13 Jan.
		1902.
Cuernavaca ,,	Sanatorium	14 Jan.–15 Jan.
City of Mexico ,,	Hotel de la Reforma	16 Jan.–24 Jan.
Aguascalientes ,,	Hotel Washington	25 Jan.–26 Jan.
El Paso (Texas)	Hotel Sheldon	28 Jan.–29 Jan.
Los Angeles (California)	Westminster	31 Jan.–27 Feb.
Monterey ,,	Del Monte	28 Feb.–2 Mar.
San Francisco ,,	Palace	3 Mar.–13 Mar.
Honolulu (Hawaian I.)	Moana, Waikiki Beach	19 Mar.–14 April.
Hilo ,,	Hilo Hotel	16 April.
Kilauea ,,	Volcano Hotel	17 April.
Honolulu ,,	Moana	19 April–29 April.
Yokohama (Japan)	Dentici's Private Hotel	11 May–22 May.
Sapporo, Yezo ,,	Hoheikwan	27 May–29 May.
Kobe ,,	Oriental	12 June–15 June.
Kyoto ,,	Kyoto	16 June–22 June.
Nagoya ,,	Nagoya	23 June.
Myanoshita ,,	Fujiya	24 June–2 July.
Yokohama ,,	Dentici's Private Hotel	3 July–16 July.
Nikko ,,	Kanaya	17 July–21 July.
Tokio ,,	Imperial	22 July–5 Aug.
Yokohama ,,	Dentici's Private Hotel	6 Aug.–13 Aug.
Shanghai (China)	Astor House	18 Aug.–22 Aug.
Pekin ,,	Pekin Hotel	27 Aug.–31 Aug.
Tien-tsin ,,	Astor House	1 Sept.
Shanghai ,,	Astor House	7 Sept.–8 Sept.
,, ,,	,,	19 Sept.–27 Sept.
Hong-Kong ,,	Hong-Kong Hotel	1 Oct.–4 Oct.
Sydney (N. S. Wales)	Hotel Australia	22 Oct.–5 Nov.
Oberon ,,	Royal	6 Nov.
Jenolan Caves ,,	Caves Hotel	7 Nov.–8 Nov.
Mount Victoria ,,	Imperial	9 Nov.
Katoomba ,,	Carrington	10 Nov.
Sydney ,,	Australia	11 Nov.–18 Nov.
Suva, Fiji (Fiji Islands)	Club Hotel	27 Nov.–28 Nov.

Places.	Hotels.	Duration of Stay.
		1902.
Auckland (N. Zealand) .	Grand	10 Dec.–18 Dec.
Okoroire ,, .	Hot Springs	19 Dec.–20 Dec.
Rotorua ,, .	Grand	21 Dec.–25 Dec.
Waiotapu ,, .	Waiotapu	26 Dec.
Weirakei ,, .	Geyser House	27 Dec.–28 Dec.
Taupo Lake ,, .	The Spa	29 Dec.–30 Dec.
Waioru ,, .	Government Accommodation-House	31 Dec.
		1903.
Papiriki ,, .	Papariki Hotel	1 Jan.
Wanganui ,, .	Hotel Rutland	2 Jan.
Wellington ,, .	Royal Oak	3 Jan.–7 Jan.
Blenheim ,, .	Criterion	8 Jan.–9 Jan.
Nelson ,, .	Warwick House	10 Jan.–12 Jan.
Lougford ,, .	Accommodation-House	13 Jan.
Westport ,, .	Empire	14 Jan.
Reefton ,, .	Stevenson's Hotel	15 Jan.
Hokitiki ,, .	Dobson's Empire	16 Jan.–18 Jan.
Kumara ,, .	Kumara Hotel	19 Jan.
Bealey ,, .	Glacier Hotel	20 Jan.
Christchurch ,, .	Coker's Hotel	21 Jan.–25 Jan.
Timaru ,, .	Guests at Private House	26 Jan.–27 Jan.
Dunedin ,, .	Grand Hotel	28 Jan.–2 Feb.
Queenstown ,, .	Eichardt's Hotel	3 Feb.–4 Feb.
Glenorchy ,, .	Earnshaw's Hotel	5 Feb.–6 Feb.
Queenstown ,, .	Eichardt's Hotel	7 Feb.–8 Feb.
Hobart (Tasmania) .	Heathorn's Hotel	13 Feb.–18 Feb.
Geeveston ,, .	Hill Crest, Boarding-House	19 Feb.–20 Feb.
Hobart ,, .	Heathorn's Hotel	21 Feb.–24 Feb.
Launceston ,, .	Brisbane Hotel	25 Feb.–27 Feb.
Burnie ,, .	Turner's Bay View	28 Feb.–1 Mar.
Waratah ,, .	Bischoff	2 Mar.
Queenstown ,, .	Empire	3 Mar.–4 Mar.
Burnie ,, .	Turner's Bay View	5 Mar.–6 Mar.
Launceston ,, .	Brisbane Hotel	7 Mar.–9 Mar.
Melbourne (Victoria) .	Menzies' Hotel	11 Mar.–19 Mar.
Beechworth ,, .	Tanswell	20 Mar.–22 Mar.
Bright ,, .	Alpine Hotel	23 Mar.
Mount St. Bernard ,, .	Hospice	24 Mar.
Omeo ,, .	Omeo Hotel	25 Mar.
Bruthen ,, .	Bruthen Hotel	26 Mar.
Bairnsdale ,, .	Norton's Hotel	27 Mar.
Near Cunninghame,, .	Kalimna House Hotel	28 Mar.–29 Mar.
Sale ,, .	Criterion	30 Mar.
Melbourne ,, .	Menzies' Hotel	31 Mar.–2 April.
Mount Macedon ,, .	Guests at Private House	3 April–5 April.
Melbourne ,, .	Menzies' Hotel	7 April–17 April.
Ballarat ,, .	Lester's Hotel	18 April–19 April.
Adelaide (S. Australia) .	South Australian	21 April–22 April.
Colombo (Ceylon) .	Galle Face Hotel	6 May–14 May.
Kandy ,, .	Florence Villa Hotel	15 May–16 May.
Nuwara Eliya ,, .	Keena House Hotel	17 May.
Colombo ,, .	Galle Face Hotel	18 May–31 May.
Kandy ,, .	Florence Villa Hotel	1 June.
Colombo ,, .	Galle Face Hotel	2 June–7 June.
Rangoon (Burma) . .	Strand Hotel	12 June–19 June.

Places.	Hotels.	Duration of Stay.
		1903.
Moulmein (Burma) .	Sunnyside Boarding-House	20 June–22 June.
Rangoon ,, .	Strand Hotel	23 June–26 June.
Mandalay ,, .	Salween Hotel	27 June–29 June.
,, ,, .	,,	5 July–7 July.
Rangoon ,, .	Strand Hotel	13 July–19 July.
Calcutta (India) .	Grand Hotel	23 July–28 July.
Darjeeling ,, .	Rockville Hotel	30 July–5 Aug.
Calcutta ,, .	Great Eastern Hotel	7 Aug.–12 Aug.
Benares ,, .	Hotel de Paris	14 Aug.–18 Aug.
Lucknow ,, .	Civil and Military Hotel	19 Aug.–24 Aug.
Agra ,, .	Metropole Hotel	25 Aug.–2 Sept.
Delhi ,, .	Civil and Military Hotel	3 Sept.–8 Sept.
Simla ,, .	Lowrie's Hotel	11 Sept.
,, ,, .	Hotel Cecil	12 Sept.–17 Sept.
Lahore ,, .	Nedou's Hotel	19 Sept.–21 Sept.
Kohala ,, .	Government Dak Bungalow	23 Sept.
Uri ,, .	Government Dak Bungalow	24 Sept.
Srinagar ,, .	Nedou's Hotel	25 Sept.–28 Sept.
Gulmurg ,, .	Nedou's Hotel	29 Sept.
Srinagar ,, .	Nedou's Hotel	30 Sept.–9 Oct.
Uri ,, .	Government Dak Bungalow	10 Oct.
Murree ,, .	Sunny Bank Hotel	11 Oct.
Peshawar ,, .	Alexandra Hotel	13 Oct.–25 Oct.
Delhi ,, .	Civil and Military Hotel	27 Oct.–18 Nov.
Jaipur ,, .	Rustom Hotel	20 Nov.–25 Nov.
Ajmere ,, .	Railway Rooms	26 Nov.–27 Nov.
Abu Mountain ,, .	Rajputana Hotel	29 Nov.–30 Nov.
Ahmedabad ,, .	Railway Rooms	1 Dec.–3 Dec.
Bombay ,, .	Great Western Hotel	5 Dec.–22 Dec.
		1904.
Mombasa (E. Africa) .	Grand Hotel	13 Jan.–18 Jan.
Nairobi ,, .	Wood's Hotel	20 Jan.–23 Jan.
Athi River ,, .	In Tents	2 Feb.–6 Feb.
Mombasa ,, .	Grand Hotel	8 Feb.–14 Feb.
Cairo (Egypt) .	Eden Palace Hotel	28 Feb.–5 Mar.
Luxor ,, . . .	Grand Hotel	7 Mar.–9 Mar.
Cairo ,, . . .	Eden Palace Hotel	23 Mar.–1 April.
Marseilles (France) . .	Grand Hotel Noailles	11 April–12 April.
,, ,, . .	,,	2 May–4 May.

APPENDIX II.

Our Voyages and the Vessels by which we made them

Steamer.	Ports.	Dates.	Miles.
		1901.	
Para . . .	Southampton to Barbadoes	16 Oct.–27 Oct.	3721
Eden . . .	Barbadoes to Dominica	28 Oct.–29 Oct.	682
,, . . .	Dominica to Barbadoes	7 Nov.–9 Nov.	682
,, . . .	Barbadoes to Trinidad	11 Nov.–13 Nov.	207
,, . . .	Trinidad to Barbadoes	21 Nov.–23 Nov.	207
La Plata . .	Barbadoes to Jamaica	26 Nov.–1 Dec.	1040
Louisianian .	Jamaica to Vera Cruz	20 Dec.–27 Dec.	1177
		1902.	
Coptic . . .	San Francisco to Honolulu	13 Mar.–19 Mar.	2080
Kinau . . .	Honolulu to Hilo	15 April–16 April.	250
,, . . .	Hilo to Honolulu	18 April–19 April.	250
China . . .	Honolulu to Yokohama	30 April–11 May.	3440
Tenshin Maru .	Yokohama to Otaru, Yezo	23 May–27 May.	729
Kotsu Maru .	Otaru to Vladivostock	29 May–31 May.	430
,, . .	Vladivostock to Gensan	4 June–5 June.	340
,, . .	Gensan to Fusan	7 June–8 June.	255
,, . .	Fusan to Moji	10 June–11 June.	124
Nippon Maru .	Yokohama to Shanghai	13 Aug.–18 Aug.	450
Yochow . .	Shanghai to Chefoo	23 Aug.–25 Aug.	504
Hsieh-Ho . .	Chefoo to Shanghai	4 Sept.–6 Sept.	504
Kutwo . . .	Shanghai to Hankow	9 Sept.–14 Sept.	545
,, . . .	Hankow to Shanghai	15 Sept.–18 Sept.	545
Gaelic . . .	Shanghai to Hong-Kong	23 Sept.–1 Oct.	339
Kumano Maru .	Hong-Kong to Sydney	4 Oct.–22 Oct.	5100
Manapouri . .	Sydney to Suva, Fiji	19 Nov.–26 Nov.	1860
,, . .	Suva to Auckland	29 Nov.–10 Dec.	2324
		1903.	
Penguin . .	Wellington to Picton	8 Jan.	26
Victoria . .	Bluff to Hobart *viâ* Milford	9 Feb.–13 Feb.	1155
Poteena . .	Launces*ton* to Melbourne	10 Mar.–11 Mar.	277
China . . .	Adelaide to Fremantle	23 April–27 April.	1378
,, . . .	Fremantle to Colombo	27 April–6 May.	3126
Derbyshire . .	Colombo to Rangoon	5 June–12 June.	1234
Ramapoora . .	Rangoon to Moulmein	20 June.	100
,, . .	Moulmein to Rangoon	23 June.	100
Momein . .	Mandalay to Bhamo	30 June–2 July.	320
,, . .	Bhamo to Mandalay	4 July–5 July.	320
Hindustan . .	Mandalay to Rangoon	8 July–13 July.	700
Bangala . .	Rangoon to Calcutta	20 July–23 July.	800
Bundesrath . .	Bombay to Mombasa	23 Dec.–5 Jan.	2624

Steamer.	Ports.	Dates.	Miles.
		1904.	
Bundesrath . .	Mombasa to Zanzibar	6 Jan.–7 Jan.	150
Markgraf . .	Zanzibar to Dar-es-Salaam	9 Jan.	40
,, . .	Dar-es-Salaam to Zanzibar	11 Jan.	40
President . .	Zanzibar to Mombasa	12 Jan.–13 Jan.	150
Winifred . .	On Lake Victoria Nyanza	25 Jan.–31 Jan.	468
Africa . .	Mombasa to Aden	15 Feb.–21 Feb.	1598
,, . . .	Aden to Port Said	22 Feb.–27 Feb.	1397
Indiana . .	Luxor to Assouan	10 Mar.–15 Mar.	135
,, . .	Assouan to Cairo	16 Mar.–23 Mar.	585
Argonaut . .	Alexandria to Naples	2 April–7 April.	1007
,, . .	Naples to Ajaccio	8 April–9 April.	...
,, . .	Ajaccio to Marseilles	10 April–11 April.	...
,, . .	Marseilles to Greece, Corfu, Adriatic, Zara, and back	13 April–2 May.	...
,, . . .	Marseilles to Naples, Palermo, Algiers, Gibraltar, Tangier, Lisbon, London (Tilbury)	5 May–23 May.	...
	Naples to London	...	2283

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